

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS



THE BEAT
Birmingham
Between The Lions

The Beat's Ranking Roger finds Africa in the heart of the Black Country. Pic: Pennie Smith

major

NME CHARTS

Week ending March 8, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	Atomic.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	1
2	(9)	I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down Elvis Costello (F Beat)	3	2
3	(3)	Carrie.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	3
4	(8)	Take That Look Off Your Face Marti Webb (Polydor)	3	4
5	(2)	Coward Of The County Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	6	1
6	(14)	Together We Are Beautiful Fern Kinney (WEA)	2	6
7	(5)	And The Beat Goes On.....Whispers (Solar)	5	5
8	(6)	Rock With You.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	4	6
9	(13)	Ghost Riders In The Sky.....Shadows (EMI)	4	9
10	(12)	So Good To Be Back Home Again Tourists (Logo)	4	10
11	(18)	Games Without Frontiers Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	2	11
12	(20)	So Lonely.....Police (A&M)	3	12
13	(24)	Hands Off She's Mine.....The Beat (Feet)	2	13
14	(7)	Captain Beaky.....Keith Michell (Epic)	4	6
15	(10)	Baby I Love You.....Ramones (Sire)	5	10
16	(15)	Living In The Plastic Age.....Buggles (Island)	5	15
17	(—)	Alabama Song.....David Bowie (RCA)	1	17
18	(4)	Too Much Too Young.....Specials (Two Tone)	6	1
19	(—)	All Night Long.....Rainbow (Polydor)	1	19
20	(27)	Stomp.....Brothers Johnson (A&M)	2	20
21	(17)	I'm In The Mood For Dancing Nolans (Epic)	8	4
22	(—)	Turning Japanese.....Vapors (United Artists)	1	22
23	(30)	Cuba.....Gibson Brothers (Island)	2	23
24	(11)	Someone's Looking At You Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	6	3
25	(—)	Tonight I'm Alright Narada Michael Walden (Atlantic)	1	25
26	(25)	Do That To Me One More Time Captain & Tennille (Casablanca)	2	25
27	(16)	I Hear You Now.....Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	7	8
28	(—)	Jane.....Jefferson Starship (Grunst)	2	23
29	(—)	Running Free.....Iron Maiden (EMI)	1	29
30	(28)	Holdin' On.....Tony Rallo (Calibre)	2	28

UP AND COMING:

At The Edge — Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis).
 Touch Too Much — AC/DC (Atlantic).
 Dance Yourself Dizzy — Liquid Gold.
 Rosie — Joan Armatrading (A&M).
 It Will Come In Time — Billy Preston & Syreeta (Motown).
 Working My Way Back — Detroit Spinners (Atlantic).

UK ALBUMS

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	Last Dance.....Various (EMI)	5	1
2	(6)	Regatta De Blanc.....Police (A&M)	20	1
3	(5)	Pretenders.....Pretenders (Real)	7	1
4	(9)	Kenny.....Kenny Rogers (United Artists)	4	4
5	(2)	Get Happy.....Elvis Costello (F Beat)	3	2
6	(7)	Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson (Epic)	22	3
7	(11)	Tell Me On A Sunday... Marti Webb (Polydor)	2	7
8	(12)	String Of Hits.....Shadows (EMI)	17	4
9	(8)	Short Stories.....Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	6	5
10	(4)	One Step Beyond.....Madness (Stiff)	16	2
11	(3)	Too Much Pressure.....Selecter (Two Tone)	2	3
12	(10)	The Specials.....(Two Tone)	17	7
13	(—)	Outlandos D'amour.....Police (A & M)	37	7
14	(30)	Golden Collection.....Charley Pride (K-Tel)	4	14
15	(18)	Eat To The Beat.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	21	2
16	(15)	Light Up The Night Brothers Johnson (A & M)	2	15
17	(—)	The Age Of Plastic.....Buggles (Island)	1	17
18	(17)	September Morn.....Neil Diamond (CBS)	6	12
18	(—)	Kenny Rogers Singles Album (United Artists)	3	18
20	(20)	Flogging A Dead Horse...Sex Pistols (Virgin)	2	20
21	(16)	Just For You.....Des O'Connor (Warwick)	3	14
22	(13)	I'm The Man.....Joe Jackson (A & M)	5	9
23	(14)	The Wall.....Pink Floyd (Harvest)	11	4
24	(29)	Abba's Greatest Hits Vol 2.....(Epic)	16	1
25	(—)	Metal For Muthas.....Various (EMI)	1	25
26	(25)	Permanent Waves.....Rush (Mercury)	6	8
27	(19)	The Nolan Sisters.....Nolans (Epic)	3	12
28	(28)	Rock & Roll Juvenile.....Cliff Richard (EMI)	11	1
29	(—)	Parallel Lines.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	63	1
30	(22)	Sometimes You Win.....Dr Hook (Capitol)	11	12

UP AND COMING:

We Got The Groove — Players Association (Vanguard).
 Greatest Hits — K C and The Sunshine Band (TK).
 Greatest Hits — Rose Royce (Whitfield).
 Freedom At Point Zero — Jefferson Starship (Grunst).
 Small Creep's Day — Mike Rutherford (Charisma).
 Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc).

US SINGLES

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	Crazy Little Thing Called Love.....Queen		
2	(2)	Longer.....Dan Fogelberg		
3	(3)	Yes I'm Ready.....Teri DeSario/K.C.		
4	(5)	On The Radio.....Donna Summer		
5	(7)	Working My Way Back To You.....Spinners		
6	(10)	Another Brick In The Wall.....Pink Floyd		
7	(8)	Desire.....Andy Gibb		
8	(6)	Rock With You.....Michael Jackson		
9	(12)	Him.....Rupert Holmes		
10	(15)	How Do I Make You.....Linda Ronstadt		
11	(11)	An American Dream.....The Dirt Band		
12	(18)	Too Hot.....Kool & The Gang		
13	(16)	Second Time Around.....Shalamar		
14	(14)	September Morn.....Neil Diamond		
15	(4)	Cruisin'.....Smokey Robinson		
16	(9)	Coward Of The County.....Kenny Rogers		
17	(21)	Refugee.....Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers		
18	(20)	"99".....Toto		
19	(13)	Do That To Me One More Time The Captain & Tennille		
20	(25)	Special Lady.....Ray Goodman & Brown		
21	(17)	Daydream Believer.....Anne Murray		
22	(26)	Heartbreaker.....Pat Benatar		
23	(19)	Romeo's Tune.....Steve Forbert		
24	(27)	Give It All You Got.....Chuck Mangione		
25	(30)	Ride Like The Wind.....Christopher Cross		
26	(—)	Three Times In Love.....Tommy James		
27	(24)	When I Wanted You.....Barry Manilow		
28	(—)	Fire Lake.....Bob Seger		
29	(—)	With You I'm Born Again.....Billy Preston/Syreeta		
30	(—)	Back On My Feet Again.....The Baby's Courtesy "CASH BOX"		

US ALBUMS

This Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	The Wall.....Pink Floyd		
2	(2)	Damn The Torpedoes Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers		
3	(3)	Off The Wall.....Michael Jackson		
4	(4)	Phoenix.....Dan Fogelberg		
5	(5)	The Long Run.....The Eagles		
6	(7)	Permanent Waves.....Rush		
7	(6)	On The Radio.....Donna Summer		
8	(9)	The Whispers		
9	(18)	Babe Le Strange.....Heart		
10	(15)	Fun And Games.....Chuck Mangione		
11	(8)	Cornerstone.....Styx		
12	(12)	Kenny.....Kenny Rogers		
13	(11)	The Rose.....Original Soundtrack		
14	(—)	Mad Love.....Linda Ronstadt		
15	(23)	But The Little Girls Understand.....The Knack		
16	(10)	September Morn.....Neil Diamond		
17	(13)	Tusk.....Fleetwood Mac		
18	(19)	In The Heat Of The Night.....Pat Benatar		
19	(14)	Freedom At Point Zero.....Jefferson Starship		
20	(16)	In Through The Out Door.....Led Zeppelin		
21	(25)	Ladies Night.....Kool & The Gang		
22	(17)	Keep The Fire.....Kenny Loggins		
23	(20)	Gold & Platinum.....Lynyrd Skynyrd Band		
24	(29)	Love Stinks.....The J. Geils Band		
25	(21)	Midnight Magic.....Commodores		
26	(24)	Bee Gees' Greatest Hits		
27	(—)	Big Fun.....Shalamar		
28	(22)	Prince		
29	(—)	Ray, Goodman & Brown		
30	(22)	Deguello.....ZZ Top		

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

REGGAE

(1)	Dance I'll Style.....Errol Scorch (Scorch)
(2)	Mafia.....Barry Brown (Stateline)
(3)	Little Nut Tree.....Melodians (Studio One)
(4)	Frog In The Water.....Errol Scorch (Tipa)
(5)	Can't Take Me Landlord.....Lui Lepki (Joe Gibbs)
(6)	Layin Beside You.....Tamlin (Taxi)
(7)	You're A Man.....Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
(8)	I Don't Wanna Be A General.....Dennis Brown (Deb)
(9)	Money Man Style.....Jah Bull (Roots)
(10)	Sad Eyes.....Rudy Thomas (Joe Gibbs)

Chart supplied by Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, New Cross, London SE14.

DISCO

* denotes import.

(1)	Check Out The Groove.....Bobby Thurston (Prelude)*
(2)	Don't Push It Don't Force It.....Leon Hayward (RCA)
(3)	Sure Shot.....Crown Heights Affair (Delight)*
(4)	Can It Be Love.....Tina Maria (Motown)*
(5)	Motorvation.....Atmosphere (MCA)
(6)	Stomp.....Brothers Johnson (A & M)
(7)	Emotion.....Merry Clayton (MCA)*
(8)	Working My Way Back To You Girl.....Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)
(9)	Self Service Love.....Gardian Angel (Matumbi)
(10)	Year Of The Child.....Givens Family (Venture)*

Chart supplied by Quicksilver Soul Source, 36 Hanway Street, London W1.

INDIES

(1)	1980 The First Fifteen Minutes.....Various (Neutron)
(2)	White Mice.....Modettes (Mode)
(3)	The Peel Sessions.....Scritti Politti (St Pancras)
(4)	Fiery Jack.....Fall (Step Forward)
(5)	Taaga.....Dangerous Girls (Happy Face)
(6)	I Like Bluebeat.....Cairo (Absurd)
(7)	You Can Be You.....Honey Bane (Crass)
(8)	Transmission.....Joy Division (Factory)
(9)	Lets Build A Car.....Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
(10)	Judy In Disguise.....Silicon Teens (Mute)

Chart supplied by Bonaparte, 101 George Street, Croydon, Surrey CR0 1LE.

5 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 4, 1975

1	If.....Telly Savalas (MCA)
2	Make Me Smile.....Cockney Rebel (EMI)
3	Only You Can.....Fox (GTO)
4	The Secrets That You Keep.....Mud (Rak)
5	My Eyes Adored You.....Frankie Valli (Private Stock)
6	Please Mr. Postman.....Carpenters (A&M)
7	Shame Shame Shame.....Shirley & Co. (All Platinum)
8	It May Be Winter Outside.....Love Unlimited (20th Century)
9	Young Americans.....David Bowie (RCA)
10	Please Tell Him That I Said Hello.....Dana (GTO)

10 YEARS AGO

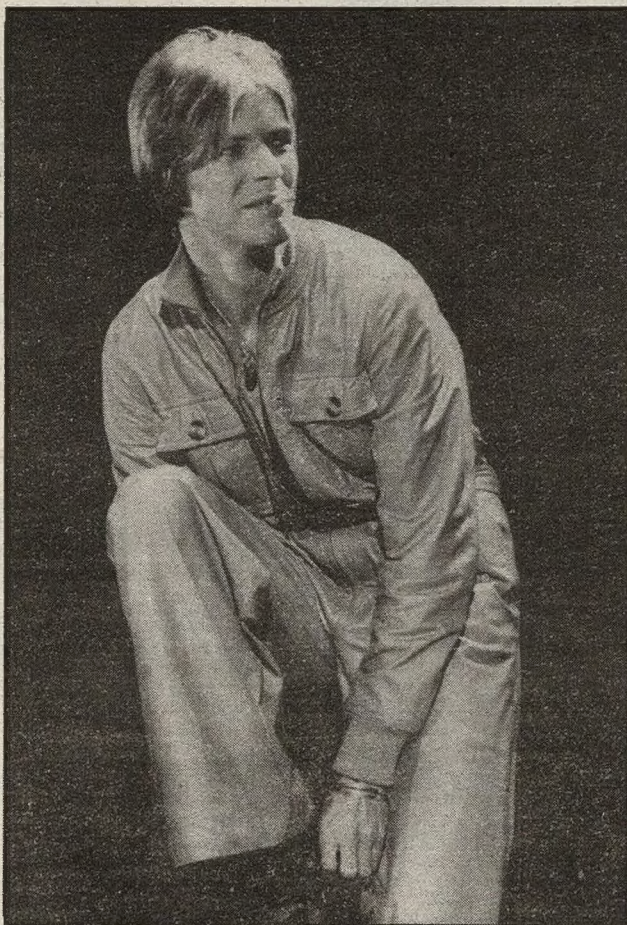
Week ending March 4, 1970

1	Wandering Star.....Lee Marvin (Paramount)
2	I Want You Back.....Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)
3	Let's Work Together.....Canned Heat (Liberty)
4	Love Grows.....Edison Lighthouse (Bell)
5	Instant Karma.....Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
6	United We Stand.....Brotherhood Of Man (Deram)
7	Leaving On A Jet Plane.....Peter, Paul & Mary (WB)
8	My Baby Loves Lovin'.....White Plains (Deram)
9	Temma Harbour.....Mary Hopkin (Apple)
10	Venus.....Shocking Blue (Penny Farthing)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 4, 1965

1	It's Not Unusual.....Tom Jones (Decca)
2	I'll Never Find Another You.....Seekers (Columbia)
3	Silhouettes.....Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
4	Game Of Love.....Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (Fontana)
5	I'll Atop At Nothing.....Sandie Shaw (Pye)
6	Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood.....Animals (Columbia)
7	I Must Be Seeing Things.....Gene Pitney (Stateside)
8	The Last Time.....Rolling Stones (Decca)
9	Come And Stay With Me.....Marianne Faithfull (Decca)
10	Funny How Love Can Be.....Ivy League (Piccadilly)



David Bowie kindly poses so as we can use our 'pulls his socks up' caption. (And so we would were it not for those doubtful pizza-circumference bottoms to his trouser suit). Mr Bowie is fondly recalled by our older readers and stands (on one leg) at number 17 in our singles chart and is to be officially declared a national monument on Friday week.

NEWS

PROBLEMS IN LONDON, BUT

Sham returning to live action in April

FIRST DATES have now been confirmed for the spring tour by Sham 69, plans for which were reported last week. They are Cardiff Top Rank (April 13), Sheffield Top Rank (14), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (15), Withernsea Grand Pavilion (17), Blackburn King George's Hall (18), Birmingham Top Rank (20) and Manchester Apollo (21).

The band also intend playing two shows in Scotland, details of which are expected next week. And they are looking for a London venue to climax the tour — although, as on previous occasions, they are having difficulty in finding one that's willing to accept them.

The outing will coincide with the release by Polydor of the fourth Sham album, plus a new single titled 'Tell The Children' — with Jimmy Pursey's solo LP to follow in the summer.

SELECTER TOUR RUMPUS

Holly quits, as she is given the berry

HOLLY & THE ITALIANS have quit The Selecter's tour, because they feel they haven't been getting a fair hearing from audiences. Selecter themselves fully understand the position, and sympathise with Holly and the band. A Selecter spokesman commented: "We are disappointed that audiences haven't been willing to give a different kind of music a chance. We think Holly & The Italians are a great band, which is why we invited them on to the package in the first place."

A somewhat bitter Holly observed: "We are appalled at the narrow-mindedness of a fashion-following audience — and we apologise to those of our fans who were kicked and intimidated by a mindless few." She and the band are now planning a tour of their own and, while it's being finalised, hope to slot in a few London gigs.

● THE BODYSNATCHERS now move up to second place on the bill and, coinciding with their promotion, their first single is issued by 2-Tone this weekend — it's a double A-side coupling 'Let's Do Rock Steady' and 'Ruder Than You'. The opening spot in the show now goes to a new band from Coventry, The Swinging Cats.

● THE SELECTER also have a double A-side single coming out, though their release date is March 14 — it features 'Missing Words' (from the 'Too Much Pressure' album) and a live version of 'Carry Go Bring Come'. And an extra date has been added to their tour — it's at London Lewisham Odeon on March 22.

DEVELOPERS MOVING IN?

Closure threatens London's Nashville

THE NASHVILLE in West Kensington is threatened with closure as one of London's leading pub venues. Fullers, the brewery company which owns it, put the venue up for sale last week — and there seems little chance of gigs continuing there after it is sold, specially as its new owners are unlikely to run it as a pub.

At an asking price believed to be in the region of £200,000, an enquiry has already been received from an office re-development company, while another bidder envisages converting it into a recording studio. But as yet, no other brewers or landlords have shown any interest.

The Nashville first became involved with gigs as a C&W centre, switching to rock in time to help launch such acts as The Stranglers and Elvis Costello. One of the main reasons for its present plight seems to be its recent decision to raise the entrance age limit to 20, since when attendance has dropped by well over 50 per cent.

Busy Lizzy



22-GIG
OUTING

THIN LIZZY are to headline 22 major concerts during their late spring UK tour, which opens on May Day and runs until early June. Their schedule includes three big London shows, with the likelihood of more being added. Dates and venues are:

Newcastle City Hall (May 1 and 2), Edinburgh Odeon (3), Dundee Caird Hall (4), Glasgow Apollo (5), Liverpool Empire (7), Preston Guildhall (11), Sheffield City Hall (12), Stafford Bingley Hall (13), Brighton The Centre (16), Coventry Theatre (17), Leicester De Montfort Hall (18), Southampton Gaumont (20), Bristol Colston Hall (24), Manchester Apollo (25 and 26), London Hammersmith Odeon (28, 29 and 30), Portsmouth Guildhall

(June 3) and Oxford New Theatre (4 and 5). The tour, which follows a series of Irish dates in April, is promoted by Adrian Hopkins.

Tickets are prices £4.50, £4 and £3.50, and postal applications are being accepted now by the various theatre box-offices — except at Bristol where bookings aren't accepted until March 24. There's also a limit of four tickets per applicant at Leicester and Sheffield. Please note that, for Stafford, bookings should be addressed — not to Bingley Hall — but to Adrian Hopkins Promotions, 77 Barton Road, Oxford. In all cases, enclose SAE.

As a prelude to the tour, Phil Lynott's solo album 'Solo In Soho' is issued by Phonogram on April 18 — preceded this weekend by the double A-side single 'Dear Miss Lonelyheart'/'Solo In Soho'. And after their U.K. gigs, Lizzy leave for Europe and the U.S.

WHITESNAKE, AWB, JUDAS JOIN STRANGLERS

Rainbow birthday week

WHITESNAKE, Average White Band, Judas Priest and U.S. visitor John McLaughlin join The Stranglers as headliners of the special week of concerts being staged next month at London's Rainbow Theatre, as part of the venue's 50th birthday celebrations.

The season was to have started on April 1 with a Madness concert but, just before press-time, they pulled out of the gig because they "had changed their minds". This leaves the promoters without an opening attraction, but they are now searching for a major act, and hope to announce a replacement for Madness next week.

Meanwhile, the five confirmed April concerts — together with ticket prices — are as follows:

MADNESS OPT OUT



DAVID COVERDALE
of Whitesnake

- April 2: **Whitesnake** (£3.75, £3.50, £3, £2.50);
- April 3: **The Stranglers** (all tickets £3.50);
- April 4: **John McLaughlin and Al di Meola** (£6, £5, £4);
- April 5: **Judas Priest and Iron Maiden** (£4, £3.50, £3, £2.50);
- April 6: **Average White Band and Billy Connolly** (£4, £3.50, £3).

Support acts for the first three nights have still to be confirmed. All shows start at 8 pm, and tickets go on sale at 10am this Saturday (8) at the Rainbow box-office and usual agents. Postal applications will also be accepted by the Rainbow, 232 Seven Sisters Road, London N4 — make cheques and POs payable to 'Rainbow Theatre' and enclose SAE.

TOURISTS QUIT UK

THE TOURISTS have decided to quit Britain for "the foreseeable future" — which means, in effect, until their present legal problems are ironed out. This follows an Appeal Court judgment last week, when the decision to refuse Logo Records an injunction against The Tourists was reversed — in other words, they can't leave the label. So they've opted to leave Britain instead. And in

their absence, the band's lawyers intend to take the case to the House of Lords.

The band, who've just finished a sell-out UK tour, will leave as soon as they've recorded a BBC *In Concert* and some TV shows for the summer. Their sudden departure, they say, is due to "total lack of confidence in Logo". Commented Annie Lennox: "It's inconceivable that we have to become exiles, just

when we're doing so well. But we feel we're being treated like slaves, and we must make a stand. Logo have persistently refused to let us play the music we wanted to, and wouldn't let us leave the label."

First overseas commitment will be a 40-date tour of the States and Canada. Then they go into the studios to record an album for release only in North America on Epic.

BANSHEES BACK ON STAGE

Siouxsie change of mind about gigging

SIOUXSIE SIOUX has had second thoughts about her decision not to do any gigs with The Banshees "in the foreseeable future". This attitude was prompted because the band have still not engaged a permanent new guitarist, but she's now changed her mind for a number of reasons — their new single 'Happy House' is out this weekend on Polydor, and the band are anxious to promote it; Magazine guitarist John McGeoch, who guests on the single, is willing to play some gigs with them; and above all, they are keen to get back to live action.

Accordingly, they've set half-a-dozen dates, mainly as replacements for those scrapped last autumn, when John McKay and Kenny Morris walked out. They are Stirling University (March 21), Aberdeen Music Hall (23), Edinburgh Tiffany's (24), Glasgow Tiffany's (25) and London Camden Music Machine (27 and 28) — these are all unseated venues, at the band's request, and it's understood that one or two more may follow. A spokesman said that, in the near future, they will be working with various personalities "recording an abundance of material".

CLASH SINGLE DELAYED

Cure to top April trek, Nips split up

● THE CURE, who begin their three-night stint at London Marquee tonight (Thursday), will be headlining a major British tour during the second half of April and in early May. Their London Rainbow concert on May 11, reported last week, will be the climax of that tour — on which The Passions support throughout. Other venues will be announced shortly. It ties in with the April 18 release of the band's second album '17 Seconds' on Fiction Records, which is preceded on March 28 by a single titled 'A Forest'.

● THE NIPS have decided to disband. They say they're unhappy (*their statement actually puts it rather more strongly*) about their record company's alleged failure to promote them, so they are breaking up in protest — though they will fulfil their last two live bookings — at London Covent Garden Rock Garden (March 10) and London Camden Music Machine (March 14). The two original Nips, Shane O'Hooligan (lead vocals and writer) and Shanne Bradley (bass), now plan to form their own separate bands.

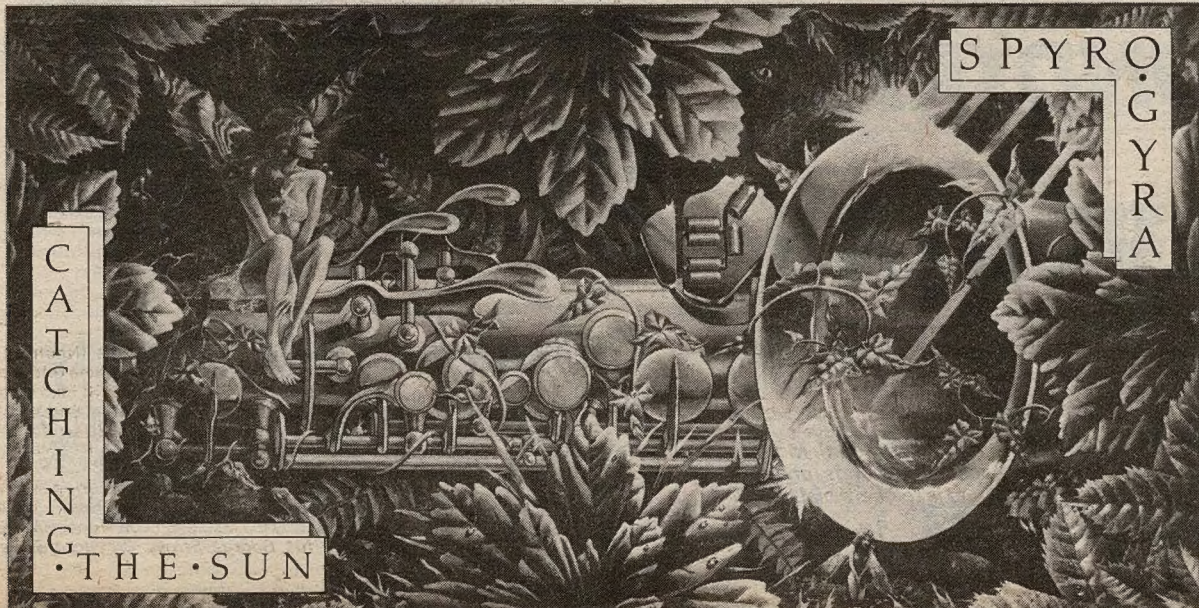
● 4 Be 2, Jimmy Lydon's band, have been booked for their first major London appearance — a headliner at The Venue in Victoria on April 14. Lydon popped into the NME to promise that a number of surprise guests will be taking part.

● THE CLASH have postponed plans to bring out a new single this weekend and, at presstime, no new release date had been set. It was to have coupled the newly-recorded 'Bank Robber Song' and 'Rockers Galore UK Tour', the latter featuring Mikey Dread as guest vocalist. But a CBS spokesman explained that they are now having second thoughts about these titles, particularly the B-side. (References in last week's Clash story to Paul Weller filming in Vancouver should, of course, have read Paul Simonon).

NOW IT'S A 44-GIG TOUR

Dexy add six more

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS have added still more dates to their 'Straight To The Heart' tour — another six, bringing the total number of gigs to a massive 44 — though these are positively the last. They are York University (March 10), Sheffield University (11), Coventry Warwick University (13), Newcastle Polytechnic (14), Leicester University (15) and Swansea University (17). Additionally, their show cancelled at Birmingham Top Rank on February 29 has now been re-scheduled for the city's Romeo & Juliet on March 12 (existing Top Rank tickets are valid). The V.I.P.'s support on most of these dates, as well as some previously announced. Dexy's new single 'Geno' — inspired by Geno Washington — coupled with 'Breaking Down The Walls Of Heartache' is issued on EMI's Parlophone label this weekend.



From the band that captured your imagination during 1979 with the highly successful album & single 'Morning Dance', a new album and single

CATCHING THE SUN

MCG 4009

NOW ON TOUR

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+ Neil Kay Bandwagon ~ Heavy Metal Soundhouse

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
NEW STREET

FRIDAY 7th MARCH at 7:30

TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10:30 AM - 8:00 PM, MON-SAT.
TEL: 021 643 6101, OR ON NIGHT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W6

SATURDAY 8th MARCH at 7:30

TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE TEL: 748 4081,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371,
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

APOLLO THEATRE
HYDE RD., ARDWICK GREEN, MANCHESTER

SUNDAY 9th MARCH at 7:30

TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10:00 AM - 8:00 PM,
MON-SAT, TEL: 061 273 1112/3, OR ON NIGHT

CITY HALL NEWCASTLE

MONDAY 10th MARCH at 7:30

TICKETS £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE BOX OFFICE, 10:30 AM - 5:30 PM, MON-SAT
TEL: NEWCASTLE 20007, OR ON NIGHT

10cc rev up for big May outing

DATES AND VENUES for the May tour of Britain by 10cc, plans for which were revealed by NME two weeks ago, have now been finalised by promoter Danny Betesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises. Their schedule comprises 13 major concerts, including two at the vast Wembley Arena. The band return from a European tour (April 10-May 3) to play their UK shows, which are:

Glasgow Apollo (May 12 and 13), Newcastle City Hall (14 and 15), Manchester Apollo (17 and 18), Birmingham Odeon (20 and 21), Brighton The Centre (22 and 23), Ipswich Gaumont (24) and London Wembley Arena (26 and 27).

Tickets go on sale at all box-offices and usual agencies tomorrow (Friday), priced £5 and £4 at all venues — with additional £3 seats at Glasgow and Brighton. Shows start at 7.30, except at Brighton and Wembley where it's 8pm. A support act has still to be named.

As a prelude to the tour, the new 10cc album 'Look Hear?' is released by Mercury on March 28, and the band will be featuring much of the material from it in their stage act. A new single taken from the LP, titled 'One-Two-Five', comes out this weekend — coupled with 'Only Child'.

● The band's Graham Gouldman has written, arranged and performed the soundtrack music for a full-length animated film

called *Animalympics*, which uses animal characters to parody the Olympic Games — with voices provided by Gilda Radnor and Billy Crystal of TV's *Soap*, among others. It opens in London at Classic Cinemas in Haymarket and Oxford Street on March 27, and goes on general release a few days later. A single from the soundtrack 'Love's Not For Me (Rene's Song)' is issued by Phonogram in mid-March, with the album following at the end of the month.

DENNIS BROWN DUE IN

DENNIS BROWN flies in early next month to headline three nights at London Victoria The Venue — on April 4, 6 and 7 (tickets on sale now priced £4.75). And on the interim date, April 5, he's at Aylesbury Friars (tickets available mid-March

priced £3). He'll be backed by the same outfit as on his last visit, The We-The-People Band. Brown's new album 'Joseph's Coat Of Many Colours' is issued this weekend by Laser (distributed by WEA).



DENNIS BROWN

RIOTS MAR RATS' DUBLIN SHOW

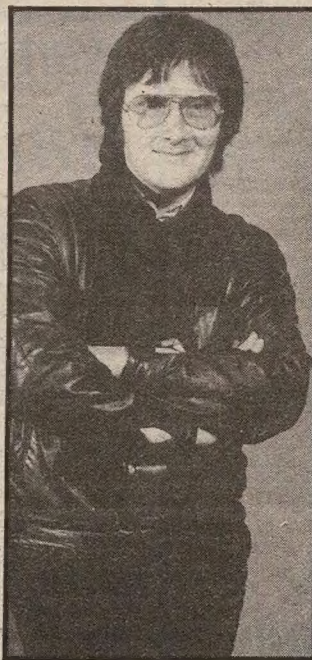
THE BOOMTOWN RATS finally played their Dublin concert last Sunday — thanks to The Hon. Desmond Guinness who offered the use of his castle just outside the city. Some 14,000 people attended the four-hour show, which was marred by 49 injuries in fighting and skirmishes amongst the audience — thereby, claim the authorities, vindicating the magistrate who banned their originally planned concert at Leopardstown.

● JOHN COOPER CLARKE comperes and

performs in a special charity show at London Camden Music Machine on March 31, in aid of the One Parent Families. Other acts confirmed include Killing Joke, Linval Thompson and Barrington Levy, Whirlwind and The Beast.

● THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS have now confirmed the major London date to climax their UK tour, reported last week. As expected, it's at the Lyceum Ballroom, and the date is March 23. Also on the bill are A Teardrop Explodes.

RAFFERTY IN ALBERT HALL SHOW; LP SOON



GERRY RAFFERTY has now confirmed the major London date which will climax his previously reported spring tour — it's at the Royal Albert Hall on Monday, April 17. Ticket prices are £6, £5, £4, £3 and £2, and they are available only by postal application from the RAH Box-Office, Kensington Gore, London SW7. Richard & Linda Thompson are special guests, as on the other ten dates — several of which have already sold out.

A new Rafferty studio album titled 'Snakes And Ladders' is released by United Artists on April 3. It was started in the West Indies in October, and completed in this country during the winter. It contains ten self-penned songs, including a longer version and different mix of his current single 'Bring It All Home'. Rafferty has also been lined up for a two-week European tour starting on May 18.

Slaughter on the streets

SLAUGHTER, the new abbreviated name for Slaughter & The Dogs, set out on the road this month to promote their new DJM album 'Bite Back' — issued on March 14, with the first 5,000 copies selling at £3.99. Dates are Grimsby Town Hall (March 18), Newcastle Mayfair (19), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (21), Manchester Osbourne Club (22), Bradford St. George's Hall (23), Nuneaton 77 Club (24), Bristol Granary (25), Exeter Routes (26), Retford Porterhouse (28), Dunfermline Kinema (30), Aberdeen Fusion (31), Bournemouth Stateside Centre (April 2) and London Camden Electric Ballroom (3).

The Cockney Rejects are the special guests at the Electric Ballroom, with Manufactured Romance and Crisis supporting — and tickets are only available by post (priced £2.50) from Madcap Concerts Ltd., 215 Westbourne Park Road, London W11. Elsewhere tickets are on sale at box-offices.

Sad Cafe extension

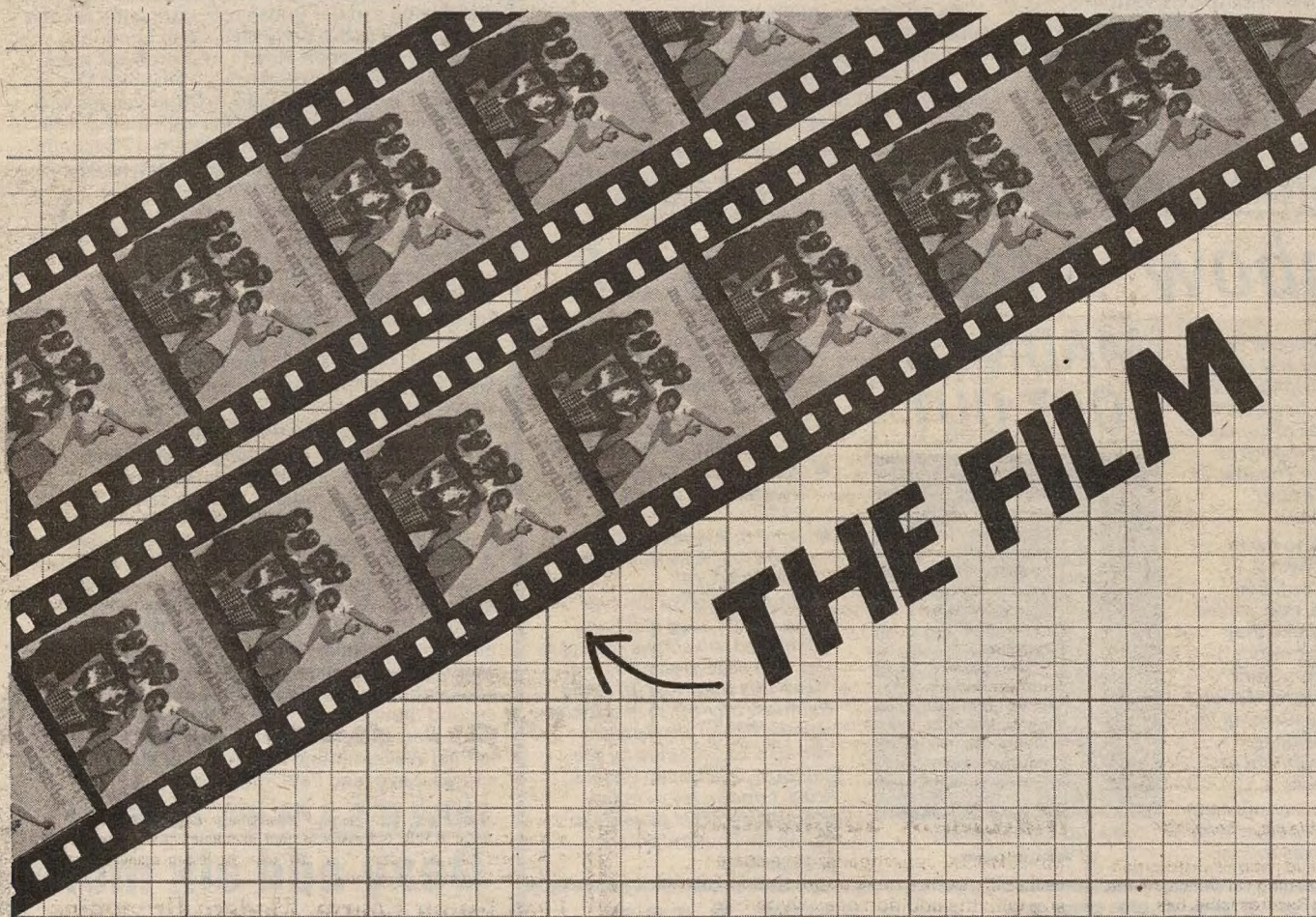
SAD CAFE have added five concerts to their early spring tour, making a total of 24 dates. Their schedule now opens at Leeds University on March 19, and the other three new venues are Coventry Theatre (April 3), Blackpool ABC (5) and Southport Theatre (14). The fifth extra gig is a third night at Manchester Apollo on April 17, their first shows at that venue having now sold out. Support act for the whole tour is Manchester band The Out.

As a prelude to the tour, Sad Cafe have a new single issued by RCA this weekend — titled 'My Oh My', it's taken from their 'Facades' album. They are currently finishing work on a new LP, with Eric Stewart producing, and this is planned for late spring release.

● Tickets for Coventry priced £3, £2.50 and £2 are on sale now; same prices apply at Blackpool, on sale this Saturday; at Southport they cost £3 and £2.25 and go on sale tomorrow (Friday); and tickets for the extra Manchester date are £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2, available from the box-office from 10am today (Thursday).

Tickets for Helen Reddy

HELEN REDDY'S London concerts at the Royal Albert Hall (May 5) and Wembley Conference Centre (18), exclusively forecast two weeks ago, have now been confirmed officially — plus an extra date at the Ilford Odeon of May 22. There are two performances at all three venues, and ticket prices are £8, £7, £6, £5, £4 and £3 (Albert Hall); £8, £7, £6 and £5 (Wembley); and £8, £6, £4 and £3 (Ilford). They may be obtained by post from Derek Block Box-Office, 16 Oxford Circus Avenue, 231 Oxford Street, London W1 — in which case add 25p booking fee per ticket. Also available from the venues and Premier Box Office.

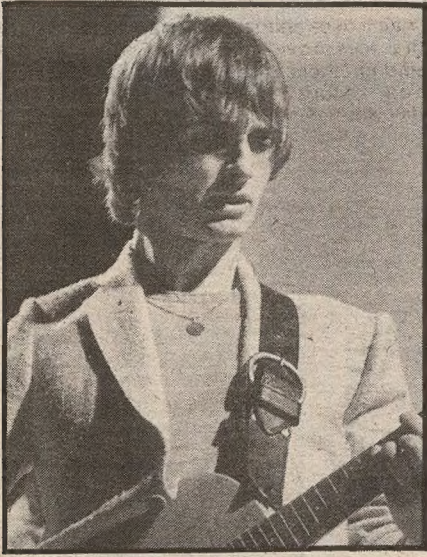


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Oldfield in concert round UK



MIKE OLDFIELD — who last year played a series of selected shows with a massive 80-piece orchestra — is going out on his first full UK tour. Under the banner of "The Concert", he'll be backed this time by an 11-piece rock band, including renowned ex-Gong percussionist Pierre Moerlen. His two-hour set (no support act) will feature excerpts from all his albums, plus new material — and four specially made films. After touring Europe from April 10 to May 9, his British dates are:

Brighton The Centre (May 13), Stafford Bingley Hall (14), Manchester Apollo (15), Edinburgh Usher Hall (17 and 18), Glasgow Apollo (19 and 20), Newcastle City Hall (22), Preston Guildhall (23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Southampton Gaumont (26) and London Wembley Arena (28 and 29).

Tickets are available at present by post only. For Wembley they cost £6.50 and £5.50, and may be obtained from "Mike Oldfield Box-Office" (to whom cheques should be made payable), c/o Andrew Miller Promotions, 215 Westbourne Park Road, London W11. Elsewhere tickets are £5, £4 and £3 and are obtainable from the respective box-offices — except Stafford, for which you should write to the Oldfield Box-Office (POs only), c/o Kennedy Street Enterprises, Kennedy House, 2 Swinbourne Grove, Withington, Manchester.

Oldfield, currently negotiating another movie score to follow his successful film music for *The Exorcist*, will be playing a coast-to-coast U.S. tour in July and August. His LP 'Tubular Bells' has now sold over two million copies in the UK alone, and he'll have a new album out later in the year.



FIVE FOR FORBERT

STEVE FORBERT returns to the UK next week, following his successful visit here last year which climaxed in a sell-out show at The Venue in London. This time he's playing five dates — the first of which, at Lancaster University on March 12, is being filmed for BBC-2's *Rock Goes To College* series.

His other concerts are at Manchester Polytechnic (13), Birmingham University (14), Sheffield University (15) and London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (21). Currently charting in America with his single 'Romeo's Tune' and album 'Jackrabbit Slim', Forbert has a new single issued here next week by Epic titled 'Say Goodbye to Little Joe'.

ON THE ROAD — IS ON PAGE 46

Mr. Steven Fisher

In the issue of *NME* dated February 24, 1979, we published an article concerned with the case in the High Court over The Sex Pistols.

The article contained a reference to Mr. Steven Fisher, who is a solicitor. His firm was retained to represent one side in the litigation. The suggestion was made in the article that he might be facing professional disciplinary proceedings.

We are glad to take this opportunity of making it clear that there is and was no question of Mr. Fisher having behaved in any way such as to give rise to disciplinary proceedings. At no time was there any justification for any criticism of his professional conduct.

We greatly regret having published this unfounded allegation against Mr. Fisher and have paid him an appropriate sum in damages. We offer our sincere apologies to Mr. Fisher for the distress and embarrassment caused by our article.

Matchbox augmenting

MATCHBOX, spearheading the current rockabilly boom, have augmented to sextet size with the addition of ex-Dynamite member Dick Callan — whose diverse talents will be featured on guitar, tenor and baritone sax, electric violin and harmonica. His introduction will enable the band to produce a fuller and more varied sound, and to expand the visual aspects of their act. Callan makes his live debut with them at London Marquee on March 14, then continues on the road in their previously reported three-week tour. Matchbox plan a new single for early April, and their second album in mid-May.

MARTIANS ARE COMING

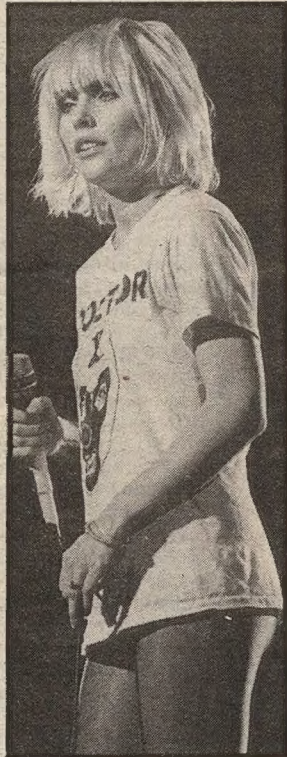
THE MARTIAN SCHOOLGIRLS have not split up, despite rumours to that effect — sparked by the cancellation of seven gigs and the unavailability of their single 'Life In The 1980s'. It seems the gigs were called off due to illness, but will be re-arranged as soon as possible. And the single's absence is explained by the first two pressings selling out — but Red Planet Records are now rushing through a third pressing, for distribution by Pinnacle and Rough Trade. So all is well on Mars.

Tank made of heavy metal

ALGIE WOOD, former Damned bassist, has formed his own three-piece heavy metal outfit called Tank — though the names of the other two members can't be announced until they've fulfilled existing commitments. They've already recorded a single for rush release by Chiswick, and will be playing dates shortly.

GALLAGHER'S ONE-OFF

RORY GALLAGHER plays a one-off London concert on St Patrick's Day — Monday, March 17. It's at the Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand, and it's the final event of the London Festival of the Irish Arts. Tickets at £4 each are available from the Lyceum box-office and the Virgin Megastore in Oxford Street. Gallagher has just completed a world tour to promote his latest Chrysalis album 'Top Priority'.



'Bout time we had another Debbie pic — eh, gang?

OFF THE RECORD Blondie film track

THE SOUNDTRACK album of the film *American Gigolo* is released by Polydor this weekend, and it's specially noteworthy because it contains the full-length version of Blondie's U.S. hit 'Call Me'. Culled from the LP at the same time is the single 'Love & Passion' by Cheryl Barnes, and it's expected that 'Night Drive' by Giorgio Moroder (the album's producer and the man behind Donna Summer's success) will be issued shortly.

The edited singles version of the Blondie track is currently receiving heavy import action in Britain, but there are no plans to release it officially just yet. That's because it comes under the banner of Chrysalis, who obviously won't put out a follow-up while the band's 'Atomic' is riding high. 'Call Me' is, however, expected to be the next Blondie single — but not for a few weeks.

MOTOWN MONTAGE

AS A FORERUNNER to Motown's 20th anniversary celebrations, the label is embarking on an extensive singles campaign involving 30 catalogue items. They've been selected because they're classic tracks, but probably not known to be still available. They include 'Stop Her On Sight' by Edwin Starr, 'There's A Ghost In My House' by R. Dean Taylor, 'This Old Heart Of Mine' by The Isley Brothers, 'Heatwave' by Martha Reeves & The Vandellas, 'It Takes Two' by Marvin Gaye & Kim Weston and 'Walk Away Renee' by The Four Tops. This will be followed in the late spring by a special singles reissue set.

DIANA ROSS & THE SUPREMES are featured on a unique 12-inch single issued by Motown on April 3. The A-side consists of six of their best-known tracks — including 'Stop In The Name Of Love', 'Where Did Our Love Go' and 'Baby Love' — mixed into each other. And the B-side showcases Diana solo in 'Love Hangover', running nearly eight minutes and disco eye-cued.



GRACE SLICK, of Jefferson Airplane and Starship fame, has just finished recording her first solo album for RCA. Titled 'Dreams', it's planned for release later this month. The LP comprises nine songs, six of them self-penned, and features a 60-piece orchestra on some tracks.

● Heavy metal outfit Saxon have their single 'Wheels of Steel' issued by Carrere on March 14 — it's the title track from their second album, due out on April 4. Free sew-on patches will be included in the first 5,000 copies of the single. The band, who've been touring with Rainbow and set out with Nazareth this week, begin their own three-week headlining tour to coincide with the LP's release.

● Five-piece London band Wasted Youth, whose debut single 'Jealousy' was issued at the beginning of the year, have signed a long-term deal with the independent Bridgehouse Records label. They are currently recording material for a new single (due in early April) and their debut album (late April).

● The Pop Group have their album 'How Much Longer' issued by Rough Trade on March 17. Out on the same day and label is a retrospective 'bootleg' LP by The Slits. And Rough Trade releases the 12-inch single 'Three Mantras' by Cabaret Voltaire on April 1.

● Latest signing to Stiff Records is four-piece Manchester outfit Any Trouble, who have their single 'Yesterday's Love' — previously available on the local Pennine Records label — issued this week.

- Chrysalis have picked up national distribution of The Circles' single 'Opening Up' which, on the Dudley-based Graduate Records label, has recently been figuring in the alternative charts.
- Unnormality Records have released a 33rpm single by The Good Missionaries, featuring their old line-up and recorded live on the Animal Instincts tour last year. Available through Rough Trade or direct from the label at 90b High Street, Hastings, Sussex, price 99p (including p&p). The band have now drastically changed their line-up, with only one original member remaining, and are currently recording an album titled 'Pylons' for May release by Unnormality.
- Four-piece band The Tronics, augmented by saxist Dave Winthrop, have their single 'Time Off' / 'Goodbye' available through Rough Trade and Virgin. Or by post priced £1.10 (including p&p) from Caretaker Records, c/o 25 Aisgill Avenue, London W14 9NF.
- Spartan have signed a deal with Ireland's Gale Records for the UK launch of top Dublin band Stepside. Their first album and single will be out in a few weeks.
- A compilation album featuring eight Doncaster bands — The Uncol Danceband, Richard & The Taxmen, The Diks, The Shy Tots, B Troop, The B.T.P. Folders, Demus Mint and Hobbies Of Today — will be issued by locally-based Future Earth Records in early April.
- A four-track EP called 'Swindon, This Is Swindon' features four local bands from that area — Narrow Feint, Wheelz, Bantu and The Early Bathers. It's available at £1.25 (including p&p) from Red Brick Records, 56 Tismeads Crescent, Swindon, Wilts.
- The Quartz live album 'Count Dracula And Other Love Songs' is issued this weekend by Reddingtons Rare Records of Birmingham. The label has also signed five-piece band Mayday, whose debut single 'Day After Day' comes out in mid-March.

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(BY ARRANGEMENT WITH PATRICK MALYNN)

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At Home With The Beat: Handsworth Calling Part Two

20 FLIGHT PUNK 21 GUN REGGAE



POSTAL DISTRICTS 20 and 21 are two of the environs of Birmingham's urban sprawl. They girdle an area of jumbled no-man's land midway between the high-rise office blocks and ring roads of the inner city and the more affluent residential suburbs that lie further from the centre of town.

For an area with an enormous immigration population — mostly Asian along with a large contingent of West Indians — racial tension is remarkably low, particularly among the youth. Unlike most parts of London, for instance, white kids can go unaccompanied and without fear to most of the black pubs, clubs and blues dances.

This is Handsworth calling. The 'dread town' of Steel Pulse's sadly under-rated debut album and a decidedly mixed part of Brum in more ways than one.

On a musical level, Handsworth has been of note for the emergence of Pulse. But that was three years ago, and precious little else has stirred since then.

Until now, that is. For Handsworth is, to all intents and purposes, the focal point of Birmingham's contribution to the 2-Tonian teen consciousness currently sweeping the nation. The area is the home and haunt of ranking musical rockers The Beat.

The Beat's three-strong management team work, appropriately enough, under the moniker 20-21 Music and base themselves in the heart of Handsworth. They run the band's business affairs, including their Go-Feet label licensed through Arista-Ariola, from a third-floor flat no more than a stone's throw from the Soho Road, a celebrated local highway that is flanked on both sides by a phalanx of ethnic social clubs and Indian and Punjabi take-away cafes (heartily recommended for a spot of severe GBH to the digestive tract).

A Motown compilation blares ceremoniously from the stereo as I walk into the offices, a three-mile drive from New Street station in

manager John Mostyn's motor, and The Beat — well, two-thirds of The Beat anyhow — are making themselves at home in the cramped but cosy confines.

Drummer Everett Morton and veteran Jamaican saxophonist Saxa are otherwise disposed, the latter laid up in bed with a dose of bronchitis, but the four other members of the band are well, present and correct.

Singer Dave Wakeling, the one who plays the cream-coloured, teardrop-shaped Vox Phantom guitar, is the most forthcoming and articulate spokesman, punctuating most of his sentences with disarming bursts of laughter.

Not far behind comes the candid Ranking Roger, two big brown eyes like billiard balls beneath a stove-pipe hat and a grin as wide as the Watford Gap. Roger, who exudes an effortless, unaffected cool, is the teenage toaster whose terse talkovers alternate with Wakeling's more orthodox approach to give The Beat a convincing two-pronged vocal strike force.

Curly bassman Dave Steele — who, from now on, we'll refer to as David for identification purposes — is a more sullen character. He has less to say than either Dave or Roger, although even he is positively verbose alongside easy-going second guitarist Andy Cox, who utters next to nowt.

FIERCELY PATRIOTIC as regards their Birmingham roots, The Beat are justifiably proud of the fact that the city has been buzzing with musical activity of late.

Themselves aside, the past 12 months have seen the rise of dubby reggae rockers UB40, the Staxsoul-orientated Dexy's Midnight Runners and, on the punkier side, The Au Pairs and the belated recognition afforded to Spizz Oil/Energi/80. And all this in a place that was left virtually unscathed by the initial punk upsurge three years ago.

The Beat stand unashamedly with one foot either side of the punk-reggae meridian. They maintain that their music is closer to a calypso-punk fusion than it is to ska, even though they did once play Millie's 'My Boy Lollipop' as an encore. Even the two Prince Buster covers in their set — 'Rough Rider' and 'Whine And Grine' — are played as reggae numbers, much slower than the originals.

It is a sound far less rounded than their obvious contemporaries The Specials and The Selecter and most Beatsongs fall sharply into one or two contrasting camps: there is the jaunty, happy-go-lucky side of the two singles 'Tears Of A Clown' and 'Hands Off... She's Mine' and the darker, shade and shadow rumblings of dense, metallic songs like 'Mirror In The Bathroom' and 'Twist And Crawl'.

And, as with The Specials and The Selecter, the punky-reggae culture clash doesn't seem in the least bit forced.

"We see it as unity," says Roger. "If you deal with unity, then colour

doesn't matter, music doesn't matter. It's what you're into that counts. Punk and reggae are close together. I can see that they match easily..."

"And they're starting to come even closer now," interrupts Dave. "There are loads of black people coming to our gigs now. When we started it wasn't like that at all. It was the traditional white rock audience."

"But now we get dreads along, and black beat girls, 2-Tone girls or whatever. It's easy to get into it 'cause it's the same fashions for the blacks and whites. They all come as rude boys so it's not half as weird as some of them coming as punks and some as Rastas."

Coming out of Handsworth — where a tentative tradition of punk and reggae unity was already growing — was also an obvious advantage.

"They started punk gigs a couple of years ago at one of the clubs in the Soho Road where there had previously only been reggae gigs. They were dead cool. It was strange to see loads of white punks in the middle of Handsworth but there wasn't any trouble or anything."

But, somewhat ironically, the seeds of what is now The Beat were sown not in Handsworth but somewhere miles away from Brum. Dave Wakeling and Andy Cox spent most of 1978 on the Isle of Wight making solar panels. It was there that they met David Steele. The trio moved back to Birmingham at the start of last year to form a band that could play both punk and reggae.

David, who was working in a mental nursing home at the time, asked a black nurse if she happened to know of any good reggae drummers and was put in touch with Everett, who had just left local rock band Soul Of Man. Everett, unlike the others already an experienced musician, having backed Joan Armatrading in one of her early bands, took time to take to The Beat and the rehearsals were fraught with problems.

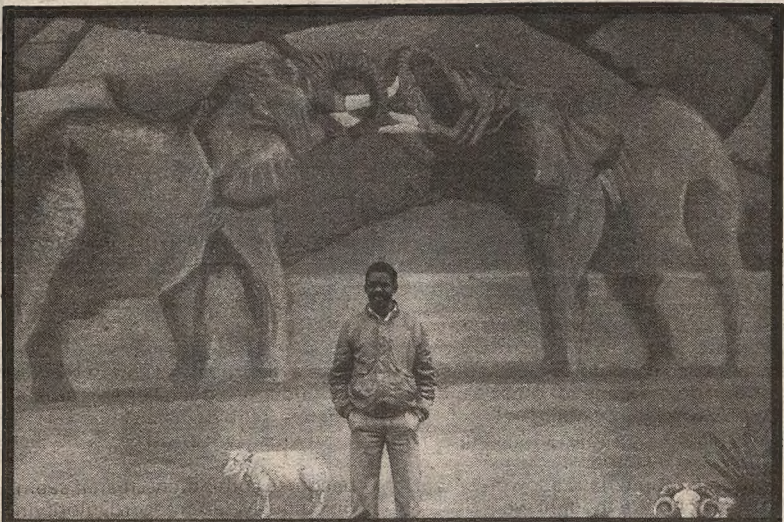
"It was really hard to integrate Everett into the band at first," recalls David. "He joined us straightaway but we didn't get on very well. For his first month in the band, we hardly ever even spoke, but now we

"In the end we had a big sit-down talk and discussed the fact that we both thought each other were pigs. Our rehearsals were half practice sessions and half psychotherapy. For the music to come together there had to be that social coming together as well."

So The Beat began gigging as a four-piece last February averaging only one appearance a month until June, when they began a residency at the Murcatt Cross, a Birmingham pub. In the meantime, more importantly, they met up with Ranking Roger, fresh from drumming with local punk band The Dum Dum Boys, and moved one step nearer to their current line-up.

ROGER WAS already a character of some local notoriety as one of Birmingham's first black punks and the kid who was forever crashing the stage Jimmy

"You get criticised a lot by black youth if you're a black punk. But you pay no attention..."



"...You wear your bondage and your anarchy tops, t'ings like that, and everything's cool"

Interview: Adrian Thrills

Pictures: Pennie Smith

Purse-fashion to toast at RAR gigs, usually with a reggae band. When he turned up by accident at a Beat gig in Moseley, he saw no reason not to do likewise.

"He turned up at that gig and did one number," remembers Dave.

"Then he came to the next gig and did the same and then he did two numbers at one gig and it became slowly obvious that he had to join the band full-time."

Unlike Everett, who spent his childhood on the Caribbean island of St Kitts, Roger grew up in Birmingham and so found it much easier to immediately feel part of The Beat. As a black punk, however, things weren't easy.

"You get criticised a lot by black youths if you're a black punk. You get threatened a bit, you know what I mean? 'I wan' to cut up yer, bloodclaat!' and t'ings like that. But you just pay no attention to them. You just stay with your mates, you wear your bondage and your anarchy tops, t'ings like that and everything's cool."

"You used to go to places where punk bands were playing like Digbeth Civic Hall and you would see quite a few black kids there, even if they weren't punks, there would always be some black blokes checking them out."

Inspired by The Killer Jas Stitch's 'Danger Zone Chapter Three', Roger took up toasting four years ago. Modelling his talkover style on Dillinger, Trinity and younger toasters like Clint Eastwood, he also ran his own sound system Dub Explosion for a time before joining The Dum-Dum Boys and, eventually, The Beat.

"I'm not saying that I'm a good toaster, but I'm saying that I will be good. Toasting really gets me going. It's a faster way of singing, if you want to put it that way."

"A lot of the time I just say the first thing that comes into my head. 'Ranking Full Stop' (the superior flipside of 'Tears Of A Clown') was like that. If you listen to the single and the version on our John Peel session, they are completely different. It was only about three weeks ago that I learnt the words off by heart for the first time. As for 'Tears Of A Clown', I still don't even know the first verse!"

"When I listen to music, I never really listen to the vocals. I always listen just to the music, to the bass and drums and guitars. That's all that I'm really interested in."

The only criticism I'd make of Roger's contribution to The Beat is that his livewire talkovers are sorely under-used. He nods in agreement, adding that he eventually wants to be able to toast over the punkier songs in the set as well as the reggae numbers. "I've toasted to Kraftwerk's 'The Model' and it sounds great. I mean, I've never heard of a toaster who toasts over rock records."

A pointer for the future perhaps.

TWO OTHER landmarks stand out in The Beat's meteoric rise.

The first was the addition of Saxa; the second, of course, the 2-Tone connection.

Saxa has lived 30 of his 50 years in

Jamaica, working as a jobbing musician who would hang around the island's studios in the hope of picking up the odd session fee. Among those who have sung against a backdrop of his sizzling yakety sax lines are Desmond Dekker and Laurel Aitken, the latter a veteran of Jamaican music who recently returned to perform with The Beat at a Lyceum gig.

The Beat stumbled across Saxa jamming with a jazzy soul band in one of the city's black bars and took an immediate liking.

Says Dave: "Saxa was playing in this band but he stuck out as he was such an odd character. He has this microphone for his sax but between numbers and even during them, he'd be bending down talking into this mike all hunched up and you couldn't understand a word he was saying."

"He was ranting and raving away, and I thought then that if we ever got into a position where we needed a sax, then we'd ask him to join."

Saxa became a full-time member of The Beat just in time for their pre-Christmas 'Tears Of A Clown' single on 2-Tone. The Beat had been offered the chance to do the single after playing a few dates with The Selecter and they jumped at the chance. It also gave them the chance to get Saxa into a recording studio for the first time since he left Jamaica 20 years ago.

"Having him in the band really was the cherry on the cake. It's really great to have someone with his attitudes and ideas in the band. I mean, his attitudes are not the same as most people of his age. He's really mad and he's really nice. His age is irrelevant. He fits in perfectly with all the general insanity."

Grateful for the help 2-Tone have given — and The Beat would probably still be unheard of outside Brum even now, had it not been for Jerry Dammers' vision — they are now keen to strike out on their own via their Go-Feet label, as Dave explains.

"The more we looked at it, the more sensible it seemed. So we decided that if anyone offered us a deal, we'd go for the same sort of thing as 2-Tone. 2-Tone did us a lot of good, so it would be nice to pass it on and do the same for other bands."

"We want to maintain that allegiance to 2-Tone, but having too many bands under the same umbrella could have allowed things to get sour. We thought we could work in a similar vein, come from a different angle with the same basic message."

THE ONE Go-Feet release to date has been the 'Hands Off ...

'She's Mine' single, already in the Top Twenty and seemingly destined for even greater success than their 2-Tone debut. Musically, it is a gloriously infectious song with an effervescent calypso feel that can be traced right back to the band's acknowledged major influence, Toots And The Maytals. There is subtlety too, particularly in the way producer Bob Sargeant contrives to make a marimba — a sort of wooden xylophone — sound like something akin to a full-blown steel band.

But those lyrics? On the surface, before The Beat's wry humour becomes completely clear, it seems ridiculously sexist record, glorifying a male surpempacy and dominance. Dave Wakeling, who wrote the lyrics,

■ Continues page 61



This shot:
David
and Roger.
Opposite from
top: Saxa,
Andy, Dave,
Everett.



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NOT TO BE SMILED AT



Jerry Lee pix: Rob Hall (top) and Les Chudzicki. Bob Fogg pic by Bryn Jones

"OK, so you hear that Jerry Lee Lewis is touring in February. You think of his drinking problem and advancing years. At the dole they don't give out a concert allowance, but hell, it's Jerry Lee Lewis. . ."

Bob Fogg is 30 years old, unemployed and bonkers about Jerry Lee Lewis. In spite of extreme lack of funds, he followed JLL all over the country on his recent tour.

And then he wrote about it for NME. . .



TWO WEEKS ON THE TRAIL OF THE KILLER

REVIEWING Chuck Berry's great performance last August at the Alexandra Palace Jazz & Blues Festival, NME's Paul du Noyer wrote: "If rock 'n' roll were a pair of underpants, Chuck Berry would be the elastic". And who am I to disagree?

But, given that, Jerry Lee Lewis would be the man to wear them!

I've just followed Jerry Lee through his entire British tour — Sheffield Fiesta, Manchester Apollo, Newcastle Mayfair Club, Slough Fulcrum Centre, Deeside Leisure Centre, London Rainbow — and it's taken the best part of a week to be able to sit down long enough to catch my breath.

For make no mistake, in 1980 Jerry Lee Lewis, the country boogie woogie man from Ferriday Louisiana, can still leave 'em breathless. Gone is the devotion to Seagram's whisky, gone the excess weight that was beginning to accumulate around the waist. Gone too the lethargic and plummy vocals — so distressing at Birmingham Odeon in 1978 — which marred his otherwise excellent debut album for Elektra / Asylum Records last year.

Jerry Lee Lewis is right back where he was — effortlessly yodelling his way through country ballads, contemptuously ripping the uptempo material to shreds, suddenly lighting upon a blues standard such as 'Trouble In Mind', or surprising the uninitiated with a heartfelt rendition of the gospel-slanted 'Old Country Church'.

What has never changed, of course, is the sheer command of the man. From his majestic unannounced stage

entrance, through his brilliantly effective mannerisms and adlibs, to the stunning climax, his shows are superbly paced. Backed by his extremely tight and sympathetic four-piece road band (no pick-ups, if you please) featuring Ron Norwood (drums), Harvey Faglier (bass), Joel Shumaker (guitar), and the admirable Kenneth Lovelace doubling on guitar and fiddle, Lewis treats his audience to a lesson in 20th Century American popular music.

His repertoire is staggering — ranging through Al Jolson, Broadway standards, down home blues, rhythm 'n' blues, gospel, rockabilly, rock 'n' roll, and modern country music. And through it all the persona of Jerry Lee Lewis is irrepressible — on even the most lacklustre material it comes shining through.

Jerry Lee has written very few songs, but he hasn't needed to. I can think of no other artist who has recorded and performed such consistently strong material. From his Sun days, the Smash-Mercury catalogue (lamentably neglected and misunderstood by critics and 'rock 'n' roll' fans alike), up to the present day work of Sonny Throckmorton and Mack Vickery, he has been able to call on literally hundreds of first-rate songs. Coupled with his intuitive musical feel, his expressive voice and a truly unique piano style (with its marauding left hand, sublime trills and ferocious glissandi sweeps) it has made for a heady brew indeed.

But the Killer doesn't 'do an act' or 'put on a show' — he means it. All of it. Every appearance is different, no song is approached the same way twice. Simply, he is, and always has been, his own man: no compromise; no sell-out.

He plays what he wants to — when and how he feels like it. And if you don't like it, brother, that's your problem.

To label him 'country', 'rock', or any other term you might dream up is ludicrous. As he proclaimed from the stage at Deeside: "What I play ain't country or rock or anything else. It's just Jerry Lee Music!"

The voice, the piano, the songs, the legend, the energy and style are all vital and essential ingredients, but every time Jerry Lee Lewis walks out onto a stage — which is worth a Mick Farren article in itself — he establishes a special rapport with his audience: a communion with no rule or set pattern. Even the band, well-rehearsed though they are, don't know what he is going to play or do next. "Who's gonna play this ol' piano after I'm not here?"

OK. SO YOU hear that Jerry Lee Lewis is doing a tour in February and you think of his drinking problem, the unresolved conflict between God's and the Devil's music and his advancing years. You read the press reports of busts and the unrelentingly fast life and you wonder how it can be anything but embarrassing.

At the dole they don't give out a concert allowance and everyone tells you how crazy you are (you didn't know). But, hell shucks, it's Jerry Lee Lewis and you know that given a fair chance he can still cut it.

Transport is rough, but you borrow a Mini van (thanks, Anthony) without insurance or M.O.T., exchange a few

Continues page 61

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

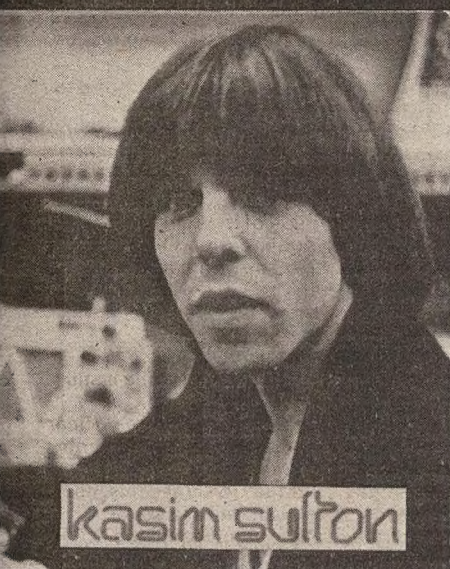


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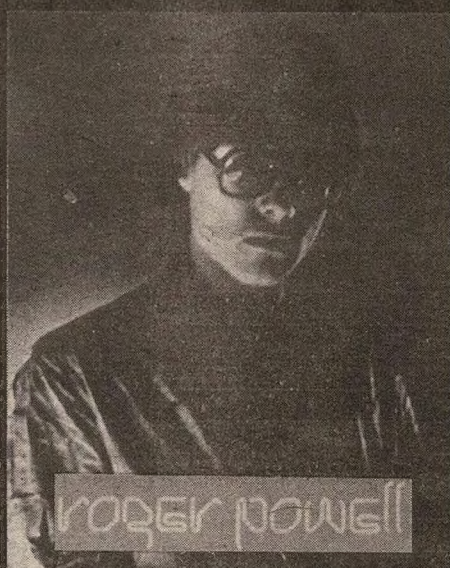
OUR PRICE TOP 60

LONDON'S ORIGINAL ALBUM CHART

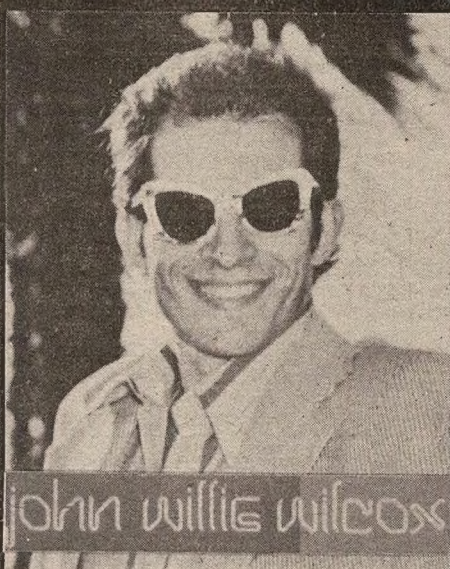
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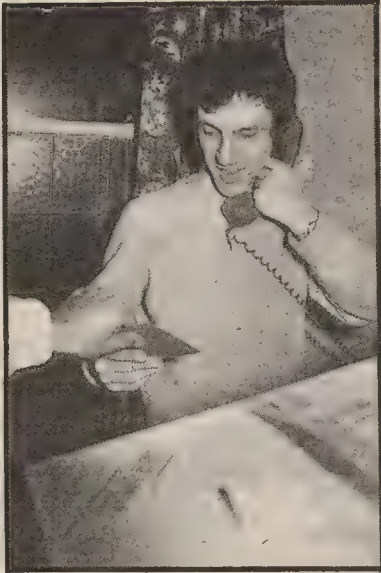
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Left: the introduction
Below: the presentation



**Ariola big wig
gets special
Arista farewell**

GOTCHA!

SO THE Teutonic chopper ruthlessly fell on Friday when the money and muscle of Ariola Records took over Arista. But for Head Of A&R Tarquin Gotch (pictured above) it was a day for celebration and — as you can see — embarrassment.

Believed by certain now redundant Arista employees to be the man who engineered their dismissal, Gotch was proudly enjoying the first official Ariola post-takeover function at London's Basil Street Hotel when called to the phone. Not suspecting there was anything untoward going down, Gotch happily — doubtless his head still in the clouds after a ruthless power struggle — took the call.

Naturally he was perplexed when approached by a young lady on roller skates wearing a white suit and flashing lights. But still he didn't twig what was going on.

The young lady from Roller Express gave him a message. It read: "From The Arista Old Boys Association". Then ...

SPLAAATTT!! Into Gotch's face went the cream-pie commissioned by anonymous Arista ex-employees. Mr Gotch not only had egg on his face but pie in his eye. Hohol!

Clearly the wrath of the gallant Arista men so unceremoniously given the boot (some are still haggling over the redundancy settlement) knows no bounds. The previous evening they'd met at



Above: the surprise

Right: the pay-off

All Pix: Mike Laye

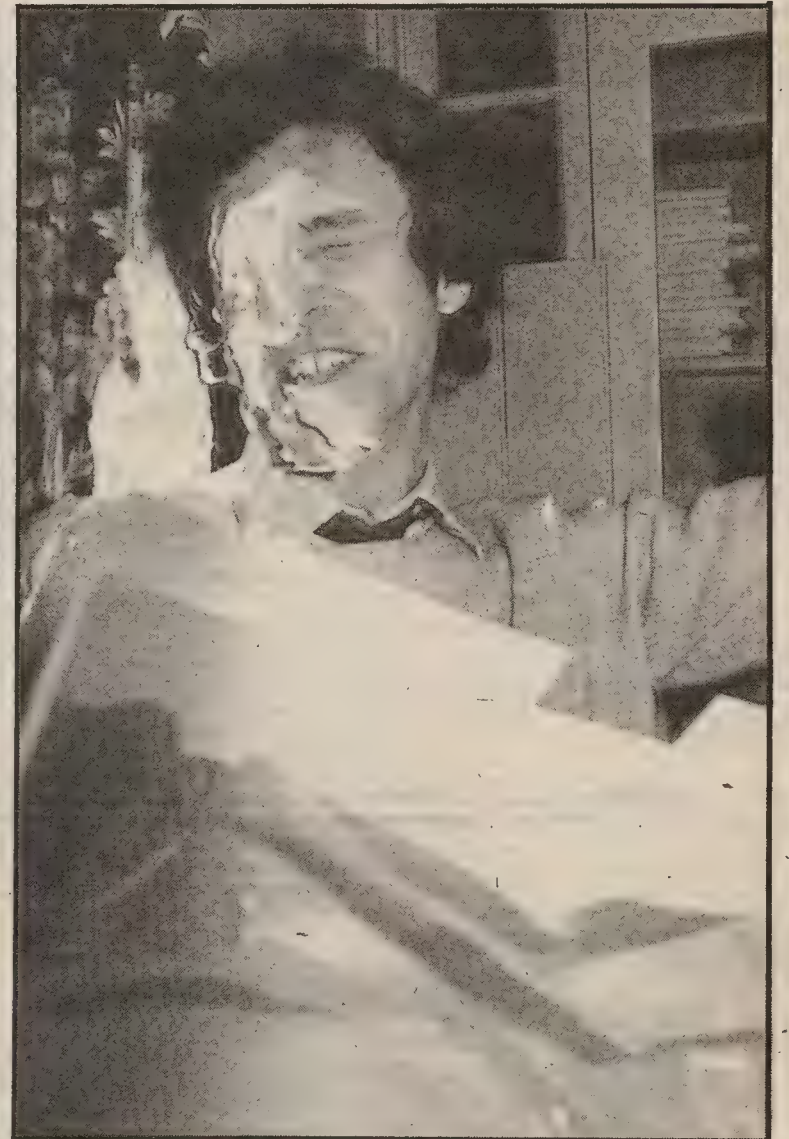
ex-Arista HQ for a quiet, sad final drink. So tearful was the farewell that the managing director's office was soaked from ceiling to floor.

Those present were unable to explain why three fire-extinguishers were also empty afterwards.

Isn't rock 'n' roll fun?

EDDIE WARING

Thrills!



What To Do In A Nuclear Holocaust ...

Extracts from the pamphlet



All at home must go to the fall-out room and stay inside the inner refuge, keeping the radio tuned for Government advice and instructions.

In the open

If you are in the open and cannot get home within ten minutes, go immediately to the nearest building. If there is no building nearby and you cannot reach one within ten minutes, use any kind of cover, or lie flat (in a ditch) and cover the exposed skin of the head and hands.



**THRILLS OWN
SPECIAL
INSTRUCTIONS**

- Stay indoors and seal all doors and windows.
- Stand with your feet approximately eighteen inches apart
- Lean forward and place your head firmly between your legs
- Kiss your ass good-bye

ABOUT three weeks ago, a plain brown envelope arrived in the offices of the *Leeds Other Paper*, a local bi-weekly alternative newspaper.

In the envelope was a copy of a secret Government pamphlet that had been mentioned in certain press reports since the cold war warmed up over Afghanistan called *Protect And Survive*. This slender volume explained what England expects every man, woman and child to do in the event of nuclear war. Effectively: shut up, stay put, and pray.

The *Leeds Other Paper* published a substantial extract from *Protect And Survive* in their Friday 22nd February edition, some five days after *The Sunday Times* had run a story detailing a few of the official horror statistics from a projected holocaust, along with a picture of the symbol of home defence, as it's now called, a demographically average family enclosed in a circle.

The pamphlet, prepared in '76 for use in the run-up to nuclear war in conjunction with radio and TV commercials, has never been published because it would "alarm the public", a Home Office spokesman told the *Leeds Other Paper*. When contacted by *Thrills*, the Home Office explained that it wasn't a classified document, but has "only ever been made available to people involved in its administration" — i.e. local government officials whose task it would be to enforce the pamphlet's provisions.

These are, quite simply, to barricade yourself in your home with enough supplies to last until the Government radio station says it's safe to come out again. At least half of those so barricaded can expect never to come out again, the rest will have to face radiation, disease, lack of food and medical supplies, and a general state of anarchy, rioting and looting that the Government fully expects to prevail not only after the

bombs, but in the panic preceding them as well.

Meanwhile officials will try to keep order with the help of the army and the police from secret bunkers that form a network across the country. Attempts to flee the large urban centres will be forcibly prevented.

The Civil Defence practice evacuation left over from wartime was abandoned in 1968, and no policy of building large-scale public shelters such as those in Sweden and Switzerland has ever been instituted. There is a proposal that more money should be spent on Home Defence, but that none of this money should go on shelters for the public, and should instead be used to strengthen the position of the authorities. These proposals are under review by the Home Secretary, who is due to report in April, at which time a revised version of the *Protect And Survive* pamphlet will be made available.

In the wake of the *Leeds Other Paper's* exclusive revelations of its

current contents, there are bound to be many reports such as the dramatic Thames TV documentary screened last Thursday depicting Britain's appalling lack of concern for the safety of its people.

The tragedy of it is that this will generate public support for Government spending on 'defence' — and that if they have it their way the Government will indeed be well defended.

But what the hell! This is the new free market, right? And while it still exists, I'm going to set up in business selling ready-made nuclear shelters. It should go down a bomb (if you'll excuse the pun) in East Anglia, near the US Cruise missile silos. Then I can retire to some strategically insignificant little tropical idyll and leave you suckers to face the music. Or lack of it.

PAUL RAMBALI

Thrills!

Lowry

Not Only Rock 'n' Roll



Mensi

Both pix: Kevin Cummins

Cliff



Angel Meets Evangelist

MONDAY night's edition of ATV's *Something Different* saw the bizarre combination of Cliff Richard and Mensi Upstart, rapping on Religion.

"I'm not being modest, but I've got nothing," allowed Mensi on the topic of 'punk'. "I hope I can give the kids who follow me hope."

"Rock 'n' Roll did that," snapped Cliff, a trifle waspishly.

"What have you given them with Religion?" Mensi countered.

"Religion is something for ever, mate. Blow class distinctions," cried Cliff generously. "If they can be satisfied with where they live, you've given them a lot."

Besides the heated exchange described above, conversation touched on Anarchy (Mensi: "I'm

not into it at all." Cliff: "I'm glad to hear it"), Northern Ireland, and veered dangerously close to police corruption. "I'm not anti-police, I'm anti-corrupt police," stressed Mensi.

"That's a whole new subject," interrupted the presenter nervously.

Unfortunately the programme was dominated by Cliff's practised preaching whilst Mensi's assertions were not so neatly articulated.

And the answer to the crucial question: 'Had either anything in common?'

Well, according to both, neither are acceptable in either *Melody Maker* or *NME*. As the presenter said, fascinating discussion; what a shame it was so short.

LYN HANNA

Archive Fun (On The Box)

THRILLS certainly has pleasure in letting you in on some pure joy, though well after the event. See, nobody warned us it was on either. As, er, luck would have it, one of our staff was off 'with a cold'. (But no note! — Ed) and, as we all do, decided to risk the Friday matinee on ITA.

And what was it? Why none other than that ninety minute celebration to all things cod, *Just For Fun*. This 1963 parade of the pops was just about the campest thing since liquid coffee, dears, what with Bobby Vee singing inside a juke-box set, The Crickets, The Springfields, The

Tornados, Jet Harris & Tony Meehan, Joe Brown & The Sham 69, sorry, The Bruvvers, Kenny Lynch and a host of other wild twisters!

A special nod should be given to the ridiculous Spot-Nicks who got crazy in spaceman suits doing a rockin' version of 'My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean'. And as your hosts we had a bunch of pre-teen hams like Jimmy Saville, Alan Freeman and David Jacobs plus the 'star' of the movie, Mark Wynter!

And we missed it! You bet this is the Wynter of our discontent.

Thrills

To celebrate Virgin's acquisition of the Immediate record catalogue, our pic shows Andrew Loog who founded the label in '67, with Marchioness Tavistock (then simple Henrietta Tiarks) Sid (is innocent) James and Barbara Kelly, hip cats all.

Fuelling Oldham's zest for self-promotion, Immediate had hit singles and albums from Chris Farlowe ('out Of Time'), The McCoys ('Hang On Sloopy'), Small Faces ('Itchycoo Park'), Amen Corner ('Half As Nice'), P.P. Arnold ('First Cut Is The Deepest'), The Nice ('America'), Rod Stewart ('Little Miss Understood'), John Mayall / Eric Clapton ('Witchdoctor'), Fleetwood Mac ('Man Of The World') plus such diverse one-offs as Nico and Jimmy Tarbuck and, later on, Humble Pie. However, reckless spending, over-promotion of poor product and the inevitable cash-flow problems that resulted caused the whole operation to fold — amidst complex litigation — in 1970. Since when, the back-catalogue has been bought and sold more times than a Ford Popular.

Will there be more than just collector interest!

ARCHIVE FUN



Punk index: 'Too Much' Is Not Enough

A 32-PAGE booklet compiled by one Andy Wilson, *Too Much!* is intended as "A quick guide to the groups that have gained prominence since 1976, but mostly an index of the thousands that followed in their wake".

Making no claims to Pete Frame-like comprehensiveness, the Wilson's homespun catalogue seems consequently well-suited to the flux and turmoil of the era in question. Sometimes the name alone is mentioned, sometimes place of origin and invariably the record label(s) concerned if any. If thought interesting, a band member's previous/subsequent career is outlined, but full individual details are confined to those of

Buzzcocks/Clash/Pistols stature and the odd seminal combo (London SS, 101ers). It's also interesting to be informed/reminded that XTC were once The Helium Kids and The Clash originally The Heartdrops.

Up to date enough to include Tom Robinson's Sector 27, *Too Much!* enables the reader to savour once more such names as The Snivelling Shits, I Jog And The Tracksuits and Dead Trout, alongside labels like Dining Out, Groucho Marxist and Fried Egg. (A similar checklist in Ralph J. Gleason's *The Jefferson Airplane And The San Francisco Sound* (1969) makes for an intriguing comparison.)

The late '70s predictably score in the shock horror stakes (Johnny And The Self-Abusers, Moors

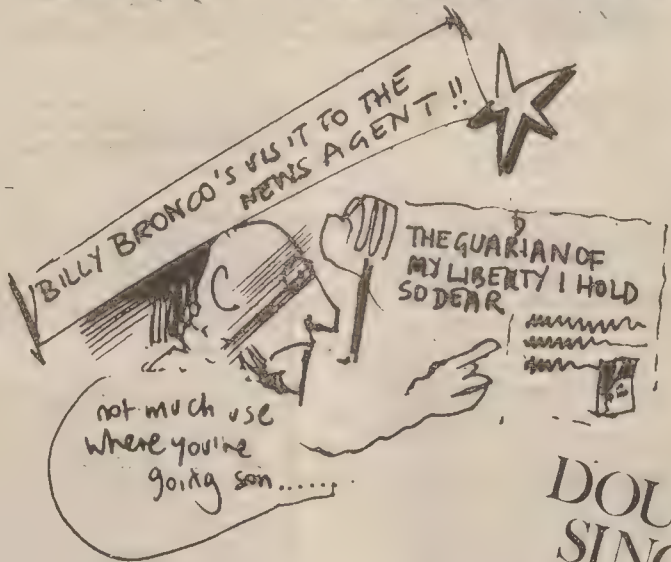
Murderers), but San Franciscans like Africa Creeps Up And Up, Black Shit Puppy Farm and The Vacant Lot were effortlessly ahead of their time. And is there really much to choose between Celestial Hysteria and Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark?

Since Andy and his printers are both beyond the ken of Directory Enquiries, we can't tell you where to find *Too Much!* or what it'll cost you, so watch T-zers in case he lets us know. In the meantime, address any enquiries to A.J. Wilson, Hall House, 36 Woolcombe Road, Westcliff, Portland, Dorset.

HARRY GEORGE

Thrills

THE MEKONS



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A NEW ALBUM

MURFINS AND THE MARTHA

'HOLLYWOOD' Attention To Retail

WATCHING ITV's *Hollywood* series is without doubt the most unsatisfying experience since Paul Michael Glaser pulled through in the last episode of *Starsky And Hutch*. The makers of this annoying little distraction have in their power all the facilities to make a worthy stab at what, granted, is an impossible project to complete definitively. And yet their efforts actually succeed in making the subject less interesting than anyone could have imagined.

Hollywood's main drawback is the constant repetition of the same old second hand fossils who, though certainly worth the odd quote or two, are pushed at us like the undisputed bearers of The Facts. It's as though the show's creators have decided that if we see it coming from the horses' mouths we'll swallow it up wholesale. As with most TV documentary / chronicles, we're treated like complete blockheads.

For example, when James Mason's asthmatic tones introduced a series of unbelievably dangerous stunts created just for gags he felt the need to conclude the breathtaking clips with "... but behind the comedy lay a world of painstaking planning, immense courage and physical skill". Really James? And all along we thought that those cars stalled in front of oncoming trains by accident. You mean Harold Lloyd didn't scale that office block on a whim? Well I never.

It is this lack of respect for the viewer that in the end demeans and cheapens the subject matter. They took so long attempting to educate us that Buster Keaton was funny that there was no time to comment on his rapid decline and the disgusting treatment dished out to him — and many, many others — by the glorious industry.

You see, *Hollywood* doesn't comment on anything at all. Like a *Blue Peter* special assignment, there's no objectivity, plenty of fees paid to the cosy and certainly nothing nasty. If the ramblings of the likes of Adela Rogers St Johns are to be believed then the entire set-up was a close-knit wacky army of friends who never bitched or screwed or took drugs but just got up each day and did the show right there. (One ridiculous interviewee was allowed to churn out the old tale of stumbling on a roomfull of 'white powder' whilst looking for the john and being quite confused as to what it could all mean). Elsewhere things are allowed to slide into the downright sickening. When recounting how D. W. Griffiths laughed at the political riots that were greeting the openings of his racist *Birth Of A Nation* — originally titled *The Klansmen* — we saw the teller of this tawdry tale chuckling and congratulating himself on knowing such a great man before the narrative came in and informed us that the wretched film was both a milestone and a classic (of course).

Everything is taken as the legend suggests providing each name has a familiar ring and identification box. So when last week's episode *Comedy — A Serious Business* fell eagerly into the 'lump four well-knowns together and label them The Greats' trap I was less than surprised. (They'd previously done much the same with Valentino and the excellent

Gloria Swanson). The team dug out the 'Big Laughs' reference card reading Chaplin, Langdon, Lloyd and Keaton and then proceeded to slap some clips together telling us in hushed tones that they made people laugh. Oh yes and how 'big' they were.

Now even the least discerning comedy viewer can tell that Harry Langdon does not rate anywhere close to Buster Keaton, but *Hollywood* allotted them equal time because they made funny films at the same time. Only the welcome interference of Frank Capra allowed us a hint that Langdon was just the teensiest bit meglomaniacal whilst having the least to offer. A large portion of the hour was given over to more drooling over Chaplin, a comic that though influential doesn't make me laugh, without saying anything at all about him. Then poor Harold Lloyd got lumbered with a laboured mild clip after which we were all supposed to divine his worth, very unfair.

But it was with Keaton that *Hollywood* could have said so much about comedy and the Hollywood machine — a beast that is barely acknowledged in Mason & Co's rambling parade so far. Shamefully and typically they said nothing whatsoever beyond that he was "an intellectual" — a statement he always hated. Only Chaplin basked in the 'genius' adulation — and he was very 'big'. That Chaplin ended his days fat, rich and idolized while Keaton died cancerous, broken and forgotten, not having worked properly for close on forty years, was apparently too much of a puzzle for the team to explain to us.

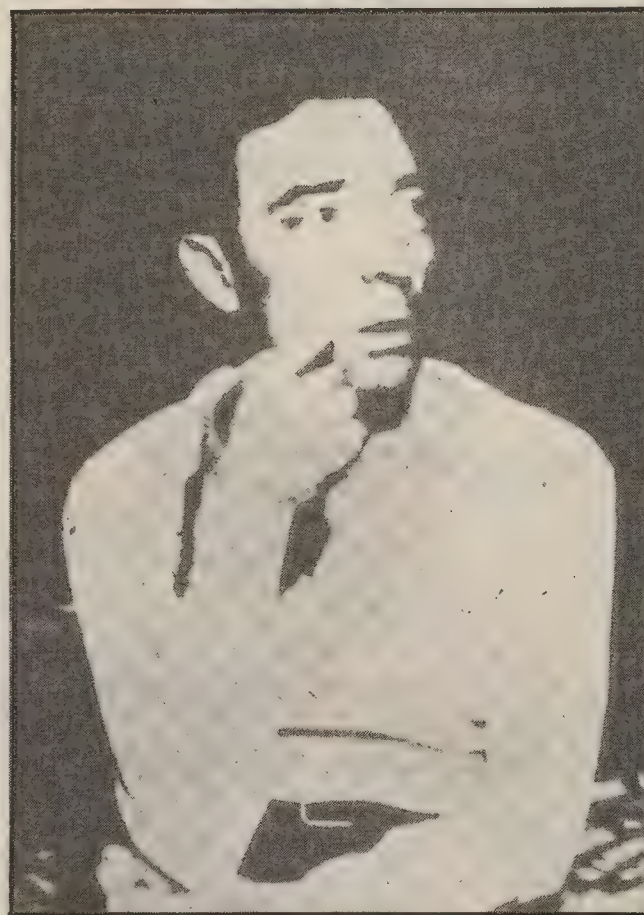
For all the viewer could garner from this show, Keaton might still be alive and well and writing for *Mind Your Language*. The edition's title was never explained but possibly should have been called 'Comedy — A Tragic Business' when you consider the cruelly consistent way comedians wind up. Abbott & Costello, Charley Chase, Langdon, Laurel & Hardy, Keaton, Ben Turpin, Arbuckle, Phil Silvers, Tony Hancock contribute to an endless list of comedians that finish in varying degrees of poverty, neglect, mental and physical sickness and who are in many cases (particularly Stan & Ollie and Phil Silvers) great workers undeserving of the shitty end of the business stick.

Unless, like Abbott and Costello, Langdon or the unclear Fatty, circumstances fall in about your own head, it's far too callous to dismiss the sad comic list as sob stories or weaklings unable to cope. It was Groucho Marx who said, "People got no respect for comedy. They think it's easy". Even the scraps shown of Keaton last Tuesday couldn't disguise his dynamics, his strength, his vision. It plainly wasn't easy, neither were the following forty years in Hollywood. (Or the twelve minutes allotted on *Hollywood*).

So where does that leave us with regard to future instalments? I fully appreciate that they can't give anyone or thing its due, but that being the case, I'd expect some new light and information to compensate. So, incurably hopeful, I'll be there at 9 next week suffering Agnes DeMille and hoping that the celluloid gets a word in edgeways. It won't of course — that's television for you.

And that's showbusiness.
DANNY BAKER

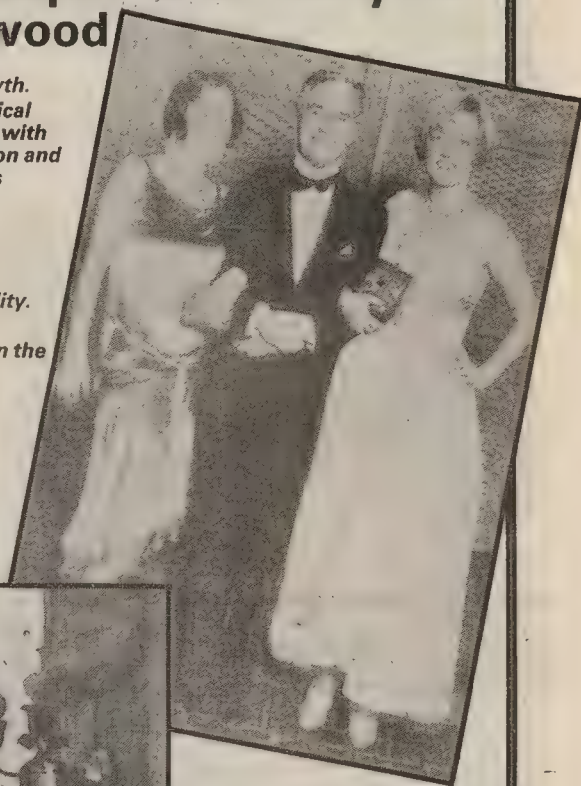
DANGEROUS VISIONS



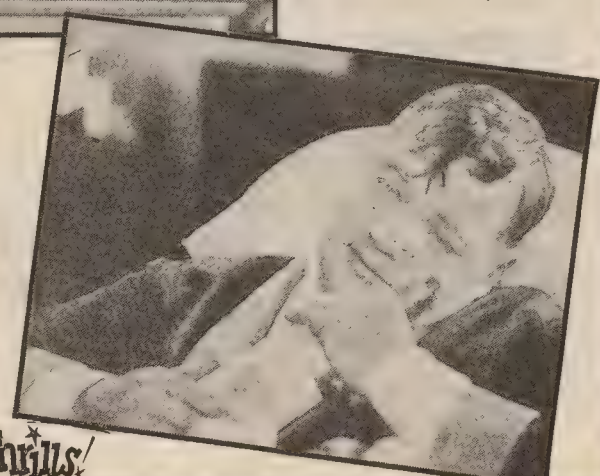
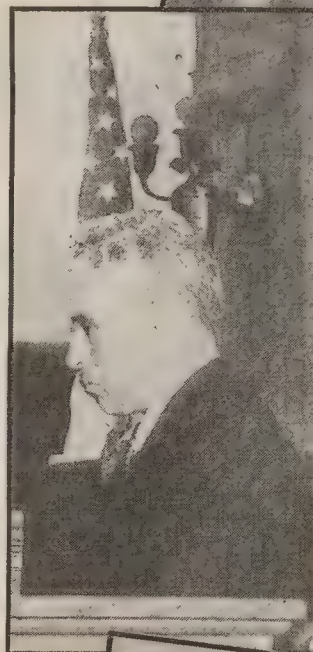
Buster Keaton in a sanatorium

Thrills examines the show that keeps the lid firmly on Hollywood

Right: the myth. Chaplin in typical glamour pose with Gloria Swanson and Marion Davies



Below: the reality. Chaplin on trial, Arbuckle on the bottle.



☆ Keaton died in February 1971 amidst a revival of interest in his work. Harold Lloyd a month later — both from cancer. Langdon suffered a cerebral haemorrhage in 1945 and died broke and struggling. Oliver Hardy was reduced to almost vegetable level by a series of strokes that terminated in 1957, his partner Stan eight years later. Lou Costello dropped suddenly in 1959 and Bud Abbott from cancer in 1974 while penniless and virtually homeless. Hancock committed suicide in 1968. Phil Silvers — currently being re-lived as Bilko on TV — is trying to regain his sanity after many tortuous years of being bedridden and bankrupt.

Thrills

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A commemorative tour release from
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FACADES

THE 1980 TOUR

March

Wednesday 19	LEEDS	University
Thursday 20	SHEFFIELD	City Hall
Friday 21	NEWCASTLE	City Hall
Sunday 23	GLASGOW	Apollo
Monday 24	EDINBURGH	Usher Hall
Tuesday 25	HULL	City Hall
Wednesday 26	PRESTON	Guild Hall
Thursday 27	OXFORD	New Theatre
Friday 28	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon
Saturday 29	CAMBRIDGE	Corn Exchange
Sunday 30	CROYDON	Fairfield Halls

April

Tuesday 1	HAMMERSMITH	Odeon
Wednesday 2	IPSWICH	Gaumont
Thursday 3	COVENTRY	Theatre
Saturday 5	BLACKPOOL	ABC
Sunday 6	LIVERPOOL	Empire
Tuesday 8	PORTSMOUTH	Guild Hall
Thursday 10	BRIGHTON	Dome
Friday 11	POOLE	Wessex Hall
Saturday 12	BRISTOL	Colston Hall
Monday 14	SOUTHPORT	Theatre
Tuesday 15	MANCHESTER	Apollo
Wednesday 16	MANCHESTER	Apollo
Thursday 17	MANCHESTER	Apollo



RCA

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS

THE ALBUM

"Damn the Torpedoes"

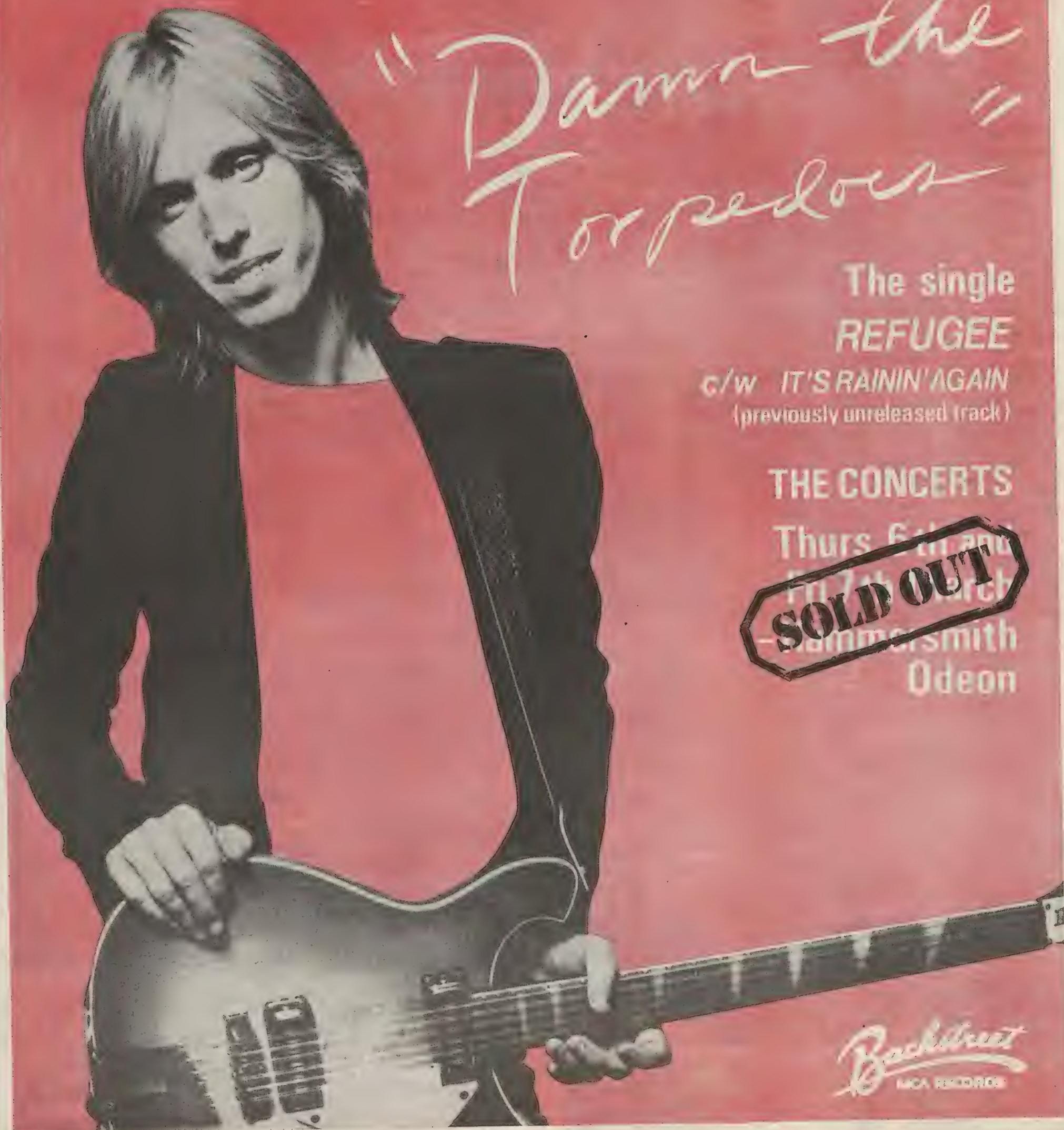
The single
REFUGEE

c/w **IT'S RAININ' AGAIN**
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THE CONCERTS

Thurs 6th and
Fri 7th March
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THE DEVIL ROCKS OUT

AN OTHERWISE normal Catholic visionary living in Bayside New York is putting it about that the entire American entertainments business, and in particular the recording industry, is a diabolical Satanic plot aimed at vanquishing the souls of world youth. Sure you've heard it all before but this is different.

According to *Fortean Times*, Ms Veronica Leuken has been staging vigils-in-the-park for fellow believers at which a variety of angels, The Virgin Mary and even Christ Himself are said to reveal themselves and by some kind of sky writing (visible only to Ms Leuken) provide explicit fax and info as to the exact nature of the plot.

Among her claims: The U.S. entertainments business is controlled by the Illuminati — not just a figment of the imagination of Robert Shea and R. Anton Wilson but a real living secret society pledged to world domination. They use apparently orthodox hit-and-run capitalist techniques but are actually accomplished practitioners of sorcery and the Black Art.

The Pope is not the real Pope but a Masonic Stooge. The Masons and Christians have been battling for centuries for control of the Vatican and now the Masons have won. Kaput goes the old beloved Latin Mass. Kaput goes Christianity as we know it.

The record business is controlled by witches and satanists. On the majority of albums pressed in the USA a little demon or devil is stuck on. When the consumer takes the record home the devil jumps free and all hell breaks loose.

Reassuring words, however, are offered by *Fortean Times* editor R. J. Rickard who points to a 'fundamental contradiction' in the lady's thesis.

"Witches don't believe in Satan" he claims. "Satan is a Christian invention whereas Witchery is a pagan religion, predating Christianity."

But better safe than sorry. Run each new purchase under the hot tap and Hoover dry. Burn the Hoover.

ANDREW TYLER

Floyd 'Expensive' Stage Show Shock

LOS ANGELES concert-goers were reported 'subdued' by the P. Floyd's latest big-deal extravaganza aimed at furthering the cause of LP 'The Wall' and described by *Billboard* as 'very complex and expensive'.

Asking prices at the box office were 15 dollars and 12.50 for which the Sports Arena crowd got strafed and flacked by a variety of effects that included a giant plane that "comes zooming across the Arena leading into 'In The Flesh'."

Other objets d'art include a giant pig, a 35 foot high wall (as exclusively predicted in *Thrills* well over a year ago) plus the pre-requisite gallons of smoke. For a climax the wall comes crashing down and everyone wakes up. The show lasts three hours and comes to Wembley in May.

C. EMILY PLAY

Thrills



Keep thinking, Rog, you might get an original idea.

Pic: D. Allen.

And Quoth The Raven 'Not Again'. Silly fashions disgrace Poe family name

MORE MACABRE offerings from the family that brought you *Fall Of The House Of Usher* and *Mask Of The Red Death*.

Mr. Gregory Poe, 23 year old descendant of chiller writer Edgar Allan, has struck six figure gold with his chill and thrill wearable art

Benyon

apparel, said to have been inspired by new wave dustbin togs.

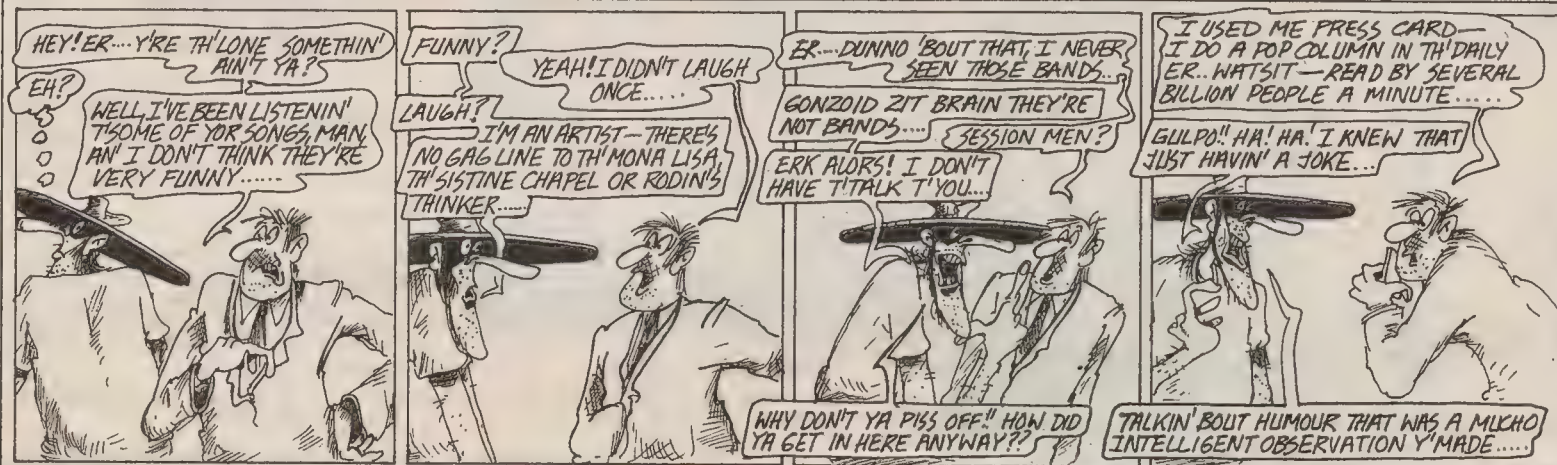
Mr. Poe's gear comes a little more expensive and according to *US* magazine has already 'bowled over' the likes of Cher and Olivia Newton-John who describes the designs as 'very creative' and 'lots of fun too'.

Samples from the collection: a vinyl milk drinking jacket (cost 45 dollars) decorated with multi-coloured toy cows and milk bottle caps (vitamin D milk mixed with chalk and milk of magnesia tablets is sewn into the seams). Or maybe you'd prefer a plastic raincoat (75 dollars) with yellow green glow-in-the-dark dye and a plastic goldfish in the pockets.

"My things," says Mr. Poe, "are meant to be totally threatening."

VINCENT PRICE

Thrills



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YOU
(FALETTINME BE
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STEREO

VS 328A

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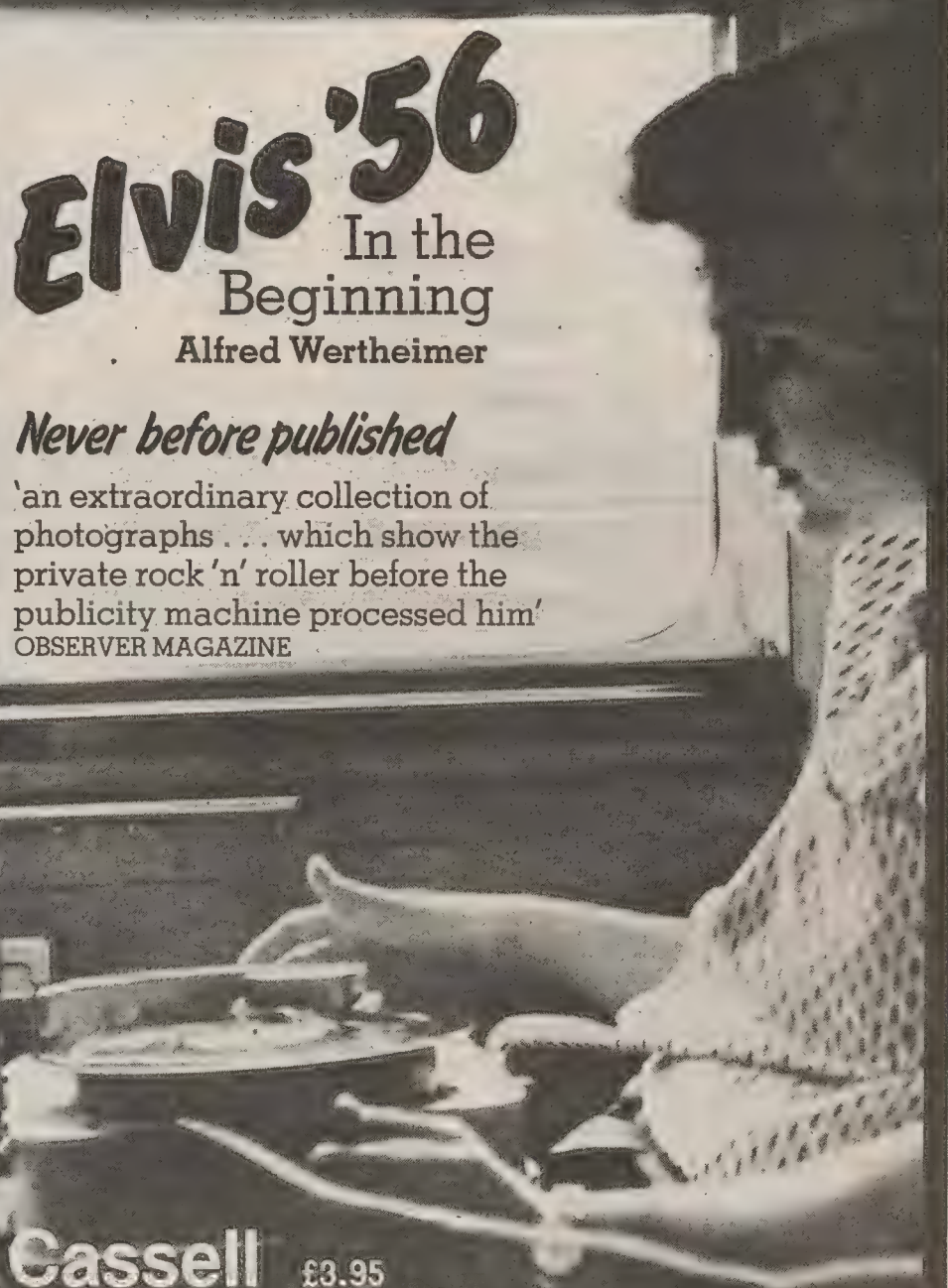
MARCH 7th

ELVIS '56
In the
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Alfred Wertheimer

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'an extraordinary collection of photographs... which show the private rock 'n' roller before the publicity machine processed him'
OBSERVER MAGAZINE



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SQUEEZE'S Chris Difford is quiet and cautious and wrote his last 45 lyrics in five days in New York City. He says it's a scary place to work. He stammers when he's nervous.

"It kept me in 'cos I never wanted to go out for fear of getting mugged and things. I didn't like going out on the street 'cos I looked like an Englishman. I just didn't fit in. I'd just go up to the corner shop for breakfast, get a can of Coke and come back. I'd be writing lyrics and I'd hear sirens wailing and the occasional gunfire. It just makes you sweat!"

I can just imagine him darting out of his wife's flat, scooting up the sidewalk, weaving warily through the crowds, dodging back behind the safety of a locked door, intimidated.

Woody Allen says much the same thing about the place. He *needs* the pressure of Manhattan to be able to work. That nervous edge is the catalyst. Out of the whole city soundtrack playing outside his window, he too can only ever hear the sirens and the guns. They're probably very similar people in a lot of ways; both reserved, both tense and serious, both continually misunderstood by an audience that tends to have a fixed conception of them and begrudges them the space to change.

SQUEEZE have just played a month in Australia. Chris didn't care for that much either; none of them did. The only one who had anything verging on a good time was hulking drummer Gilson Lavis. He'll tell you, beaming at the memory, about how he met up with some crackpot friend of his, the kind of guy who's filtered through the world, landed up on the Ozzie lunatic fringe and found it felt like home. The pair of them made a double act second only to Moriarty and Sal Paradise. One night, completely crocked, this guy raced his van down the highway with Gilson on top, hanging on to the roof rack for dear life. "It's something I've always wanted to do," he shrugs, by way of an explanation.

Australia seems to attract goofballs and maniacs like wasps to a picnic. There's a programme circulating the bushwacker network by name of *Celebrity Tattle Tales*, compered by the failed Northern comedian "Ugly" Dave Gray, whose sole claim to fame is the hookline: "It's nice to be important, but it's important to be nice!". Squeeze's keyboard player, the frail, eccentric and instantly likeable Jools Holland, whose on stage tuxedo, dickie bow and sickly grin give him all the smarm and charm of a *New Faces* panel member, reflects on the gruesome Gray's cabaret with an air of remorse.

"I think I'd like to end up like that," he'll tell you in one of his more insane moments, "like a Larry Grayson-type character with some equally ghastly catch-phrase. I'm a natural, really!"

The rest of the band got precious little out of the Outback bar: a fast-fading sun-tan and a deft hand at Space Invaders. They sold out the entire tour, the 'Cool For Cats' album went gold, but they still got homesick within a week. The legendary Ozzie swaggering, tube-cracking, brained bonhomie made them feel their music was just incidental. It wasn't the reaction they were hoping for. A month of that and you start to feel routine staring you blankly in the face.

As Glenn Tilbrook puts it: "I think sometimes it becomes necessary to force yourself to pay attention to *why* you're going out on stage and performing to people. When you're on tour, it's sometimes difficult to retain that same sort of excitement as playing a gig five years ago — planning the gig in advance, hiring the P.A., making sure everything's OK. The thing you have to bear in mind is that you're not playing to the same people every night. *They're* not seeing the same show."

SCOTLAND. First the bad news. A plane, a train, a taxi later, and Pennie Smith and myself enter a hotel bar in remote St. Andrews to a cloud of gloom as thick as the fog outside. The Squeeze tour that's crawled around Oz, returned to Blighty, picked up spirits, released 'Argybargy', watched it get panned by most of the press, revived momentum and hooked up with support act, down-home dipso Wreckless Eric, has now hit an all-time low.

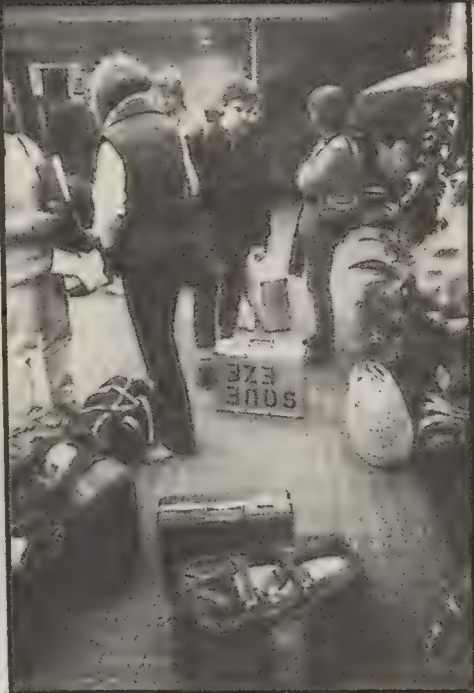
Last night they were playing Strathclyde University to a typically raucous reception when a 19-year-old boy, apparently legless, tried to slide down the banisters, slipped, fell 70 feet down the stair well and was found stone dead on the floor below. A cold, insensitive column in *The Daily Record* makes it seem all the more pathetically sad. "I can't



Gilson Lavis on the Squeeze coach . . . and everybody off.



Chris Difford primes himself for the show . . . and is joined by behatted Glenn Tilbrook.



Showtime at St. Andrews University.



An exhausted Jools Holland back on the coach.

understand it," was their sole quote from his mum. "He was such a quiet boy. He wasn't even interested in drink."

Everyone thinks about it; no one talks about it. Squeeze leave dejectedly to sound-check a roomy, gloomy bare-brick hall at the University down the road, return later and sit in the bar. Even Wreckless Eric is drinking his dinner minus his usual running commentary and *joie de vivre*. Road crews wander in looking dazed, drink, play fruit machines, smoke cigarettes, leave again. You could cut the air with a razor.

The Wreck's support set is the first spark of life all evening, churning an abysmally advertised — and so half-empty — hall into a reassuring surge of good feeling. Squeeze file into the dressing room looking a dollar fifty between them as The Wreck careers off stage in the direction of a bottle of stout feeling like a million bucks.

"Yer get these college audiences, right?" he gurgles philosophically. "Yer get the ones that go ter college 'cos they wanna see a lot of rock groups, yeah? Then you get the ones who like to sort of hang abaht an' dance. Then yer've got yer real aht-an-aht groovers, who're well into posing and stuff, but this one yer not gonna *believe*! I just saw some little geezer sittin' aht there doin' his HOMEWORK!! Straight up!" He shakes his head, apparently in pain. "Put yer nut in Wreckless Eric's bass bin, pass yer exams. I'd hate ter fink my music made people more intelligent."

Squeeze hit the stage, pick the crowd up by the shirt collar, drop it on its feet, shake it into motion and keep it that way for an hour. One solid hour of crystal-clear colourful, catchy, motorvating, high-tensile pop music, a set that's been whittled down to leave just a rolled gold stack of finely-crafted melodies, the newest of which have all the freshness and vigour to make 'Up The Junction' and 'Cool For Cats' seem like flip sides on a vintage Wurlitzer.

As a band, they're the perfect mis-match: an exact and exacting mobile unit. Five people as diverse in personality as in approach, style and influence. Jools Holland is so much the smokestack bar-room boogie pianist that he even throws in a cover of Ray Charles' 'The Messaround'. Gilson's the weather-worn, stunningly competent 'pro' drummer who's done time with everyone from Chuck Berry to George Hamilton (making pit stops at the Tommy Cooper / Bob Monkhouse nightclub circuit en route and proud of it, too). John Bentley's the constantly inventive bassist and Chris the withdrawn laconic foil for Glenn who has a high-register as pure and fluid as early rock 'n' roll McCartney.

Squeeze have manoeuvred on to an enviable footing. They've carved out a firm foothold in the shifting sands that's so rare today it's almost unique. They're timelessly unfashionable, yet each single seems as poignant and well-attuned to the sound-track of the moment as the last one. Elegant, urgent, vivid pop songs moulded from very orthodox roots but stamped with an unmistakable balance of simple design and elaborate texture. Every week, on both sides of the Atlantic, a new wave of spruce, thinly polished pop groups churn out more earnest, flimsy, politely proportioned pop. Squeeze could wipe the floor with nearly every one of them.

Backstage, a feeling of relief is slowly thawing out the band's slightly shell-shocked morale. Gilson is lounging around with a bottle of vodka stuck in his mouth, moaning about the wife. "Every time she reads one of our interviews, she gives me hell," he sighs morosely. "They always say the same thing: 'Gilson is lounging around with a bottle of vodka stuck in his mouth'."

Chris is scribbling out the chords for 'Up The Junction' for someone who's failed to work out the middle eight. It's his favourite song, he tells Chris; it reminds him of the first time he met his girlfriend. She's from Clapham too. He'll never forget it, he adds. He means every word.

"For the rest of that guy's life," Chris says later, "that song's going to mean something to him. That's one of the most amazing things about writing songs, that you can *really* reach somebody."

The purpose of pop music, I mutter (which doesn't sound quite as inane at four in the morning).

"Exactly, exactly that," he says. "It's the ultimate compliment. Regardless of press, radio, record companies, manager, *anything*, if a kid comes into a dressing-room and says that to you — that a real BONUS!"

HARDLY need add that the press haven't been over-kind to Squeeze this last year.

'Cool For Cats' was given an almost universal critical thrashing but went on to spawn no less than two Number Two hit 45s, so when the band postponed last autumn's European tour to devote more studio time to 'Argybargy' it seemed they felt under pressure to produce an album as consistent and commercial as their singles.

Glenn reiterates: "What happened was we came back from the American tour, went into the studio with almost no songs and very little rehearsed. So we were writing songs and, doing them straight off in the studio which is a bad way to record things. So we went out on the road, did 14 dates and those 14 dates tightened all the songs up. So we just started again."

"We asked Nick Lowe to produce it, but he wanted 20 grand to do it," he adds, laughing. "We just said no. In fact our manager said to his manager, 'You ought to be managing me'."

"That wasn't the prime reason," Chris butts in. "It wasn't the money. He said that we produced the 'Cool For Cats' album so well that he didn't really want to get involved. So he completely out-priced the band, it was his way of saying 'no'."

Produced by Squeeze and John Wood, the result's a satisfying development from the last two albums, expanding and consolidating their potential into closer, more ornate arrangements: a more varied, more mature album.

Glenn agrees: "I think there's a lot more maturity. Both lyrically and musically the songs hang together a lot better than they have before. It feels like a complete album."

Chris: "Before I met John Cale I was just content to write, and nobody was criticising me lyrically. So I just kept writing different lyrics and going off in all kinds of directions never being totally satisfied. And then Cale came along and it was like I was a box full of words and he just shook them up and said, 'Do something'. And it was great 'cos he really put me on the right line. Most of the songs that were being written around then — (this being before the 'Squeeze' album) — were really pretty placid and straightforward. Real 'got-up-this-morning-went-out-came-home-went-to-sleep' sort of songs. Real million sellers, in fact!"

Even if the earlier contents were a little off-key, I've always like the structure of Chris's lyrics. He avoids the usual tedious introspection by presenting tableaux in which the characters — personalized, usually named (shades of 'Penny Lane', 'Eleanor Rigby') — act out self-contained stories. The new album seems more a reversal; instead of the moral being drawn like a play, the play's become the life. 'Here Comes That Feeling' is about the strangeness and isolation of acting out a role; 'I Think I'm Go Go' is about the pressure of suddenly being elevated to the public eye.

Chris expands: "It's like these guys who're doing *The Mousetrap* up in Drury Lane, and they've been doing it for 20 years or something. You think, Jesus Christ, it must be really tough to go out there every night and say your lines to a bunch of French guys who've come over on the ferry for the day. And then you think really you're in the same sort of situation. So you're putting yourself in an actor's role."

You really see yourselves like that?

Chris: "Yeah, I do personally. Sometimes you think when you get up in the morning that it's pretty obvious you're gonna have eggs, and pretty obvious you're gonna get in the van, and pretty obvious you're gonna go to the sound-check... I've heard some people say that you join a band to get away from fools, but it becomes working like fools but on a much higher level. A much more enjoyable level," he adds as an afterthought, perhaps because he feels it's expected.

IF YOU think back on the kind of schoolgirl / lollipop / hockey gear images of 'Out Of Control' and the drunken "lads" bravado of 'Remember What' on the first album, or even the listless boredom behind 'Touching Me, Touching You' or the strip-club smut reference of 'It's Not Cricket' on 'Cool For Cats', the new lyrics are a little, er...

"Less filthy?" offers Chris.

Less filthy.

"I couldn't understand the sexist tag the press gave us," he counters, defensive but genuinely bemused. "Everybody got the wrong impression. It was just purely observation. The guys that I was hanging around with at that time were treating their women pretty badly. I wrote about that 'cos I thought it was sad and then the press turned around and accused me of being sexist, so I got totally confused."

"It was a kind of shock to be totally misunderstood, but we never had any bother like, say, The Stranglers. We never had any girls' groups coming round and saying 'You're not going to play here tonight 'cos we're going to do a demonstration'. So it didn't effect us too much."

"It's bound to happen," adds Glenn.

"People are bound to misunderstand things. If it happens a lot, maybe it means you're just not making yourselves clear enough."

"That's possible. It's also possible that people aren't really taking much notice of the way we're presenting things, of the fact that there are contradictions in the lyrics, so they needn't be taken as statements of view."

Chris again: "It's like you might read the same chapter as me in a Kurt Vonnegut book, and you might have taken it in a completely different way from me. Songs are exactly the same, and being one of the writers of our songs, I have to accept that. It's like watching a drama series on TV. You're bound to miss some parts."

John: "I also think that a lot of people don't actually make the effort to listen to the music. I mean people might like something — like the sound of something — but they don't actually work at trying to understand what it is or if there's anything behind it. They don't make the effort, they just take it at face value, which is fair enough. But then to criticise on that level..." he trails off, more bored of the subject than annoyed.

The Dicemen Of Pop Throw Again



Glenn Tilbrook rolls a full house.

Never the most fashionable band, accused of being sexist purveyors of filthy lyrics, Squeeze take to the road and another gamble with the British public.

Game report
MARK ELLEN



Action replays
PENNIE SMITH

Why do you think Dury was never called sexist for — say — 'Billerica Dickie' when 'It's Not Cricket' was called everything from puerile sexism to back-of-the-bus smut?

Chris: "He's older than us, he's Cockney through and through, and so he's got a very strong image. It's like on the 'Cool For Cats' album you've got 'It's Not Cricket' and then something like 'Goodbye Girl', so you can't really balance out the two images. Some of our audience take us too literally."

So does it make you resentful when the press take you too literally too?

Chris has been down this road before. "My theory about why a lot of people in the press don't like us is because we haven't got a readily available image. We don't particularly stand for anything directly, nothing that could be associated with Squeeze as far as image or politics, and so it's quite hard to find things to write about the band."

"For the last few months," Chris takes up the lead, "I've personally gone through a lot of sweat to finish what I think is exactly the right lyric on the album and, having been sort of admired by the McCartneys and Costellos of this world" — (before the release of 'Arbybargy', Costello gave Riviera instructions to make up cassettes of the album for all the Attractions; he also gave Squeeze at least three unsolicited plugs on *Round Table*) — "you work up to the release of the album, it goes through the press thing and gets misinterpreted yet again, and you think: 'Where am I going to stand on this? Is it important that Elvis Costello likes me or is it important that, say, the NME likes me?'"

It depends whose opinion you respect the most.

"It's more a question of whose influence is the larger of the two."

Whose do you think is?

"I should imagine the music papers. They sell millions of copies a week, and Elvis Costello can talk once on the radio and maybe be heard by 5000 kids, and maybe not even be taken seriously."

I've always thought of Squeeze in the same light as the early '60s pop groups, the time when reputations didn't depend so much on the albums, more on an ability to produce a succession of hit singles. Don't you feel in a way that your music's independent of the kind of criteria the press usually bring to bear?

"Yeah," Chris says, "I feel exactly that."

"I mean if you look back at some of the early Monkees albums, Beatles albums, or even Stones albums, you'll also find that you can't put one definite label on them. There'd be 'Lady Jane' and 'Satisfaction' or something — two completely different types of songs. And I think our album is valid in that respect, but I don't think anyone's picked up on it. I don't think anyone's given us credit for that flexibility."

Well, if you feel independent from press criteria, why are you so concerned about what they say about your music? You get the hit single; you get the reward. Music papers respect ambition, but making good pop singles isn't that ambitious.

"That's true, yeah," he pauses. "You've got to admit that it does get really confusing, if you stand in my boots for a minute and think. Here you are being accepted by a really good audience wherever you play around the world, and being well respected by record and radio people and then when you read about yourself it's never very good."

"Also I think the band's very naive business-wise, which is a big fear in some respects. No-one knows what the hell is going on and no-one seems to be wanting to go in any one direction. But then it so happens that this band is so diverse amongst themselves that it *could* never go in one direction. I mean, there was a time once when I thought we should all wear some kind of get-up and get smart. But I can't ever imagine Jools doing that, or Gilson!"

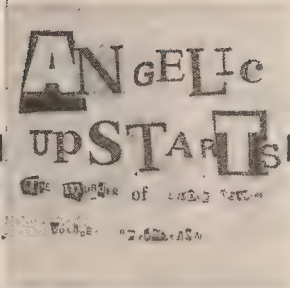
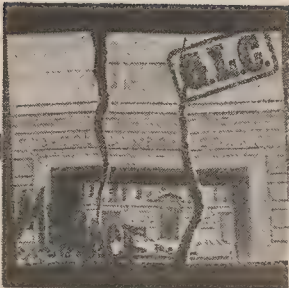
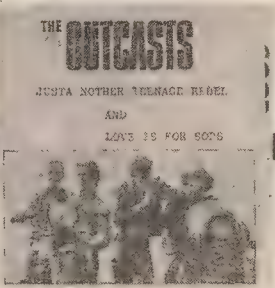
POP MUSIC; such is life. Jools gets frustrated that — apart from the records — they've got little else they can give their audience. Squeeze wile away an hour or so doing an 'in-store' (love that expression) in Bruce's Record Shop, Princes Street, Edinburgh. They handle it all pretty well, though the falseness of it embarrasses them, makes them nervous. Walk in, blaze of lights, hear your own album; room full of expectant faces, sign covers, sign posters, talk to people, remember old gigs, blink at flashcubes, smile, leave. It's satisfying, but it rarely goes any deeper. After it all, maybe they're still five faceless heroes.

Think of the dressing-room at a Clash gig. The whole perspective is wrenched that much wider. Conjecture takes the place of the polite ceremony of acquaintance. The Clash are always under fire; questions, answers; hopes, fears; supposition, disillusionment. They're a blank canvas, their fans constantly need the reassurance that their picture still fits the frame.

"There's nothing you could push as being 'Squeeze' aside from the songs themselves," says Glenn in matter-of-fact tone, "aside from the way we play them, and that in itself isn't a very interesting thing to write about, y'know."

"Musically and image-wise, I know where we stand," adds Chris. "We're a pop band."

But a great one. So nice to be important; so important to be nice(!).



- "Small labels. Big noise. Getting bigger."
- That was NME's slogan just six months ago, when we ran the feature THE GARAGE BEAT GOES ON.
- But suddenly the big noise looks like getting smaller. Two of the nine companies NME dubbed the 'major minors' are going out of business.
- Belfast's Good Vibrations and Walthamstow's Small Wonder between them introduced the world to The Undertones, Angelic Upstarts, The Cure, Patrik Fitzgerald, Protex, Cockney Rejects, Rudi, Crass, Outcasts, Punishment Of Luxury, Poison Girls, Fatal Microbes, Leyton Buzzards, and many more. But they're closing down because they can't stomach dealing with the music business any longer.
- We asked Terri Hooley and Pete and Mari Stennett why they'd rather get out than get contaminated.



Good Vibes world-beater The Undertones and (inset) Terri Hooley. Pix: Pennie Smith and Kurt Savage.

THE GARAGE BEAT DOES NOT GO ON

A PART FROM Stiff Little Fingers (managed by media men) and the Starjets (self-made men), every band to come out of Northern Ireland in the past two years has used one place as its starting block — Good Vibrations Records.

The number of bands who have gone on to find success — or at least get signed — elsewhere is impressive: The Undertones (Sire), Protex (Polydor), The Xdreamysts (Polydor), Victim (DJM), and The Tearjerkers (Phonogram). Additionally the label has helped The Outcasts and Rudi develop the province into a viable local stomping ground. Not bad for a company started only two years ago with negligible know-how, buckets of enthusiasm and £40 in capital.

Yet despite its successful track record, Good Vibrations is being forced to restrict and eventually cease its operations.

On a bleak Belfast Sunday afternoon, the sort of day when everybody seems to be at church or visiting their relatives, Good Vibrations boss Terri Hooley took some time off from tidying his shop and organising the label to give his perspective

Goodbye Good Vibrations

By Gavin Martin

on the successes and failures of the past two years, and explain its coming demise.

WHILE HAPPY to have uncovered so many heartwarming singles and several enduring talents, Hooley still baulks at the side effects.

"A lot of the groups I've signed up I've really liked as people. But then after a certain amount of success I noticed a change in them. I often think that we've maybe exploited them a bit. Maybe we should just let them be what they are without trying to turn them into rock stars.

"I'm happier to work with just a couple of groups and do what we've been doing recently — giving advice to other groups on how to do demos and get records pressed. It's something I've always been interested in — just helping bands out. Because I'd rather advise people than have them turn round and say 'Hooley's a one-eyed bastard' because he won't sign them to the label."

The last comment refers to a childhood injury which resulted in Hooley being given an artificial eye. He uses it as a target for numerous self-deprecating jibes and on one occasion actually removed the eye onstage while performing a

rendition of his 'Laugh At Me' single.

"The single was good fun, at least I did it. The whole thing was done as a joke. It gave me a chance to get onstage. I want to say to people: 'If I can do it there's nothing to stop you doing it as well.'" And probably better.

Before Good Vibrations, Ulster's music scene was as reactionary and inert as the country itself. But now the necessary stimulus has been provided; at least Northern Ireland has been granted a stall in the marketplace. While Terri acknowledges the changes, he is wary of the dangers.

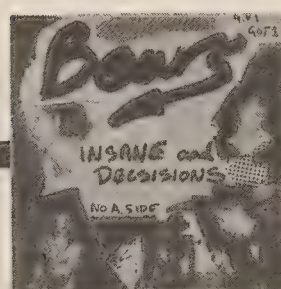
"There was no interest in Northern Ireland at all, but now there's a lot more people coming over to see bands and they're being given a lot more press exposure. Sometimes I'm not sure if it's a good thing, as it promotes the attitude in many up-and-coming bands that we're better than everyone else and we're going to be rock stars. Really, I think that attitude is right out the window.

"I think you can see how things have changed because everybody once thought they had to run off to London. But now, when they speak to people like Rudi who've been to London, they find out it's not paved with gold."

The reason Good Vibes has to fold

Prices correct at time of going to press.
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*Manufacturers Recommended Price. †From release.

Police:	Regatta de Blanc	£3.99	£4.49
Madness:	One Step Beyond	£3.99	£4.49
Michael Jackson:	Off The Wall	£3.99	£4.69
John Fox:	Metamatic	£4.49	£4.99
Kenny Rogers:	Kenny	£3.99	£4.30
The Selecter:	Too Much Pressure	£3.99	£4.49
Specials	Spyro Gyra:	£3.99	£4.49
Catchin' The Sun	Buggles:	£3.99	£4.49
The Age Of Plastic	Herbie Hancock:	£4.29	£4.79
The Best of	Tourists:	£3.99	£4.69
Reality Effect	†Bob Seger:	£3.99	£4.49
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Styx:	Cornerstone	£4.49	£4.49
Joe Jackson:	I'm The Man	£4.49	£4.99
†Shooting Star		£4.99	



is financial. The label cannot survive without an English distribution deal — but there is no possibility of the label ever inking one, so firm is Terri's opposition to the London music business. Hence the present difficulties.

"I don't like London at all. Once I get there I'm happy to act the mad Irishman. But I'm always glad to get home again. I think Good Vibrations could have been very successful if we'd have opened a London office to handle our distribution, etc. But that was the thing we didn't want to do."

"I'm not making records for the English record market, I'm making them for the local market. We've had offers of partnerships — phoenix rising from the ashes type shit — but I just couldn't work with people who are involved with money all the time."

Business acumen and astute marketing are foreign terms to Hooley. His idea of a record label is one which is communal, casual and co-operative.

"Good Vibrations has a lot of friends and a lot of respect. People say it's a great label. But we've signed up some groups because they were the worst bands in the world. They were so bad it was fun."

Over the next year or so Good Vibrations will be bringing their activities to a halt. Their main release will be 'Ulster On A Thin Wire', a compilation album of tracks which should have been singles. While Hooley strongly disagrees, I find it strangely fitting that the label should close now, when most of Belfast's musical energy appears to be sapped. It will however leave a quite alarming space which Terri envisages will be filled by bands financing their own labels.

"I think it will take Good Vibrations about a year to fold. We don't want to flood the market with releases. We're going to give the compilation album a big push because the groups deserve it, we let them down by not releasing their singles and it's much easier to plug an album than six or seven singles. We'll look after the bands on the label. If we can't afford to do any more singles we'll do EPs with four or five of the bands until they either break up or get signed up."

"I suppose if we'd spent more time in the shop trying to be capitalists we'd be much better off. But I'm not unhappy with the label. We started off with £46 — so what have we got to lose?"

Terri Hooley says he's basically an "old hippie". That's as maybe, but what he's done in the past two years is a far cry from opening a head shop in Hemel Hempstead, a Kama Sutra temple in Kilkeel or selling afghans to Armagh. And if anyone can name a person who has opened more doors and exposed more myths in the Northern Ireland music industry than Terri Hooley then they're lying.



Small Wonder wonders (L-R): Upstart Mensi, Patrik Fitzgerald, Fatal Microbe Honey Bane. Pix: Al Johnson and Pennie Smith twice.



These self-imposed limits brought their own problems. Singles which didn't sell well lost money; but Small Wonder also lacked the resources to capitalise on those which did — often to the chagrin of the band in question. What began as a hobby, a gesture of enthusiastic amateurism, became a responsibility and a chore. Pressures built up, Pete's health suffered, and suddenly the fun had vanished.

"What's happened," says Pete, "is that the major companies have stepped in and taken over. A lot of things have gone back to the way they were before punk. It's just the large capitalist system churning away, and vast fortunes being made by the wrong people."

"Like, we made a single with a band who went on to sign with a major company, and the company wanted to put out a compilation album with that single on it. So they offered us one per cent of... well, it's complicated, but it was a crappy deal — we worked out that if they sold 10,000 copies of the album, we'd get £30, £15 of which we'd give to the band cos we split all profits on a 50/50 basis."

"So we said to the band, 'don't you think they're taking us both for mugs?' But the band wanted to do it, cos it was one of their favourite tracks, so we had pressure from them. We then went to a solicitor who specialises in record biz contracts, and he got it upped to 12% plus a £300 advance. In the end, we had to pay pretty much all of what we made to the solicitor for getting it; but the band got a decent sum, which they really needed then. And we won a victory over that company, we stopped them from ripping us off."

"But that shows you the cheap, nasty way a big company will treat anyone they think doesn't know the ins and outs of the business."

"I just realised what an obscenely corrupt business it is. From that point of view, I'm glad to be out of it."

It's hard to argue with the Stennetts' distaste for the music biz, or with their plea for more radio and press coverage of the independent field; but it's also salutary to remember that, say, Rough Trade, working collectively, from a different political perspective, and with a more catholic range of music, have chosen to expand, did retain their independence, and have refrained from becoming a miniature EMI.

In short, things may not be as gloomy as the Stennetts claim; and the demise of Small Wonder may be due as much to the contradictions of their own stance as market pressures or the decline of punk.

Whatever the cause, though, their decision to quit means a sad loss for everyone who values independence and integrity in a business where such qualities are rare.

WE STARTED trying to be an alternative to the system. It was exciting and it was fun, but that era's dying and I'd kinda like the label to die with it. Cos the label represents that era, as far as I'm concerned."

Pete Stennett shakes his head a little sadly.

"Cos it's all about music, for chrissakes," he blurts out. "Like, we'd have a bit of money, a guy'd come in with a tape, and we'd say 'fucking great, we'll put it out!' But it's not like that anymore. Punk's a decaying thing. The energy's gone."

Since the 1977 release of Puncture's 'Mucky Pup' heralded the arrival of a new independent label, Small Wonder Records have given to the world such recording stars as Angelic Upstarts, Cockney Rejects, Crass, The Cure, Patrik Fitzgerald, Leyton Buzzards and Punishment Of Luxury — an impressive roll-call for a tiny shoestring operation which started almost as a hobby and was tucked away in the wilds of East London's Walthamstow. Now, three years and thirty

So Long Small Wonder By Graham Lock

singles later, Pete and Mari Stennett have decided to call a halt to the label — though, they stress, they'll be continuing with the Small Wonder mail order service and record shop.

"After a six months rest, who knows... we might change our minds," say the Stennetts. But for now the soon-come Cravats album, ironically Small Wonder's first long-play release, will also be the final item in their catalogue.

THERE ARE, they say, "5000 reasons" for stopping the label, but three or four predominate. One, surprisingly, is the influence of John Peel. Peel, they argue, is the only means that many independent bands and labels have of reaching a wide audience — consequently, his power is immense. And with Peel only able to play so much new wave music, and the press devoting little space to the independent scene, the Stennetts claim that sales of DIY records fluctuate wildly — quality becomes less important than

airplay.

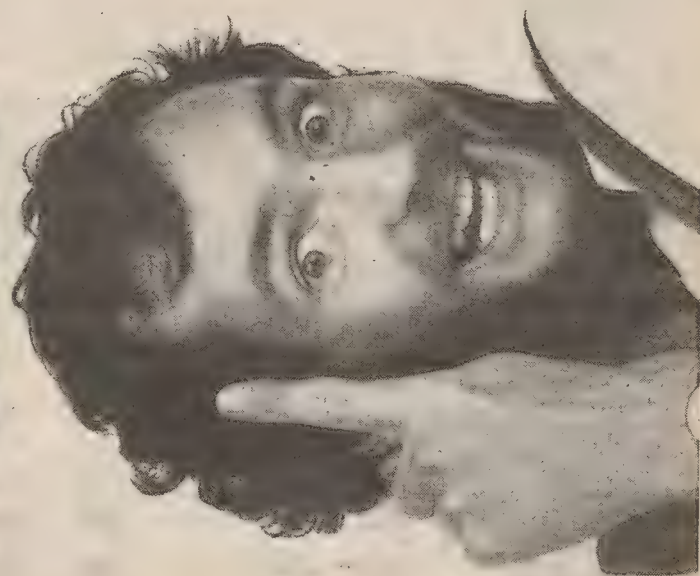
"Like, Peel took a shine to The Cockney Rejects' single so he played it nearly every night for quite a long time and we sold 13,000 copies. Another single we put out about the same time, which we thought was just as good, Peel played just once and we only sold 1,200 copies. We can't survive with sales like that, cos we're losing money and the band are getting nowhere."

"So there's this one guy, who I respect and admire very much, but he's affecting not so much my business as my whole life. That really frightened me... cos unless you have that outlet on the radio, or do a distribution deal with EMI or WEA, then you're fucked."

Not only have the Stennetts adamantly refused to seek any such deal, their adherence to what some might see as a naive and idealistic notion of independence has finally proved financially untenable. To a large degree, the Small Wonder label is closing down because the Stennetts chose *not* to expand. "I don't wanna be a fucking boss," mutters Pete. "Where's the fun in that?"

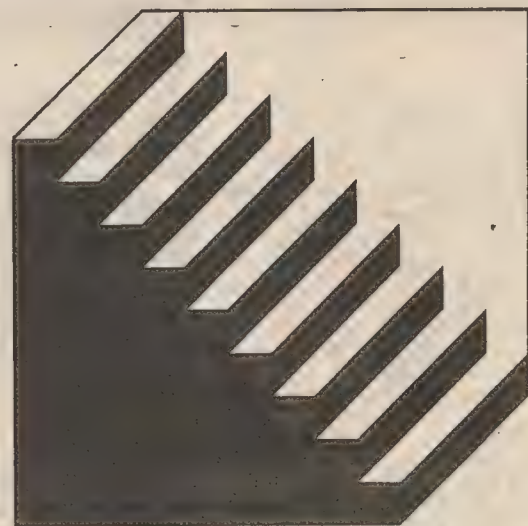
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SINGLES

AND THE (BLUE) BEAT GOES ON

THE BODYSNATCHERS: Let's Do The Rock Steady (2-Tone)
THE GANGSTERS: Woolly Bully (Big Bear)
THE AKRYLYKZ: Smart Boy (Red Rhino)

Three late entries in the Ska Nouveau stakes. The much-touted Bodysnatchers offer no real surprises, dragging out the inevitable shiny vinyl organ, farting sax and wandering single-string guitar for an ever-so-polite Rock Steady A Go Go rhythm. Not so much a song with any real substance but one of those repetitive mid-set riffs used to introduce the band, the overall impression is of a soundtrack for a 'Do The Climb'-type dance routine. By virtue of association, its self-conscious charm will ensure a respectable chart placing whilst fending off those cynics just sharpening their quills for the time when a 2-Toner doesn't automatically chart with all the thrust of an Apollo rocket. Meanwhile, both The Gangsters and Akrylykz will have to contend with being also-rans for on record — neither reach established standards of practice.

THE CROOKS: All The Time In The World (Blueprint). An aptly named little beat group. I can well imagine someone rummaging through the sweepings on the studio floor, finding two lengths of discarded tape — a Buzzcocks' intro and a few ideas The Jam junked as being naff — joining them together and...

SHOOTING STAR: You've Got What I Need (Virgin). Thoroughly redundant throwback to early '70s struttin' truss rock possessing neither style or content.

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES: Happy House/Drop Dead-Celebration (Polydor). Seemingly, hell hath no fury like a Siouxsie scorned. For all the contrived, optimistic cynicism, it's Budgie's remarkable drop-beat drumnastics that dominate the exotic, danceable top-side. However, it's the unbridled viciousness of the flip — supported by the cryptic message 'Bye Bye Blackheads' etched next to the run-off groove — that overshadows the whole affair. Obviously aimed at former Banshees Morris 'n' McKay, it's probably one of the most venomous put-downs ever recorded. It's as if Siouxsie is gleefully sticking pins in wax effigies as she shouts out her abuse. When it comes to carrying grudges, Sweet Sioux makes the likes of Madams Thatcher and Ghandi look like Sisters Of Mercy.

JO JO ZEP & THE FALCONS: Security (Rockburgh). Insensitive antipodean Graham Parker mimick suffers anxiety attack whilst simultaneously pummeling the daylight out of Otis Redding's 'Security' and unsuccessfully fighting off the band who'd much prefer playing Bo Diddley's 'Roadrunner'. The tenor saxist disassociates himself from the proceedings to blow proficiently in another kitchen.

BOB SEGER: Fire Lake (Capitol). If Neil Young wrote songs for Van Morrison and the Palomino Club house band was hired to play back-up, it might sound something like this... and then it might not!

GEORGE BURNS: I Wish I Was Eighteen Again (Mercury). Never mind 18 — sounds like ol' George would be happy to settle for 80! Also recently recorded by Jerry Lee Lewis, George croaks this

Illustration: Serge Clerc



The Week The Singles Died Of Shame

wistful shit-kicker lament as though he still had that damn cigar in his mouth.

SHEENA EASTON: Modern Girl (EMI). Ms Easton shouldn't be confused with The Ramones' immortalized punk rocker or The Boomtown Rats song of (almost) the same title. In fact, you'd be well advised to keep well clear altogether; the overall impression is that it's been concocted by catch-penny

copywriters for one of those thoroughly misleading, soft-focus, confidence-boosting, female under-arm-charm TV commercials. My God, even as I write, they're playing the bloody thing on Capital.

ANY TROUBLE: Yesterday's Love (Stiff). Any Trouble? These Mancunians appear to be begging for it. Attempting to rip-off The Costello Clan lock, stock and anguish is to hold oneself up for ridicule and retribution. Stooping so low as to plunder The Jags for ideas is tantamount to passing off a haemorrhoid as a beauty spot.

NEIL DIAMOND: Dancing In The Street (CBS). The purpose of any cover job is to at least offer an acceptable treatment that compares favourably with the original (Costello's 'I Can't Stand Up') or devise an imaginative new twist (Los Lizards' 'Money'). From the buffoon who, in company, once informed a brow-beaten lackey never to forget that he was addressing the "Sinatra Of The Seventies", we have

the rare distinction of the world's worst-ever Tamla Motown retread. Dunno 'bout dancing in the street, more like loitering with intent. Hasn't someone at CBS got the authority to button up Diamond's shirt and revoke his licence to perform?

THE VERSATILE NEWTS: Newtrition (Shanghai). Versatile is more than stretching it. One Newt plays static-electric guitar, his associate tub-thumping groove-stuck drums. They come from Birmingham. One of them sings inaudible lyrics.

JOHNNY JOHNSON & THE BANDWAGON: Breaking Down The Walls Of Heartache (Epic). Like books, there are certain records friends persistently borrow and conveniently forget to return; this is one such single often reported missing-in-action and increasingly difficult to replace, one of the last great soul dancers of the '60s before the music lost its vital organic ingredients. Success may have ruined JJ — what with his tie-dyed Afro and

embarrassing cabaret antics — but at least he has one great single that hasn't corroded with age.

THE DELINQUENTS: Alien Beach Party (Live Wire). The Lone Star State of Texas has an illustrious history of producing the finest psychedelic surf bands and The Delinquents (from Austin) aren't about to break with tradition. Their collective ineptitude and natural primitivism is not as captivating as their innocence.

This is a shambolic mesh of Fender against Farfisa which makes the B.52s (their closest spiritual allies) take on the proportions of ELP on a bender. The guitarist gives the impression of being unable to progress beyond the first two notes of 'Peter Gunn' and the female keyboards appears to only pick at the black notes with two fingers. The drummer, he sounds like he's making packing cases. In such charismatic company, selecting the most radiant star is unfair, but it has to be Layna Pogue whose personality completely transcends the 'two dixie cups joined by a length of string' recording quality of this little bohadventure. The only problem is that success, if it ever tripped over them, would completely ruin what they have achieved on this record, which I'm perverse enough to make Single Of The Week. If you can't find a copy drop a line to Live Wire, 5254 Meadowcreek Drive, Austin, Texas. 78745. I'm sure they'll appreciate it.

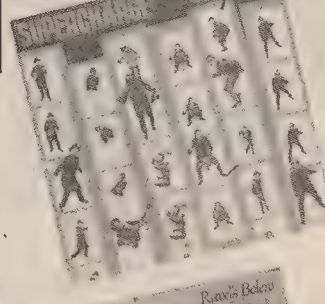
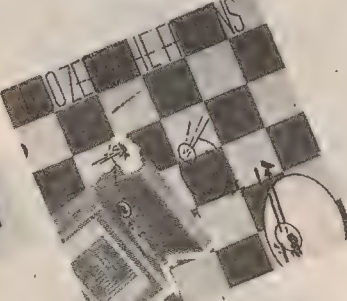
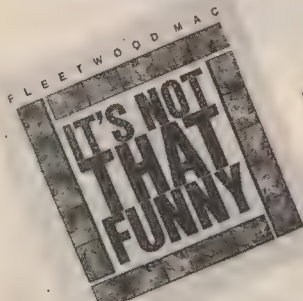
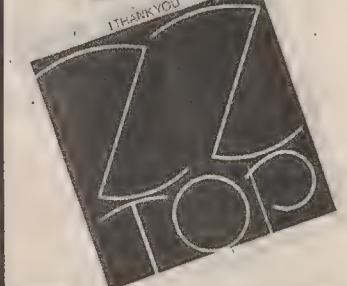
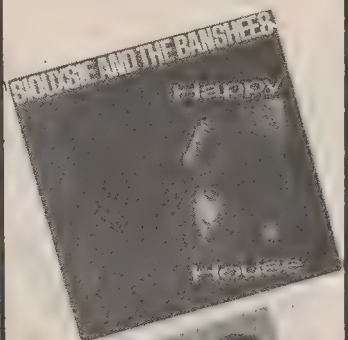
Z. Z. TOP: I Thank You (Warner Bros). The second act in the last few weeks to do justice to a Sam & Dave song and a masterful example of controlled intensity which heralds the buffalo-wrestling boys' comeback following an extended four year vacation. Preservationists they may be, but the Tops have always been unfairly lumped together with the insensitive amped-up Boogie battalions, when their virtue has been a stropplier approach to the 'always hold something back' style of J.J. Cale. The double Zees pour so much heart into Bill Ham's beefy mix that they'd be well advised to steer clear of Papworth Hospital.

DO YOU LIKE (RECYCLED) SOUL MUSIC? NOT A LOT!

MAGAZINE: Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin) (Virgin). **SUPERCHARGE:** Cool Jerk (Criminal). Howie's second of the 'three singles in as many months make or break' campaign results in a good Martin Hannett production of a cold-blooded performance of Sly Stone's classic. Whether it's meant to be satirical, scathing, or soulless never becomes apparent. Whatever Magazine's motives, they don't possess the required trash aesthetics of, say, Bryan Ferry when taking diabolical liberties with familiar works. With new trends being implemented faster than Tory policies, it's only a matter of who gets in first with both the hit/clear cut image before Nouveau Soul attempts to seduce Ska-faces and the whole cycle again swings through a few more freshly-greased degrees. Supercharge aren't down on any current fixtures as being the Next Big Thing but their stab at The Three Caps' 'Cool Jerk' is no more provocative than Showaddywaddy's dilettantish approach to old music.

THE ROMANTICS: What I Like About You (Epic). **THE MOTORS:** Love And Loneliness (Virgin). It's been my misfortune to pull a bad week's singles. After poking about this lot for a couple of days, locating The Lost Chord would be easier than discovering one truly original lick, half-decent idea, flash of inspiration, or pang of passion amongst 99 per cent of what is second-hand music. In the wake of the back-to-basics/ brave-new-world/I'll-do-it-my-way/complete control rhetoric of a few years back, few people actually possess the ability to pursue their words. Usually they fall prey

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from previous page

to their own weaknesses. The result—a whole new Dinosaur Dynasty of techno-flashers, pomp-rockers, navel-watchers, pop puppets and class 'A' bozos is growing in abundance.

Meet The Romantics, four Yanks who, if they can't be The Beatles, will happily settle for being The Knack. Mind how you go, because it takes a couple of spins to realise those rough edges that are supposed to represent spontaneous raunch are in fact contrived. Indeed, great pains have been taken to formulaise a mindless La Bamba-esque dance record, the like of which Southern Californian Chicano bar bands used to be able to crank out by the album in one take.

Know the theory that it's the first ten seconds of a disc's intro that sell it? Well, for their comeback, The Motors take no chances, spending 52 seconds on the intro evoking less-than-subtle similarities to just about everyone including The Who, ELO, Springsteen and Blondie. By the way, that metallic clang you hear half

SINGLES

way through is the kitchen sink. How can such audacity fail? Well, one can hope it might.

UB-40: King/Food For Thought (Graduate). The rhythm track may well be born-again soft centred Black Country reggae, but the melodies and treatments (especially on 'Food For Thought') sound like those irritatingly haunting themes featured in countless mid-'60s continental Riviera romance youth movies. Actually, Blondie have already plundered the genre to perfection with 'Atomic'.

10 CC: One-Two-Five (Mercury). This two-years-too-late reference to disco's mechanised 125 beats-per-minute pulse lacks the sprightly cynicism that was once this outfit's trade mark. Even Buggles would be hard put to match such contrivance.

PURPLE HEARTS: Jimmy (Fiction)

THE BOYS: Terminal Love (Safari). The trouble with trying to write Pete Townshend guitar riffs is that not only does he write them better than anyone else, he always manages to stick songs on the end of 'em as well!

SPYRO GYRA: Catching The Sun (MCA). Hold the front page! Here's a band positively bristling with ideas and burning ambition. In next to no time, they've progressed from instrumentals to which people can open and close doors to the all-action soundtrack against which Charlie's Angels can comb hair, answer phones and chew health food. This time next year, music to accompany scenes of flower arranging.

FLEETWOOD MAC: It's Not That Funny (Warner Bros). If The Big Mac didn't feel their 'Tusk' twin-set wasn't overtly

singles slanted, how come they insist on pulling so many singles from it? This is the third to date and the second in about the last five weeks. Nice drum sound though!

THE MEKONS:

Teeth/Guardian/Kill/Stay Cool (Virgin). Inability to come to terms with (socially acceptable) double-standards of morality, the 'ignore it and hopefully it'll go away' theory, betrayal, pessimism, people who just can't cope any longer—these are just some of the interlinking urban maladies common to The Mekons. The unsophisticated qualities that first attracted me to these mad-caps and that once motivated a Single Of The Week accolade from me are thin on the ground on this double-single release. The vocal tantrums (often pushed too far back in the mix) and some of the mock classical ramblings could mislead them into blind and pretentious cul-de-sacs, already becoming uncomfortably over-populated. But I suppose they'll all get on splendidly once the era of discovering one's inner-selves and macrobiotic food enjoys a revival.

THE SHIRTS: Laugh And Walk

Away (Harvest). The trouble with sending shirts to the laundry is that invariably they come back minus buttons. In this instance, attempting to remove unsightly stains—caused by industrial employment resulted in Blondie's linen being returned in error together with a pair of Supertramp's Y-fronts.

HARRY J. ALLSTARS:

Liquidator (Trojan)
THE PIONEERS: Long Shot Kick De Bucket (Trojan). Why does it always take so long for record companies to get their re-issues of recently covered originals out on the market and why—as in this instance—do they always screw up the dreadful packaging?

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Silver Screen

English batting collapse

Nightwing

Directed by Arthur Hiller
Starring Nick Mancuso,
David Warner and Kathryn
Harrold
(Columbia)

ARTHUR Hiller has carved quite a cosy niche for himself as an anonymous craftsman. His name is not readily associated with any of his films. Remember *Love Story*? He did that. Remember *The Hospital*, *Plaza Suite* or *Silver Streak*? He did them, too.

Nightwing is his first attempt at a thriller; it even purports to be a horror film. As you'd expect, it's fairly well put together — a bit slack round the edges, nothing drastic — but it commits the cardinal sin of taking itself too seriously. Who, in their right mind, would take bats seriously? Probably only David Attenborough.

It follows the *Jaws* formula to a tee: primeval force scares wits out of populace whilst scuppering vast commercial venture. In this variation it is a multi-million dollar oil deal at risk if the New Mexico state health department discover the threat of plague-carrying vampire bats. The lone policeman's a Maskai Indian (Nick Mancuso — cue Hank Mancini's hackneyed music),

traipsing across the impressive vistas with an eccentric English obsessive, a 5,000 per cent fruit-bat who wanders the world in search of "the quintessence of evil". (This is a reference to the vampire bat.)

Mancuso says things like "One man's superstition is another man's religion." His bat-chasing chum (David Warner — cue Hamlet soliloquy) makes do with "My skills are quite unique — in Biblical terms you might call me the exterminating angel." That's what the dialogue is like, a dispiriting mix of the mundane and mellifluous. Whatever, it's nothing like people actually talk; whether they're into Maskai mysticism or not.

There are also rather too many lovely shots of the desert at dawn and dusk, and a hell of a lot of body recovery work goes on. *Nightwing* is scaremongering on a monumentally silly level: I cried till I laughed.

Monty Smith

Long Shot

Directed by Maurice
Hatton (BFI)

ODD that although there is frequently nothing more



Nick Mancuso's all butterfingers in *Nightwing*

irritating than a novel about a novelist writing a novel, films about the film-making process tend to be appealing —

Truffaut's *Day For Night* is an outstanding example. *Long Shot* is about the initial stages of creating a movie and is so authentic that it could well be used as part of an educational careers programme; it is also richly entertaining.

Although it has a fictional framework — Neville has written a promising screenplay and producer Charles hustles his arse off trying to flog the idea — *Long Shot* achieves a strong documentary flavour by virtue of the fact that most of the characters are playing themselves.

So Wim Wenders is approached as a potential director. No go. But John

Boorman is persuaded to take on the job, even though he's expensive. Susannah York likes the script, but she's expensive too.

Long Shot — directed by Maurice Hatton (well-respected for *Praise Marx And Pass The Ammunition*) and starring Neville Smith (author of *Gumshoe*, one of the '70s finest screenplays) — was filmed on grainy monochrome stock out of financial necessity. The frugality of the whole operation means there's no fancy editing and, yes, much of it is filmed in long shot.

But the title refers equally to the slim chances of it ever having been made at all. Those lucky enough to see it will be grateful that it was.

Bob Woffinden

On The Box

Your NME guide to movies on TV

Saturday March 8

ZABRISKIE POINT: Antonioni's notorious 1970 fantasy in Death Valley will not gain much from the little screen, but it's an underrated work, a spectacular marriage of music and film that successfully exposes American materialism even though its hippy heroes (Daria Halprin and Mark Frechette, where are you?) now seem equally vacuous. Those heard on the soundtrack include The Youngbloods, Kaleidoscope, John Fahey, The Grateful Dead and — in an explosive climactic sequence — Pink Floyd. Rod Taylor grimaces thoughtfully throughout. (BBC 2).

GET CARTER: Spikey 1971 British thriller with a never better Michael Caine in the title role — blunt London hood Jack Carter, who returns home to attend his brother's funeral — snooping around a dreary Newcastle and uncovering all kinds of underworld nastiness. Taut direction from Mike Hodges and memorable performances from John Osbourne and Ian Hendry (as racketeer and hit-man respectively). Very tough. (ITV London)

Sunday March 9

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHEONIX: Agreeably old-fashioned suspense movie with a bunch of disparate characters desperately trying to escape a desert plane crash. A starry 1966 cast — including Peter Finch, Ernest Borgnine, Hardy Kruger, George Kennedy and, most impressively James Stewart as the captain, Richard

Attenborough as the navigator — emotes effectively under veteran Robert Aldrich's capable direction. (BBC 1)

Monday March 10

FUZZ: Offbeat comedy thriller with Burt Reynolds and Raquel Welch as police officers (honest) trying to solve a series of motiveless vagrant murders in 1972 Boston. Yui Brynner's unpleasant extortionist gets in the way a bit, but solid comic support from Tom M*A*S*H Skerritt and Jack Weston. Directed by journeyman Richard A. Colla. (BBC 1)

Tuesday March 11

OLD BOYFRIENDS: The most recent circuit reject yet in the Beeb's admirable *Movie Showcase* season, Joan Tewkesbury's 1979 effort had NME's Angus McKinnon offering muted applause in September last year: *Remember My Name*, another film by another ex-Altman understudy about another woman settling old scores, ended as mysteriously as it had begun. *Name* was devastating, but *Old Boyfriends* is merely puzzling. A shame, but no reason at all not to see it. Talia Shire is the lady, John Belushi, Keith Carradine and Richard Jordan her former beaux. (BBC 2)

FRENZY: Accomplished nonsense from *The Master* — hero Jon Finch is about 20 years too young to be a believable ex-WW2 pilot — as Alfred Hitchcock makes a nostalgic return to London in 1972. The capital's still a quaint place for Sir Alf as inspector Alec McCowen tries to solve the nasty 'Necktie Murders'. There are some great set-pieces though, and fine performances from Barry Foster, Anna Massey and Billie Whitelaw. (ITV London)

Monty Smith



Zabriskie Point: Bang! You're dead!

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Beware Of The Flowers



Pic: Colin Jarryle

Cos I'm Sure They're Gonna Get You, Yeah

I FEEL LOST at the moment. Everything is getting put in a compartment — and most of it deserves to be compartmentalised — but, hidden beneath the horrifically tangled and rotting undergrowth of 2-tone, ska, R&B, HM, dead punk and dead disco, is a struggling mass of new ideas and passions, none of it easily labelled. The progressive, radical pop and rock of the day is being smothered by newly reactivated Safety First prejudices and chillingly traditional demands. Slickness, orthodox production, 'fun', the circular routine, mystification, carefulness — all of it is being re-affirmed. The Specials play a "unique brand of reggae, punk and soul", so says the polite voice of reason, and theirs is the sound of the '80s, Help us!

Looking around, searching a little... If Manchester's Grow Up were from New York, they'd be impossibly hip. Birmingham's Au Pairs are one of the most abrasive new groups to have emerged lately. Dublin's U2, genuinely subversive and dangerously exuberant, are not obvious enough to be able to even get a record deal over here. Etc. Sick. Earcom '3, Fast's third sample-range of deviant and irregular thoughts and processes, was a positive exercise, but has been dismissed as nothing more than a listening experience.

The implication seems to be that there is less and less room for bizarre originality — or even unoriginality that has bizarre, uneasy twists. There seems to be a spreading, soothing laziness...

Up in Edinburgh, Fast Records push away their disappointment at the new establishment's lack of response to their flawed but

forward-looking activity. Leader Bob Last remains optimistic, and the bank manager is somehow kept happy. But thanks to the bigoted, bored response to Last's unpretentious and inconsistent selection of absurd, erratic and ambitious ideas / games, even his important commitment is close to being dented. There may be no more Earcoms. This would be as pointless as it is said and implied the Earcoms themselves are. Earcoms simply propose, question; they don't begin to conclude.

THE FLOWERS are proof of part of the Earcom effect. The group appeared, rightly but roughly, on the first 12" Earcom, playing a pale, distracted pop that didn't have enough bit or bounce. It wasn't meant as finished product or aesthetic achievement, just a sort of rough draft, a frame of reference. Such unorthodox, but straight-forward, ways of working are predictably greeted with boring derision or stupid condescension.

Ten months later The Flowers have developed into a turbulent, sophisticated pop group who deal with a host of new dance beats, guitar noises and girl voices: a pop group trying out different forms, dealing with less obvious content, who perhaps wouldn't be doing such — at least not so uninhibitedly — without the Fast influence.

If new Earcoms do appear, they will still be on the Fast label. Forthcoming Fast-organised pop product will be on the Pop Aural label, Bob Last's latest determined wedge of pop spontaneity and imagination. Last has always been dedicated to expanding and distorting the pop sensibility without tripping over into inaccessibility — look to Gang Of Four, Mekons, Human League, Scars and Rezillos — and Pop Aural is an upgraded, enriched extension of this theme.

Last still manages Shake — ex-Rezillo Jo Callis' wild pulp group — and sees his involvement here as an attempt to introduce new sound and theory to a group who are naturally expert at producing orthodox, whizzing pop songs. With The Flowers, he sees it coming the other way. A group making unorthodox, adventurous pop music are attempting to organise their ideas accessibly. With both methods the intention is to disrupt the mainstream. Is that so terrible?

THE FLOWERS have been around for two years, ten months with this line-up. Hilary got fed up with pogoing: "It's a boys dance really, and I got fed up with people treading on my toes."

Andy played with The Dirty Reds but "I saw them play with The Rezillos," swoons Hilary, "and I had to get to know him because he had such a great guitar!" Simon joined the group on a self-enforced two month trial becoming permanent because he felt that The Flowers successfully tied up aims and ideas he'd been floating for a while. Then they heard about a bass player who was into heavy punk and heavy-heavy funk, and in stepped Tim.

Their involvement with Fast was natural. Hilary worked as an aide for the Fast organisation. Their appearance on the first Earcom was "an unexpected pleasure, and a bit rushed. We were just told 'You're doing it' and dragged off to the studio. But it gave us a good kick to get out and do something."

A few months later the compelling single 'After Dark / Confessions' became the first Pop Aural release, wittily produced by Last. It wasn't as tough as newer recordings, but it determined the piercing guitar, fluctuating rhythm and passionate voicing of their sound: — a concise and incisive noise that can get angry and does. Last's presence is there in the music, but the group don't exaggerate the importance of Fast or

Last. "They've supported us like any other of their groups," shrugs Hilary. "Fast's policy is not so much to help you, but to help you help yourself. Bob's very good at practically articulating vague ideas you might have."

Hilary does acknowledge the advantage she's gained working for Fast and experiencing the darker sides of major label wheeling / dealing and corrupting — the stories she could tell! — and is deeply aware of the damaging values of the music business. "Definitely. Without a shadow of a doubt. I think anyone who wants to be in a group should take a six-month course in the seedier, more revolting side of the music biz. I don't think we're naive but..."

Tim interjects: "If me and Andy had been in our own group we would have been ripped off many times before now."

So how does the business affect a group at The Flowers stage?

Hilary: "It's not so much where we are now, but things that could happen — so you gradually eliminate all the things you don't want. Most groups spend all their time jumping over unexpected obstacles, but because we know they're already there we can avoid them. I'm not saying we'll be fabulously successful as a result, but it should mean that we're less ripped off."

"It also means people will be disappointed because we're not one of those groups who stand up and say that we're going to change the world. We're not going to do that. As far as I'm concerned, if we get from point A to point B it should be fairly clear what we've done and what we've avoided — if anyone's interested."

And point B is? "To get on the Radio One playlist. Simple. To be honest about it."

THE FLOWERS are light-hearted but get angry about things. Hilary will occasionally whisper into the tape mike that "We're only in it for the money", whilst Simon will sensibly reveal that The Flowers are sometimes "the best fun we've

ever had." They don't like people who don't think for themselves, and will say it as baldly as that. They get angry about the funny ideas people have about rock and roll, the destructive practise of media catagorising, the stupidity of the new tribal mentality.

They're a pop group who wants to be popular, shake things up and retain their honesty. About popularity all the group has its say.

Andy: "You can have success and be unpopular. I think I'd prefer that than out and out success."

Tim: "It will not be easy for us to be successful because we're not easily labelled. People don't know what to make of us, and these days that's no good at all."

Hilary: "The centre of our appeal is really broad. We've got a little bit of everything in our songs. That's because we rip everything off."

Hilary laughs. Simon spits. "The myth of originality can go right out of the door for a start."

I wipe myself down. I know what he means. The Flowers really do use their influences positively, to produce something new, and are growing. But because they do sound distinctive, and make a kind of depraved noise that people who retain tired definitions of what pop is refuse to accept The Flowers are definitely post-Gang Of Four with all that entails, the group are apprehensive about being labelled an 'art' group and being dismissed as pretentious, unloving and not entertaining.

Simon: "I wouldn't like to play to those audiences who lazily expect some sort of art group."

Hilary: "I'd find it quite amusing to be thought of as an art group. It would annoy me, but it would amuse me as well. Annoy me more than amuse. I hate this weird and new shit. We're weird and new so we're in a band. We just want to get fabulously rich so we can buy a bunker for when the nuclear war comes and bombs explode all over the world. Then, when it's all over, we can come out and play to the ashes of the world. The only rock and roll group left in the world!"

And the last flowers on earth.

PAUL MORLEY
predicts THE FLOWERS rise to power

PRINT

More Greasy Quiff Stuff

ELVIS '56 — In The Beginning
By Alfred Wertheimer (Cassell £3.95)

Now that crocodile tears have dried, the obsessive death rituals done, and the ugliness of his last years admitted, it's the glory of Elvis Presley's arrival and early years that are rightfully being appreciated.

Elvis '56 arrives magically to add to the interest — 150 pages filled mostly with rare and revealing pictures of the man in his first full year of superstardom.

Shortly after Presley had moved from Sun to RCA, Wertheimer was commissioned by RCA to supply publicity pics of their new star, and the photographer accompanied Elvis on several early concerts, including one in El's home town of Memphis where he captured candid pics of the Presleys fooling round at home.

Other rare footage includes the recording

session for 'Hound Dog' (26 takes!), El on stage on the Dorsey Brothers TV show with real live hound dog, and enough sneering lip, greasy quiff stuff and shot silk zoot suits to satisfy an Elvis Convention.

Though Wertheimer was not especially a rock fan (and rock photography didn't exist then), he was clearly a formidable photographer, and *Elvis '56* exudes a classiness rare in early rock shots.

Wertheimer's account of his peek at Presley's lifestyle is prosaic but detailed and unpretentious. In their few exchanges Presley comes across as distant but affable, rather ordinary when not engaged in his music — and the early Elvis was clearly obsessive about his music. A shame he didn't maintain his standards and involvement.

The pix say it all anyway. Simply essential viewing.

Neil Spencer

Rockprint minced

The Authorised History of Fleetwood Mac
by Samuel Graham
(Blandford Press £4.50)

For would-be authorities on catatonia everywhere. Its 104 pages of drool and overshot camera spool explain nothing, try nothing, render nothing. C Salewicz's recent *NME* piece was better, shorter, cheaper. Books: huh!

The Wonderful World of Country Music
by Jeannie Sakol (Blandford Press £4.95)

Not the book of a Walt Disney film, though it could be — flick the pages right and people come to life. Which is more



Kiss play a Rock Against Sexism gig.

than the author's prose achieves. A very dull A-Z style scrapbook of facts and

figures, the only interesting section being the one on "Talking Southern" — a bellylaugh worth a browse. Otherwise, see Altman's *Nashville*.

Kiss
by Robert Duncan (Savoy Books £1.25)

This cheap creep-sheet is sold with a back cover anti-female image almost hack and vacuous enough to match the quality of prose inside, where 'biography' of course means all out sycophantic representation of the four, poor, sick Kiss apes. No examination of their dandruff Disneyland. Ass is a better title, maybe?

Ian Penman



Elvis works on his 'Wild One' pose — just one of many classic shots from 'Elvis '56'

RANDOM HOLD

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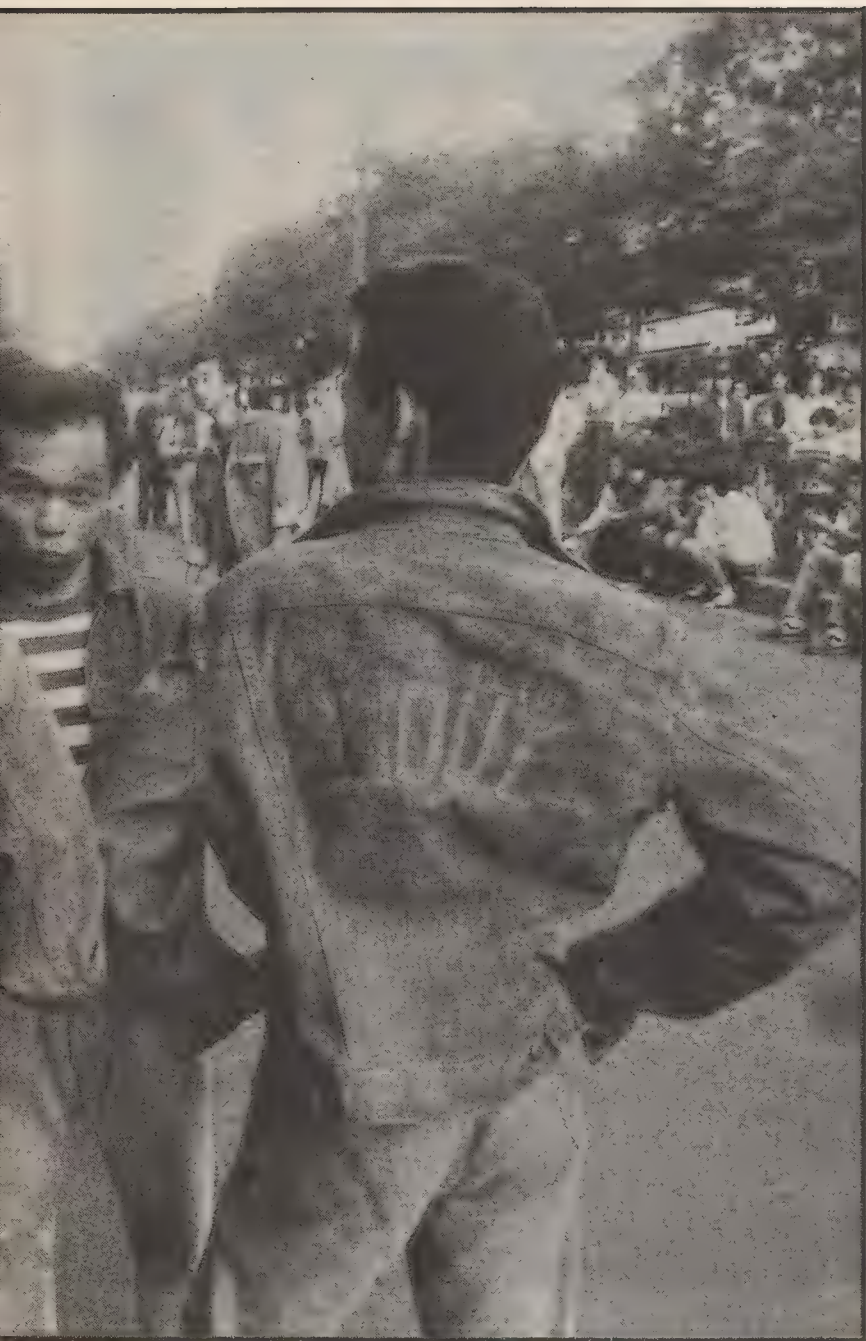
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sweatshirts, t-shirts with American slogans on them, baseball jackets with American slogans on them. The girls are more conservative, wearing almost ankle length dresses and frilly blouses.

After hours in Tokyo does exist. The club Crocodile where I hang out is open until six in the morning, but after midnight things are quiet. After 9 o'clock at the latest there's no live bands. I think part of this schedule has to do with the Japanese concern for others. A band or concert is loud, exciting, and they don't want to disturb anybody with the noise.

ROCK fans in Tokyo do keep up with all the latest bands from the U.S. and Britain, although it isn't easy to do. Many of the clubs will play new records, and everybody seems to have a fantastic stereo system. But there are only two FM radio stations in the entire country and they're both government-owned and operated. They play very bland music except once or twice a week there is a pop summary show, a kind of top ten of rock 'n' roll and new wave, but it's only once a week for a half hour.

Much of the information on rock life styles in other parts of the world gets to the Japanese fans through their rock music magazines, of which there are a great many — *Music Life*, *Jam*, *Goro* and *Ongaku Senka* among them. These magazines print pictures and facts on new bands and are very up to the minute. So even though Tokyo is very far away from LA, New York or London the kids manage to find out pretty quickly what's going on. Because radio doesn't really play rock, cuteness counts for a lot. The

kids don't often hear the new bands as much as they see their photos in the magazines, so bands who look cute, strange or sexy attract more attention because looks count as much as music, or even more since Japanese kids often see what they look like long before they hear what they sound like!

The record business in Japan is about eighty per cent local product, the rest being rock imports. Most Japanese seem to like a very conservative pop-rock. Imported albums are cheaper than domestically made albums, selling for about 2,500 Yen (£6). Kids tend to have a good collection of foreign records, and listen to the American and English groups. They are required to study English for three years in lower school and three years in high school, so they can understand the lyrics.

There are many new wave Japanese groups around these days. The big record companies (EMI, CBS, Crown) have picked up some of them, but there are many smaller record companies, like Air Records and Alpha Records, who've signed these groups and are trying to make a go of developing new wave local rock in Tokyo.

The local new wave bands are very anxious to connect with the rest of the rock world in the West. A lot of them are singing in English, or a combination of English and Japanese to try to make their music more universal. There's a band called Southern All Stars which is one of the most popular; they play progressive rock but their lyrics are a mixture of English and Japanese with no meaning, only a sound and a feeling. One of my favourite new wave bands is Sheena and the Rockets, who sing like the Ronettes or the Shangri-Las and record for Alpha Records. They've done an album which is supposed to be released worldwide by A&M Records. There are also big Japanese stars who sing rock, like Ekechi Yaosa, a '50s style rocker who idolizes Chuck Berry and does a damn good job of getting up and

being a rock 'n' roller. I saw him do a show, and I was singing along and dancing to the rock music, and afterwards he asked me how I understood it, and I told him it's not the language but the feeling and asked him how he could understand Chuck Berry.

Throughout the rock scene in Tokyo the bands really want to get good enough to make it in the rest of the world. These rockers are desperate to give something back to rock, to make the connection with kids in other countries and produce a music that other kids will like.

Concerts, like clubs, begin around six, and are very conservative. The kids very rarely go wild at concerts, rarely even yell or scream, or get up and dance. They come in, sit politely, and applaud quietly at the end. Most big American bands only come to tour Japan once or twice at the height of their careers, and the Japanese kids understand this. They don't expect big Western rock stars to visit too often, so they're very happy when these stars do come, and they try to make the most out of the moment. They go out of their way to make the stars have a good time, enjoy Japan, and take home a good feeling from it.

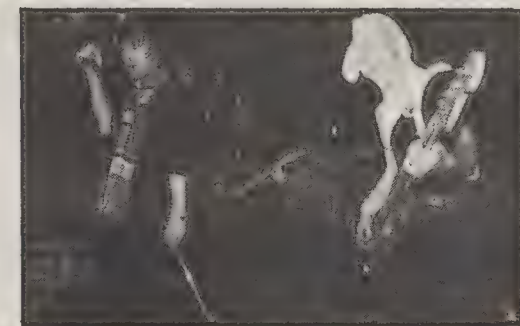
The new wave is making a dent in Japan. Blondie is very big. When new wave and punk first started I think the Japanese were rather shocked by it all, especially The Sex Pistols. They couldn't understand The Sex Pistols as entertainment, and when the Pistols broke-up, they thought that was the end of punk, it had reached its natural conclusion. They don't really understand the new wave because they're not angry or oppressed, they're not violent in public, and they can't comprehend walking around being obnoxious. But they do like Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe, Joe Jackson, Patti Smith. There's also a large crowd of rockers who are really into '50s music and believe that to be the only real rock 'n' roll. But no matter what kind of music the kids in Tokyo are into, they do believe in the essence of true rock 'n' roll.



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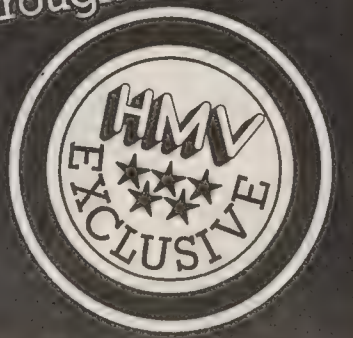
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ALBUMS

THE CRAMPS

Songs The Lord Taught Us (*Illegal*)

LAST NIGHT I had a dream. I was at a party. The music was loud, the light was sickly and in the air was the smell of swamp gas. But there was something not quite right.

I sidled up — cool as an ice-cube — to a cute little thing with a pair of luminous slacks and three eyes. "Hey, sister," I whispered. "What's the name of that exercise you're getting?" She looked at me like I wasn't even there.

I woke up in a cold sweat and found it waiting for me. It looked real enough. Outside, the sky was humming and there were scorch-marks on the ground, and when I looked back, it was still there. But it had moved. Yes it had, just a fraction, towards the record player. So I took a stick and beat it a bit just to be on the safe side, then I put it on.

It was all true. It wasn't the result of eating too much junk food, seeing one too many B-movies, or playing 'Louie, Louie' too loud and too often. It wasn't just the nocturnal emission of a mind steeped in the debris of a sick culture. There really is such a thing as The Cramps.

Four Mid-West monsters shunned within their own community, The Cramps have been forced to nurse their obsessions in a dark, rotten corner of New York's Upper East Side. Until now, that is. Now the world is ready. Now it can be revealed. The forgotten story of the rock generation's growing pains. The music of adolescent pariahs. Thirteen songs the Lord taught them.

Play this record and you step into the twilight zone. Nothing else matters. The Cramps are an entity unto themselves, and the normal rules don't apply. That The Cramps are the perfect modern synthesis of garage punk, rockabilly and Roger Corman is unimportant. It's an academic point and everyone knows that school's for fools.

What really matters is *volume* and *distortion* — the main benefits that Southern degenerate Alex Chilton brought to the mix of their first singles and a recommended feature of his work with them here too. The sound is just right. A cross between midnight Obeah jungle telegraphy and the noise made by a flying saucer. I guess primitive is what you'd call it: a mating of primal urges and primitive technology.

Bryan Gregory's chainsaw fuzz guitar, Nick Knox's bass drum and tom-toms, and Ivy Rorschach's spidery Link Wray mutations define the bass-less terrain, over which Lux Interior prowls like the teenage werewolf of the song of the same name performing feats of rabid vocalising. He manifests things that have been growing in his psyche like a cancer nurtured by the cathode rays of US late-night TV re-runs with the mad-dog desperation of a man who isn't sure if he'll ever get another chance.

Teen alienation and accompanying psychotic reactions figure high on the list of these things, but anything that outrages America's upright protestant ethic and expresses, however gaudily, the damp desires that lurk behind the mask has its place too.

Songs like Johnny Burnette's 'Tear It Up', The Sonics' 'Strychnine' and Little Willie John's 'Fever' fit right in beside The Cramps' originals in this scheme of things. Their own autobiographical songs like 'Teenage Werewolf' and 'Mystery Plane' sum it up. And 'Garbage Man' goes all the way towards defining the aesthetic.

Don't wait for The Cramps to be consigned to the trash-can and rediscovered by the next generation that comes looking for something raw and vital in rock'n'roll. Get this album while it's still warm and let a loud and depraved influence into your life.

It shivers and quakes, it slithers and crawls, and it throbs and it trembles. And I'm gone.

Paul Rambali



Cramps and Feelies, top to bottom, left to right: Bryan Gregory, Lux Interior, Nick Knox, Ivy Rorschach, Glen Mercer, Bill Million, Keith DeNunzio, Anton Fier. Pix: Godlis, Joe Stevens.

STRANGE TIMES IN NEW YORK CITY

Militant wimpism and teenage werewolves

THE FEELIES

Crazy Rhythms (*Stiff*)

NOT SUDDENLY, but slowly, you know that something's up. All you don't know is what the something is. Search the cover. Sure, it looks all right — a portrait of pure normality, four times over in fact; blank innocence staring up at you, eerily quiet, blandly inscrutable. No, it's the *feel* that worries; that's what gnaws at the nerve-ends, wordlessly nagging the back of the brain. When you know that something's up, that's when you know you've got The Feelies...

The Feelies, it says here, come to us from New Jersey — that's not here or there nor anywhere. The Feelies are the boys next door wherever you are.

Boys next door are supposed to be reassuring,

but of course they're nothing of the sort. Stuck up in that bedroom for theirs all damned day long with just cheap guitars and a stack of Velvet Underground records? It's got to be unhealthy. They've got to be up to something, why else would they come on so ordinary? It gives me the creeps.

And anyway, it's a well known fact that when the going gets weird, the weird go normal. Pass the binoculars; let's take another look...

Much-lauded and applauded in New York circles for some considerable time now, The Feelies fall in along the dangerous line between the merely cute and the fashionably mock-psychotic; all suppressed hypertension

dressed up in groovy/goofy college'n'campus threads. They could so easily be desperately awful. In fact they're not. 'Crazy Rhythms' is a very good album. I think it might even be a great one.

Something's looking up. Let's take another look.

The Feelies play a kind of cleanly suburban rock'n'roll which is simultaneously intense and simplistic, and they get called names like adventurous minimalists for their pains. They don't actually sound like the Velvet Underground, but they often do sound a lot like Jonathan Richman trying to sound like the Velvet Underground.

It's impossible to keep Talking Heads out of this too. Somehow the way they are so

derivative is a part of The Feelies' appeal — you'll see the influences so instantly, they're so upfront, that *that* game's quickly over with and then it doesn't act as a distraction.

It's a clean cut sound, innocent as well as uneasy (as well it might be, this bizarre mix of militant wimpism with the secondhand cesspool visions of big city degenerates; nice boys trying hard not to be). Foremost are the jingly-jangly play-in-a-day guitars of vocalists/writers Glenn Mercer and Bill Million which skip with nervy precision across the brisk and neat drumming of Andy Fier and the bubbly worried bass of Keith Clayton. A true bedroom

band, all fresh and clickety crisp, the credited percussive effects include bells, "sandpaper", castanettes, "coat rack" AND "shoes". It's the sound of normality going out of control.

The album opens with what must be the definitive Feelies track, 'The Boy With Perpetual Nervousness', and runs through seven more numbers, twitchingly cryptic, compulsively propulsive, plus a cover of The Beatles' 'Everybody's Got Something To Hide (Except Me And My Monkey)', literally interpreted and — in their hands — less coy, more sinister. The set climaxes in 'Forces At Work', more hypnotic monotony that clings and sinks into the consciousness, cold and



clammy. In common with many famous diseases, The Feelies are hugely infectious. But more than anything, and self-confessedly, The Feelies are the boys next door. You will remember to lock up tonight, won't you?

Paul Du Noyer

COCKNEY REJECTS
Greatest Hits Vol 1. (EMI)
 THE COCKNEY Rejects album is a wonderful genre piece: just like all those Westerns that succeed simply because they're so exactly like Westerns or those private eye films which are so marvellously like private eye films, 'Greatest Hits Vol. 1' is one of those punk records which is just like a punk record.

In fact, the only thing that distinguishes it from other punk records is that *nothing* distinguishes it from other punk records. You could make a case for the fact that Jimmy Pursey, who produced the record to sound exactly like everything else he's produced, has disciplined the band into giving forth with a quite pleasing direct drive rock and roll sound along the vague lines of studio Pistols (i.e. lots and lots of bad-breath guitars) or the linked fact that Stinky Turner is the archetype of the tuneless, ranting punk yelper as joint witnesses that the album is atypical in its very typicality...

There are lots and lots of people today who feel a strong emotional pull towards music of this type, and anyone who is attracted by the packaging will make it their business to hear the record, and anybody who actually wants to hear a record that comes on like this one will like it. The Cockney Rejects have, therefore, done their job well: they have produced exactly what the people they want to play to want to hear, which is not by any means as negligible an achievement as might be supposed. EMI have done well to invest in them.

In purely subjective terms, the whole affair is in the extreme, as stale and unchallenging as last night's ashtray. Just as the initial exhilaration of late '60s hard rock was swiftly debased into the industrial sludge of '70s heavy metal, 'Greatest Hits Vol. 1' tips the wink that we can expect some excruciatingly useless punk albums in the decade to come. A wonderful prospect, I can hardly wait, but then I still go to see private-eye films.

Charles Shaar Murray

Seeger at 34: Growing old too gracefully

BOB SEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND
Against The Wind (Capitol)

THE album cover says it all: wild horses cantering through shallow waters, power painted romantically — the kind of classy sleeve one associates with American AOR releases. I think it's sad.

'Against The Wind' presents no fundamental changes, though it bears scant relation to 'Back In 72' or 'Seven'. Rather, it's the culmination of the maturing process which began with 'Night Moves' and continued with 'Stranger In Town' — and to be quite honest, it's a pretty poor affair, a kind of ghostly clone of its predecessor.

This is due, in part, to the material, which is limp and substandard — unforgivably so, given the two years it's taken to make; but the biggest letdown is that Seger's all but stopped rocking, slipping instead into the kind of cosy, mellow blandness that characterises so many of his compatriots. A wild horse cantering through shallow waters.

'The Horizontal Hop' (a revealing title) is typical — a sanitised 'rock' workout which just marks time, trods water. Dr. John sits in on piano, but nothing happens at all.

Ersetz...

'You'll Accompany Me' follows, an obvious single in Seger's "softie" style, a gentle jog which apparently has contributions from Bill Payne and Sam Clayton (no mean feat here, though).

As usual, Seger splits chores between the Silver Bullet Band and the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section. Neither, it has to be said, performs with any degree of passion or inspiration, and the consequent lack of any edge means that even the album's best track, an unpretentious rocker called 'Long Twin Silver Line' (a train song, natch) seems strangely subdued.

The title song's a traditional Seger magnum opus, again viewing the singer as reformed rebel 'still running against the wind'. On his day, Seger's one of the very few who can do the lost love/lonely wanderer schtick and not sound like a complete prat, but here, as on the rest of the album, his material's not strong enough to carry its ponderous self-assessment; it just goes on and on. It does, however, contain the best couple of lines on the LP: 'Wish I didn't know now/What I didn't know then' — lines which illustrate Seger's ability to coin the simple

understatement which puts things in proper perspective.

'Fire Lake', the current single, uses the curiously effective juxtaposition of Seger's gravel-voice with Eagles harmonies to colour the kind of song a retired Hell's Angel might reminisce to of an evening — once again, Seger's obsession with the lost freedom of youth verges on the maudlin.

It's this obsession which characterises the album as a whole (note the title), and while it might finger the pulse of present-day America to a profitable extent, Seger's middle-age dread seems a trifle premature at 34. If Seger's heroes — Chuck, Bo, Little Richard, Jerry Lee — can grow old far from gracefully, there's no good reason why he shouldn't do the same.

God knows, it can't just be the money any more.

So what about an album full of hard-edged nasty beastly things, Bob? Eh?

Andy Gill



Bob Seger. Pic: Kevin Cummins

disconcerting, swooping smoothly round the song to blend briefly with those of the boys. And for 'Food' the boys stand around quietly harmonising while the girls take the tune.

At first I thought The Golinski Brothers had unearthed a gem in 'Bloody'. It paled after several plays but certainly not enough to erase it entirely. It's a world-weary, tawdry teenage whine with sleazy, sardonic sax shuffling miserably behind the tune. Unfortunately 'Too Scared', their second track, rushes like a lemming at extinction and bathes in bathos for hours. Or so it seems.

The Lillettes first track is an awkward, engaging mixture of Monkees and Buzzcocks. But track two, 'Nervous Wreck', is better; it has buried, exuberant bass, gauche guitar and the song itself sounds so raw you can still see the seams in the chord changes.

'Soundcheck' from Ijax All Stars has a touch of 2-Tone and an interesting texture that incorporates mournful mouth-organ added to assorted clicks, rattles, whirrs and faint, intriguing whistles. 'Reggaeed Rumble' is fairly regular reggae that, despite a resonant rhythm, is unable to retain interest for the full length of a relatively long track.

Woody and the Splinters' 'I Want You To Be My Girl' is possibly a joke; on reflection, it isn't. In any case it's plainly painful: jarring, jolly pop that sets one searching for excuses not to sit through it. 'I Must Be Mad' is marginally better. But someone ought to take the singer to one side and suggest he see a therapist for that aggravating pseudo-stutter. I've just remembered who he thinks he resembles: Geldof gets away with it; Woody does not.

Still, these are minor criticisms for a collection that incorporates a fairly diverse selection of styles, almost all of which give pleasure. And if '79' isn't quite vintage Vaultage, it's still an invigorating album.

Lynn Hanna

VARIOUS
Vaultage '79 (Attrix Records)
 ANOTHER breath of fresh air from Brighton, 'Vaultage 79' features two tracks each from six South Coast bands.

As befits the scene of the action, the album opens with mod: The Vandells play proficient, pretty tunes that would be watered-down Jam were it not for the unconvincing and inexperienced male misogynist lyrics that Weller would never have written.

I fell in love with The Chefs whose sparse sound is stringent and ethereal with direct percussion, barely perceptible bass, gentle, jangling guitar and cold, clear vocals. During 'You Get Everywhere' the girls voices are detached and



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FROM "A WHITER SHADE OF PALE," MATTHEW FISHER HAS GROWN IN STRENGTH.

Matthew Fisher's talent is easy to recognise, just as his keyboard contribution to "A Whiter Shade of Pale" is easy to remember. Matthew's connection with Procol Harum goes beyond his participation in their world-wide success; he also produced "A Salty Dog," which is generally considered to be the group's finest album. Since then Matthew has produced three albums by fellow ex-Procol member Robin Trower and pursued his own solo career. On his first Vertigo album he's joined by some of England's most respected musicians, among them Tim Renwick, Dave Mattacks and Mick Grabham. Matthew Fisher arrived a long time ago, this album proves he's here to stay.



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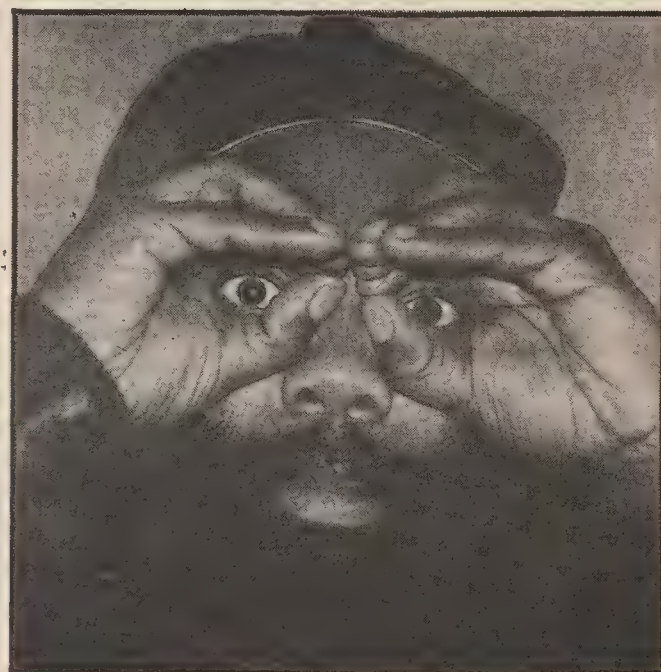
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Keeping track: Dennis Bovell

Dennis Bovell's skeletal dance

BLACKBEARD

I Wah Dub (EMI/More Cut)

TIME was I thought of dub as arcane music, lauded by aficionados of Jamaican sounds but little known to those who, like me, were outside that lucky coterie. A blinkered view, no doubt; but it was never played on the radio so, unless you had a dub-wise friend, your only chance to hear the music was to buy it — an expensive way to delve when you weren't even sure where to begin.

Thanks chiefly to partisan writers like Penny Reel and Vivien Goldman, the rock press has, bit by bit, provided a basic map of reggae so that even a lazy baldhead like me has been able to locate the delights that lurk in the work of producers like Lee Perry, King Tubby and Joe Gibbs.

Recently, too, techniques taken from dub have infused a wide range of exploratory pop — from PIL to The Flying Lizards, Scritti Politti to Cabaret Voltaire — to an extent that suggests it will be a dominant influence on 1980's best noises.

One man at the centre of this mingling of musics is Matumbi's Dennis Bovell who last year was largely responsible for the sound of The Slits' 'Cut', The Pop Group's 'Y' and Linton Kwesi Johnson's 'Forces Of Victory'. And who, in dubwise guise, rejoices in the handle Blackbeard.

'I Wah Dub' is his latest release, an album packed with marvellous music.

Dub requires many sensitive skills and Bovell is master of all. He strips a track to its bare bones with incisive care or fades in an insanely attractive snatch of melody with acute poise; everywhere, he's the epitome of deftness and precision. He also ensures that a solid rhythmic core is pumping constantly to take listeners across the record's heart-stopping spaces — listen to the canny use of echoed beat that shuttles you through 'Steadie'.

One of 'I Wah Dub's' assets is that Bovell's gloriously heavy bass not only carries the rhythm but often does so with remarkably tuneful phrases. 'Oohkno' and 'Reflections' are the prime cases — 'Oohkno' with the assistance of a deep-voiced organ while on 'Reflections' the bass duets superbly with a splintery, swirling keyboard pattern from Aswad's Tony Robinson.

Bovell is well served by all his guest musicians — check Julio Finn's tender harp on 'Steadie' or Nick Bailey's chomping polymoog on 'Electrocharge' — but most notably by Aswad drummer Angus Gayle whose delicate, intricate percussion prickles and tickles the beat with fizzy finesse.

'Nough' takes its rhythm from Errol Dunkley's 'Little Bit Different' and has Bovell speeding and slowing tapes to create unsettling 'vocals' that, for all their garbled incoherence, are strangely moving. Elsewhere, he throws in a few aural jokes — one I guarantee will make you JUMP — indulges in a little gentle freakiness on 'Binoculars' and compiles intriguing collages of everyday noise (bells, running water, snores) that lead into each track. Others have taken this device right over the top but Bovell is too imaginative for such lapses. In fact, the whole album resonates with laconic restraint, an almost pastoral feel.

'I Wah Dub' can be used as cool, swaying relaxation, or probed for the subtle treats that arise from Bovell's several arts of deconstruction. Spin this next to 'The Return Of The Durutti Column' for a startling, refreshing, wholly pleasurable entry into 1980.

A few more gems like these, and singing will be out of fashion.

Graham Lock

NARADA MICHAEL

WALDEN

The Dance Of Life
(Atlantic)

THIS LP would be a sight easier to review if it wasn't so heavily swaddled in Chimnoy propaganda. The inner sleeve batters us with blessings and sincere salutations and includes a handful of addresses where we can all scribble off and find eternal bliss. Heck, even the badge that Michael wears on the cover is "copyright Sri Chimnoy 1977".

I don't want to review his perversion, but if you're going to hardsell it like that it's hard not to feel the music is merely

a bait to suck you in.

It's all so perfect, too, as though the whole working outfit are strumming away, grinning like idiots and generally being 'high' and 'laid back' at the same time. Musically it's a little like the late Moon might have sounded had they been afforded an LA production number — though that would have removed any teeth present for sure, and anyway Narada has but a tenth of Noel McCalla's vocal range.

Q: Can you swallow any more Los Angeles anaesthetic?

A: No Sri; bob!

Devadip Danny Baker

Objects of new value

VARIOUS
Objectivity: The Object
Singles Album
GROW-UP
The Best Thing
SLIGHT SECONDS / THE
MEDIATORS / PICTURE
CHORDS
Waiting Room
(All Object)
 MANCHESTER'S Object label has never stood out like its zippiest counterparts Fast and Factory despite dealing equally distrustfully with as much diversification. Its reputation is 'folky', its image faceless.

'Objectivity' collects together the seven deleted Object singles of the last 18 months — i.e. every 45 except the two enduring, volatile Passage EPs — and if it gives an incomplete picture of the label's reflection of post punk development then 'The Best Thing' and 'Waiting Room' more than make up.

The jagged, jazz-warped pop of Steve Solamar's Spherical Objects opens and shuts the compilation: with 'The Kill' and 'Seventies Romance' plus B-sides: four flexible, distinctive songs that are simultaneously obscure yet accessible, and peculiarly pleasurable.

Steve Miro and the Eyes are a quartet who play similarly squint-eyed pop, but boppier and lovelier. The gorgeous 'Dreams Of Desire' and the riveting 'Up And About', plus equally provocative B-sides, reveal a prim but unproper pop sensibility that is a long way west of The Undertones or B-52s but deserves to catch on as much.

Grow-Up's insidious EP is cut in half: three silly-serious songs, each just over a minute, each sweetly satisfying, exotically eclectic. Alternomen Unlimited's indulgent 'Facade' and The Warriors' more pointless 'Martial Time/Martial Law' are musical doodles by Object manager Steve Solamar plus combinations of Eyes and Objects: a little too much to take, a mite upsetting.

These two songs weaken what is otherwise a worthwhile composite, but they also complete an accurate picture of the first part of Object's erratic development. It is duly presented, severely uncommercial and atrociously packaged, and all this unfortunately compounds Object's problems.

Grow-Up's LP 'The Best Thing' is not only extremely commercial, it's a record of mellow, sublime magic that extends the terse sound of the EP to a brilliant, luxurious level.

Grow-Up's sound is a sort of ingenious, sax-propelled chamber pop, of the



"The train for 1980 is running approximately two months late. We apologise to passengers for the delay..." Slight Seconds kill time with another angst-giving BR cuppa.

Ayers/XTC English eccentric line, but it also holds the melancholy depth and sauce of Brechtian cabaret, the twists of Beefheart, the ambiguous tension of Lou Reed's 'Bells'.

The group — John Bisset-Smith (vocals/guitar), Steve Brown (bass), Billy John MacDonald (drums), Richard Westwood (saxophone) and Steven Westwood (trumpet) — have invented a whole new delirious pop world. Grow-Up fracture tradition, push out and bend into new spaces but keep it light, snappy and appealing. 'The Best Thing' is not only Object's greatest release, but a record that is up there with the obvious Mancunian biggies.

If Grow-Up have the potential to shatter Object's minor role, then the 'Waiting Room' LP emphasizes how seriously the label deserves to be taken. It throws together three of the more challenging groups featured on last year's ambitious, ignored 'Manchester Collective' record. Slight Seconds, Picture Chords and The Mediators sketch between them a pertinent picture of how, why and where underground rock has developed in the wake of the Pistols and Gang Of Four.

The three groups keep it simple and sparse, but try for deeper textures, odder structures, different rhythms, reasons and targets. The music is grammar school articulate, late-teen, post-punk. More about predicament, nightmare, acne existentialism, effete martyrdom and bedroom experimentation; less about dole, environment and street violence.

The five Mediators are as fresh-faced, unrelenting and miserably intimidating as A Certain Ratio. In five hypnotic three-minutes-and-under songs, they belligerently

expose their suffering, annoyance and anxiety through a stern, exhaustingly anti-rock new rock noise that can be as beautifully extreme and agonising as the modern teenage living death they describe.

Young, wild and suicidal. Know the feeling.

Picture Chords share the second side, and their thirteen-minute 'A Cause Des Voisins' doesn't soften the going at all. 'Voisins' is split into two parts by a mother's understandably harassed holler during some bedroom rehearsal: first part animated, unwashed Raincoat textures smeared with discreet synthesiser, second part absurd disfigured abstract-'80s blues. Picture Chords lie on the amiable, almost burlesque side of pretension.

The territory Slight Seconds grimly define and defile on side one is no less cheerful or oppressive — an ordeal or an experience. Yet Slight Seconds' problematic dirges, bitter outbursts and bruised moanings are effective criticisms of the world's unremitting and unresolving conviviality. Seconds are like a harrowing and conceited Swell Maps, like early Wire disappearing into a hellish void. Appallingly appealing.

'Waiting Room' is an immodest record. The groups want space — not all the space, but some of it. In return they offer new questions, not old 'answers'. But the music, the ideas, the sarcasm, even the excruciating privacy of it all, deserves as much attention — more! — than the mass of records which slickly perpetuate those complacent rock myths that will 'solve' all.

Object's obscurity is an indication that people care far more for the routine and the myth.

Paul Morley

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SYLVAIN SYLVAIN Sylvain Sylvain (RCA)

SYLVAIN SYLVAIN just can't seem to escape from The New York Dolls. He's trying — he's trying real hard — but he can't quite scrape off all that superficial gloss or shake the last of the glitter from his hair. A jaded rock 'n' roller he has become.

He is fat, padded almost, as he poses across his album sleeve, a ridiculous expression stuck so on his oh-so-bored-and-I've-done-all-this-before-vieage. The inside sheet depicts him trying for the Gene Vincent-style rock 'n' roller ideal and the vinyl reflects the same. But it's all too contrived, too plastic.

Sylvain tries to capture the original '50s feel, but finds it



impossible 30 years on. No matter how tight the arrangements and playing, none of the songs has any heart. They fail to convince.

'14th Street Beat' is the only exception, perhaps because Syl is singing about his native New York. The subway sound effects (courtesy of 14th Street

station, BMT line) add to the authentic rhythm. The fast, dancing enthusiasm is infectious, a reflection of the city, always moving, sharp and on the ball. But then Syl lets it slide into 'Deeper and Deeper', a sleepy croon that kills all feelings of life lingering from the previous track.

The album lacks inspiration, authenticity and enthusiasm. It is neither '50s nor '80s, and shows only Syl Sylvain, not so much self-indulgent as complacent — directionless even.

Put this album on the turntable and the stylus'll find its way from beginning to end — but don't expect to find anything on the way.

Deanne Pearson



ROSE ROYCE
Rose Royce Greatest Hits
(Whitfield)
FRANKIE VALLI
The Very Best Of Frankie Valli
(MCA)

SOME of the words on the first track of 'Rose Royce Greatest Hits' succinctly state the album's ethos: "Just a moment of pleasure".

This music is a machine to make your feet move; the sound is the sum of its shiny, glassy surface. And, like the cold metal rose on the cover, it exerts an inorganic attraction.

The 'Dancing Side' in general achieves its objective. Starting with the familiar soft flashes of sound on 'Is It Love You're After', it glides into the devastating cool of 'Car Wash'. The bass then plunges smoothly through the insubstantial shimmer of 'It Makes You Feel Like Dancin'', the tracks running on automatic pilot through 'Do Your Dance', 'First Come, First Serve' and 'Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is', only shuddering to a standstill at the premature inclusion of 'Ooh Boy' which, if

encountered on a dance floor, is likely to leave you wiggling glumly, wishing you had said you'd sit this one out.

The 'Romancing Side' is less successful. The highlights are the stylised self-pity of 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore' and 'Wishing On A Star' in which Gwen Dickey's pure, distant voice evaporates into a high, slowly clouding sky of instrumentation. The rest is snoozy, dozey stuff: an entire side dedicated to relationships that's marred by no blemish of messy emotion and left me so stupefied I had barely the strength to switch it off.

Compared to Rose Royce's carefully clichéd style in which any sign of sweat would be regarded as a vulgar admission of human frailty, Frankie Valli is obviously struggling.

His collection opens with the sugary strings and clumsy cabaret arrangement of 'Passion For Paris', his latest offering, which is determined to go disco even if it expires in the attempt. 'My Eyes Adored You' is still sickly slush that's a thousand miles from fragile,

Gleaming hits — but no heart

awkward adolescent lust. 'Grease' is daft and dated. 'Swearin' To God' with its officious arrangement and hackneyed, hand-on-heart sentiment, 'Our Day Will Come', 'Can't Take My Eyes Off You' and the overblown epic 'To Give The Reason I Live' sound soggy, soppy and incongruously ancient.

'The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine (Any More)' doubtless unearths countless memories for anyone who was smooching round dance floors during its era, but there is one song that survives ten years intact. The album ends

with two minutes fourteen seconds of exhilarated, evanescent, sparkling spontaneity that has strident, yapping female vocals, a tinny, thumping piano and blasts of brass over which Frankie maintains a tenuous control until everything starts shouting and he's finally submerged, still asserting "Woah, yeah" beneath a fast-rising tide that's still crazy after all this time. In retrospect, 'You're Ready Now' shames the safe insincerity of the entire album.

Lynn Hanna



Gwen Dickey pic: David Wainwright



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IMPORTS by Fred Deller

AN American-Greek, Johnny Otis was raised in a West Coast ghetto area. Black musicians were his heroes, Ellington and Basie his gods.

When he became a drummer, he edged in as sideman with various black bands during an era when interracial outfits were almost unheard of, eventually forming his own R&B orchestra and signing Bill Doggett as pianist-arranger. In '45 he had a monster single in 'Harlem Nocturne', a bluesy instrumental that was hailed as R&B but in fact sounded pretty much like the Hollywood 'Big City' themes that owed their lineage to Alfred Newman's classic 'Street Scene' of 1933. Interestingly though, the B-side of 'Nocturne' was 'Round The Clock', sung by bluesman Jimmy Rushing, the title possibly hinting at things to come. From there, things got (musically, at least) better and better, as Otis cut sides with The Robins vocal group (featuring Bobby Nunn of The Coasters and 'Charlie Brown' fame) and a 13-year-old kid known as Little Esther Phillips. Later he was to pre-empt Bo Diddley with 'Willie And The Hand Jive' and even gain an international success with a revamp of the 1921 song 'Ma, He's Making Eyes At Me'.

But it's his early stuff, the important sides he made during the years 1945-50, that are now officially available on album

for the first time, the LP in point being 'The Original Johnny Otis Show', a marvellous Savoy double-helping. One of the most potent roots-of-rock offerings to head our way of late, it should spark off those 'Was Haley the original Great Pretender?' arguments all over again. Tune in to Otis' 'Boogie Guitar', a truly rocking item cut as long ago as 1949 and you'll see what I mean, nudge, nudge.

Certainly one can relate the title of Dr Strut's 'Struttin' (Motown) to some of Johnny Otis' R&B instrumentals. Strut's David Woodford offers chops-a-plenty tenor upfront, while Kevin Bassington, the band's keyboardist, moves in like son-of-Doggett to the rear, all church n' blues, tasty even yet. Unfortunately, Dr Strut, a six-piece rounded out with guitar, bass, drums and percussion, doesn't head down the right avenues during the rest of album's playing time, too often opting for the clever-clever but ultimately bland approach, with Woodford multi-saxing like Tom Scott on heat.

Same thing goes for The Watsonian Institute's 'Extra Disco Perception' (DJM), which, despite the horrors implied in its title, proves to be a pleasant amalgam of disco, MOR, and good old-fashioned swing. Mainly instrumental — the opening 'New York, New York', sung by Randy Redman and Jonathon Wilson, being the only true vocal item — the band generally offer the riff and little else but the riff. Mentor Johnny 'Guitar' Watson helps out on keyboards as hornmen Fowler, Wing and Fowler provide most of the excitement. And though things pan out more Roseland than Apollo, the band sound as though they're enjoying themselves and manage to communicate.

Maybe DJM could try the 'Lil Sis' and 'Disco Party' cuts as a 12" single. That's all I'm prepared to say — further advice comes at a higher rate!

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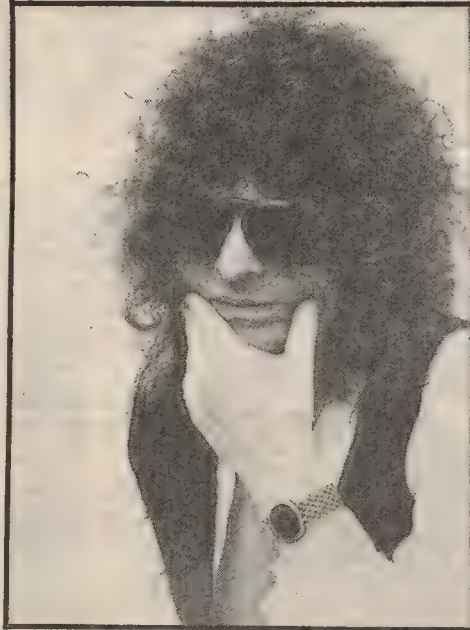
This compilation covers the years when he sold the most records, and there's no doubt his hit singles are the least interesting songs here.

'All The Young Dudes' is the song that turned Mott the Hoople into pop stars, but it was written, arranged, and produced by David Bowie, and would be better placed on a Bowie retrospective.

As for hits that were Hunter's own work, songs like 'Roll Away The Stone' and 'Saturday Gigs' sound like poor attempts at chart manipulation. Disposable pop pap.

The strongest Mott songs present are mostly old album tracks, like 'I Wish I Was Your Mother,' a sardonic romantic ballad — though 'All The Way From Memphis,' Hunter's account of the rock process, notches one up for the singles, that distinctive voice spitting out insights with deadly panache.

Even better, though, are tracks from Hunter's first solo album, recorded with Mick Ronson. A mere three songs are included: 'Once Bitten, Twice Shy,' '3,000 Miles From Here,' and 'I Get So Excited.' Hunter has never been on better form. He sounds personally involved with the songs, and provides terse authoritative vocals. Equally, no doubt thanks to Ronson, the studio



Pic: Stevenson.

"This bloke's onto me. What else can I do wrong?..." band is firmly under control, never wasting a note.

In contrast, a whole side of this double album is taken up with some truly appalling lash-ups courtesy of Queen's producer Roy Thomas Baker. Hunter did an album called 'Overnight Angels' with Baker, and whatever merits Hunter's songs may have had, they were lost in the bombastic production.

Thankfully, he's now back with Ronson, and we can expect a live set that roams back over his entire career. That sounds like a better bet than this uneven selection.

Bob Edmands

AXE
Axe(MCA)

TYPICALLY daft wrapping, HM style — cosmic hatchet shattering glass on its front side, mystical gimmickry on its backside — isn't all that's hackneyed here. Axe are five veteran pomp-rockers from Florida, USA, now trying to haul the dead (and I do mean dead) weight of their musical moribundity over to this country. We could do without them.

The Axe album is so

stagnant, orthodox and humourless, it might almost be satirical — but alas, just one glance at the dour, earnest faces glaring out of the band's picture is enough to kill any such notions.

Unfortunately, they mean it man, and must be taken at face-value.

Opening with the challenging proposition that 'Life's Just An Illusion' (I'm not making this up) they quickly prove it can be an uncomfortably solid illusion

just the same, oppressing the senses with bulldozer refinement. Shriill solos and boorish powerchords queue up one after the other in miserable procession like penitents at the confessional.

High production is the order of the day, with close vocal harmonies its keynote — these being taken by men called Bobby Barth, Michael Turpin, Michael Osborne and Edgar Riley Junior. We could do without them.

Paul Du Noyer

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Mon 10th Mar (Adm £1.00) THE PLANETS PLUS SUPPORT + JERRY FLOYD	Thur 13th Mar (Adm £1.00) T.V. SMITH EX ADVERTS PLUS GUESTS + IAN FLEMING
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Friday 7th March 70p JACKIE LYNTON BAND + The Guvvners	Monday 10th March 80p WASTED YOUTH + London Underground
Saturday 8th March 80p BLAST FURNACE'S REVENGE + The Stops (1st 25 people receive free Stops Single)	Tuesday 11th March 60p THE STEP + 80 Pop
Wednesday 12th March 60p THE ACT + The Competition	
Thursday 13th March 60p SLODGENESSABOUNDS + The Touch	

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THE SEARCHERS

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THE SEARCHERS

+ Baby & The Blackspots

Saturday 8th March £1

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GOD'S TOYS

+ Swinging Cats

Tuesday 11th March £1

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Friday 7th March	£2.20
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Saturday 8th March	£2.20
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Monday 10th March	£1.20
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Heavy Metal Nights featuring PRAYING MANTIS + White Spirit + DJ Neil Kay	
Thursday 13th March	

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RORY GALLAGHER

and his band
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THE LYCEUM

Monday March 17
at 7.30 pm

Tickets £4.00 from Box Office
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No postal application

A DEVIL OF A DISCO

Saturday March 8th

SLADE

+ The Drill

Tickets £2.50 in advance, £3 on the door. Advance tickets Saffron Records, Trinity Street, St. Austell, Saffron Records, 2 Victoria Square, Truro, and from Virgin Records, Plymouth.

A DEVIL OF A DISCO

Saturday March 15th

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

+ Another Pretty Face

Tickets £2.50 in advance £3 on the door. Advance tickets Saffron Records, Trinity Street, St. Austell, Saffron Records, 2 Victoria Square, Truro, and from Virgin Records, Plymouth.

A DEVIL OF A DISCO

Saturday March 15th

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

+ Another Pretty Face

Tickets £2.50 in advance £3 on the door. Advance tickets Saffron Records, Trinity Street, St. Austell, Saffron Records, 2 Victoria Square, Truro, and from Virgin Records, Plymouth.

A DEVIL OF A DISCO

BLAST FURNACE'S REVENGE

HOPE AND ANCHOR

7th

ROCKERS

8th

BRIDGE HOUSE CANNING TOWN

9th

STRICTLY CLOCKWISE

MOONLIGHT CLUB WEST HAMPSTEAD

10th

101 CLUB CLAPHAM

9th

TOUR

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DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

THURS 6

ROCKIN DOPSIE & HIS CAJUN TWISTERS

SUN 9 BOOGIE WOOGIE NIGHT (7-11.30pm)

ROCKET 88

BOB HALL, GEORGE GREEN, IAN 'STU' STEWART, ALEXIS KORNER, DANNY ADLER, COLIN SMITH, JOHN PICKARD, MALCOLM EVERSON, WILLIE GARNETT.

WED 12

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NOW!

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

Basingstoke Central Studios: **Landscape**
 Bath Henry's Club: **Alarm Clox**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
 Birmingham University: **Low 2**
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Touch**
 Bradford Princeville Club: **Anniversary**
 Bristol Club 78: **The Recovers**
 Bristol The Stonehouse: **Essential Bop**
 Bristol Turntable Club: **The Mo-dettes**
 Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
 Chichester Festival Theatre: **Fiddler's Dram**
 Chorley Joiners Arms: **Performance**
 Coleraine Ulster University: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Chris Barber Band/Ottillie Patterson**
 Derby Blue Note Club: **The Step**
 Derby Kings Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers/Another Pretty Face**
 Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Nazareth/Samson**
 Gosport John Peel: **Lip Moves**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **Cracked Mirror**
 Hanley The Place: **Ying Tong John (for three days)**
 Hatfield Polytechnic: **Squeeze/Wreckless Eric**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
 Ilford The Cranbrook: **Blitz**
 Kingston Polytechnic: **Richard Strange**
 Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **Jim Wilkie & The Mafia**
 Kirklevington Country Club: **Headline**
 Lampeter University: **The Jackals**
 Leeds Fford Green Hotel: **The Planets**
 Leeds Peel Hotel: **Spyder Blues Band**
 Leeds Polytechnic: **The Smirks**
 Lincoln Drill Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Clive Langer & The Boxes**
 Liverpool Eric's: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Rocking Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Filthy McNasty**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **Gino & The Sharks**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Books**
 London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Bastille**
 London Finchley Torrington: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Charlie Ainley & The Misdemeanours**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Money/Ptarmigan**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **UB40/Weapons Of Peace**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers/The Fabulous Poodles**
 London Hammersmith The Swan: **Scissor Fits**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Legend**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Legend**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Q-Tips**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Southside**
 London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **The Searchers/Baby & The Blackspots**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Eddie Thompson (for a week, except Sunday)**
 London Marquee Club: **The Cure**
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Prince Far I**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Rocket 88**
 London Putney White Lion: **Johnny G**
 London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Speedball/Billy's Secret**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Oliver Jackson Trio**
 London State Newington Pegasus: **The OK Band**
 London Thornton Heath Prince George: **The Bunch**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Sponooch**

FINGERS OUT

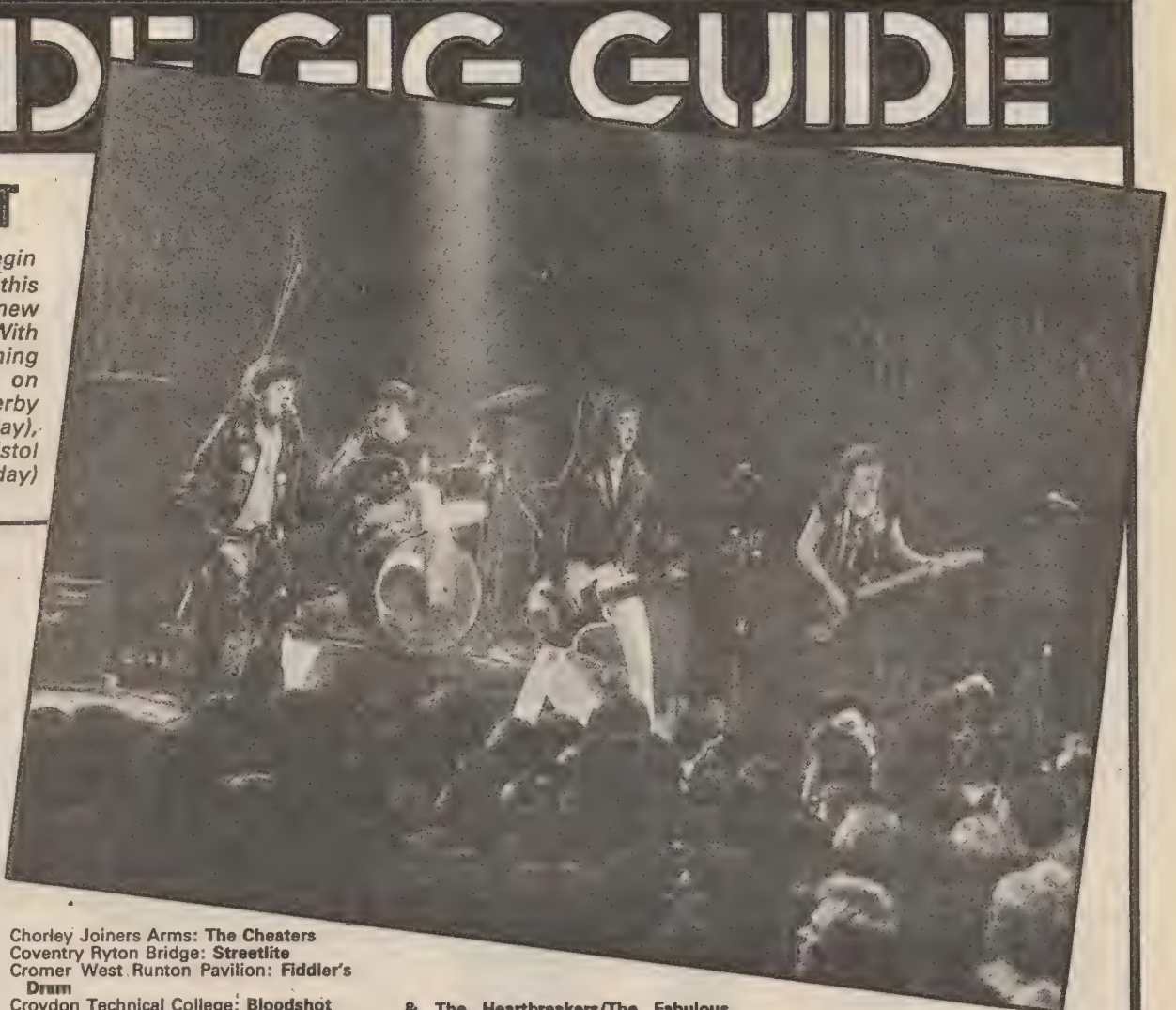
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS begin another major concert series this week, in support of their new album 'Nobody's Heroes'. With *Another Pretty Face* as opening act, they can be seen live, on stage and in person at Derby (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Bournemouth (Sunday), Bristol (Monday), Leicester (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday).

London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **The City Waites**
 London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Expressors/The Phones**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Wurzels**
 London W.14 The Kensington: **9 Below Zero**
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
 Luton College: **CO2**
 Luton The Cottars: **Decoy**
 Maidstone The Royal Albion: **Pacific**
 Manchester Band on the Wall: **Michael Garrick Quartet with Norma Winstone**
 Manchester College of Higher Education: **The Passage/Crispy Ambulance/Viper**
 Manchester Golden Garter: **The Drifters (until Saturday)**
 Manchester Portland Bar: **The Images**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Gillian/The Broughtons**
 Norwich Cromwells: **Slade**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
 Peterborough The Fleet: **Girlschool/Easyprey**
 Peterlee Youth Centre: **Monoconics**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Selector/The Bobysnatchers / Swinging Cats**
 Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Psychedelic Furs**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **The Photos**
 Southampton Eastleigh Crown Inn: **Program**
 Swansea Circles: **The Cockney Rejects/Kidz Next Door**

Friday

Basildon Double Six: **Bastille**
 Bath Moles: **The Toys**
 Bath Pavilion: **Toyah**
 Bedford Horse & Groom: **Backstage Pass**
 Belfast Queen's University: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Grace**
 Birmingham Central Hall: **John Pantry/Oasis**
 Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Arbs**
 Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Fast Relief/African Star**
 Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Lambrettas**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **No Faith**
 Birmingham Odeon: **April Wine/Angel Witch/Sledgehammer**
 Blackpool Technical College: **The Fits/The Membranes**
 Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Solos**
 Brentwood Hermit Club: **Rednite**
 Brighton Sussex Sports Centre: **Second Nature/The Chefs**
 Brighton Top Rank: **The Selector/The Bodysnatchers / Swinging Cats**
 Bristol University: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Bury Elizabethan Suite: **Alex Welsh Band**
 Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Peter Gabriel**
 Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Landscape/Trimmer & Jenkins**
 Chichester Lavant Hall: **Forward Edge/The Gargoyles**

Chorley Joiners Arms: **The Cheaters**
 Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlife**
 Cromer West Runt Pavilion: **Fiddler's Drum**
 Croydon Technical College: **Bloodshot**
 Derby Lonsdale College: **The Touch**
 Dundee Technical College: **Sore Throat**
 Edinburgh The Playhouse: **The Freeze**
 Edinburgh YMCA: **First Priority**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **Denigh**
 Hatfield The Forum: **Chris Barber Band/Ottillie Patterson**
 Hornchurch The Bull: **Alien Heat**
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Smirks**
 Ipswich Manor House: **The Running Dogs/Protective Measures**
 Ipswich Johnson's: **The Recovers**
 Keele University: **The Mo-dettes**
 Kinghorn Quinzie Neuk: **Chou Pahrot**
 Kirklevington Country Club: **The Step**
 Knighton Norton Arms: **The Vye**
 Leeds Cosmo's: **Jimmy Lindsay & Rasuji**
 Leeds University: **Dedringer/Agony Column**
 Leicester Fosse Way Hotel: **The Speedy Bears**
 Leicester University: **Diamond Head**
 Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Michael Garrick Quartet with Norma Winstone**
 Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Gillian/The Broughtons**
 Liverpool Eric's: **Prince Far I/Creation Rebel**
 Liverpool Mountford Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers/Another Pretty Face**
 London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
 London Barking North-East Polytechnic: **The Straws**
 London Belgrave Surrealists Club: **Scissor Fits**
 London Birkbeck College: **The Rent Boys**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Protex/John Spencer's Alternative**
 London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
 London Camden Town Hall: **Abdullah Ibrahim**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Gangsters**
 London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **9 Below Zero**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Noel McCulloch**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Meal Ticket**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Tom Petty**



& The Heartbreakers/The Fabulous Poodles
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Shaky Vic**
 London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Blast Furnace's Revenge**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **The Searchers/Baby & The Blackspots**
 London Ladbroke Grove The Elgin: **The Good Missionaries/The Androids Of Mu**
 London Lambeth Town Hall: **The Blues Band**
 London Marquee Club: **The Cure**
 London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **CO2**
 London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Basil's Balls Up Band**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
 London Putney White Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Deanery Quartet**
 London Strand King's College: **The Cramps/The Fall**
 London University: **Jabula**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Skin Tight**
 London Victoria The Venue: **UB40/Fashion**
 London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **The City Waites**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Crass/Poison Girls**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Japanese Toy**
 London W.2 Porchester Hall: **Doll By Doll/Bauhaus/The Z-Heads**
 London W.C.1 Logan Hall Theatre: **Don Lusher & The Ted Heath Band**
 London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The OK Band**
 Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **Loud'n'Lazy**
 Manchester University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Detroit Emeralds**
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
 New Brighton Grand Hotel: **Asylum**
 Newcastle Kings Head: **Monoconics**
 Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Nazareth/Samson**
 Newport (Cwmbran) Woodland Hall: **Seventeen**
 Newport The Village: **The Planets**
 Norwich Keswick College: **The Auditions**
 Norwich Kingsway Caves: **Jane Bond & The Agents**
 Nottingham University: **Squeeze/Wreckless Eric**
 Oldham Lancashire Vaults: **The Room**
 Ormskirk Edge Hill College: **Supercharge**
 Peterborough Warrana Stadium: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Clive Langer & The Boxes**
 Portsmouth Rotary Club: **The Crooks**
 Reading Charles Hall: **Slade**
 Reading Littleheath School: **Between Pictures**
 Retford Porterhouse: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
 Salisbury Warehouse: **Trivia News-Heart Of Darkness**
 Scarborough Penthouse: **The Inmates**
 Southampton The Griffin: **The Scavengers**
 Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Photos**
 St Albans Horn of Plenty: **The Oral Exciters**
 St Neots Samuel Jones Sports Club: **Strange Days**
 Sunderland Mayfair Suite: **Girlschool**
 Swansea Coach House: **Andy Pandemonium**
 Taunton Market House: **Vardis**
 Walsall Town Hall: **The Revillos/Billy Karloff Band**
 Watford College Of Higher Education: **The Piranhas/The Techniques**
 Weybridge College Of Food: **The Insiders**

Weymouth Teachers Training College: **The Switch**
 Wokingham Rock Club: **Relay**
 Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Psychedelic Furs**

Saturday

Basingstoke Magnums: **Scissor Fits**
 Bath Moles: **Identity Crisis**
 Bicester Nowhere Club: **The Speedy Bears**
 Birkenhead The Gallery: **The Original England Band**
 Birmingham Bogarts: **Out**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Squeeze/Wreckless Eric**
 Brighton Polytechnic: **Little Bo Bitch**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
 Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Smirks**
 Brighton Dome: **Vangelis**
 Bristol Polytechnic: **The Original Mirrors**
 Bromley Technical College: **Twice Shy**
 Buckland Memorial Hall: **Gary & Vera Aspey**
 Burton Alrewas British Legion: **Strange Days**
 Chesham High School: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Corby Raven Hotel: **Skua/Shiner**
 Coventry Warwick University: **9 Below Zero**
 Cromer West Runt Pavilion: **The Psychedelic Furs**
 Derby Ajanta Club: **Prince Far I/Creation Rebel**
 Dublin University College: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**
 Durham St. Cuthberts College: **The Inmates**
 Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **TV21**
 Edinburgh Playhouse: **Jim Wilkie & The Mafia**
 Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Nazareth/Samson**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **Blindwolf**
 Halifax Good Mood Club: **Dedringer**
 Harrogate Theatre: **Chris Barber Band / Ottillie Patterson**
 Harrow Wealdstone Co-op Hall: **Delta 5/The Chevrons**
 Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens / Never Never Band**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **Atlantis/The Charts**
 Hornchurch The Bull: **Spider**
 Huddersfield White Lion: **Dawnwatcher**
 Keele University: **The Alternators**
 Leeds Fford Green Hotel: **Japanese Toy**
 Leicester University: **Toyah**
 Liverpool Eric's: **The Cramps/The Fall**
 London Aldgate Brady Club: **Landscape / Trimmer & Jenkins**
 London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Stepaside / Johnny G**
 London Camden Music Machine: **The Roll-Ups**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Blast Furnace's Revenge / The Stops**
 London Chelsea College: **Matchbox**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Q-Tips**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Carol Grimes / The Rave**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Dangerous Rhythm**
 London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (Lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **April Wine/Angel Witch/Sledgehammer**
 London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Directions**
 London Hampstead Town Hall: **Total Attack/Strand Der Vard**
 London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Meal Ticket**

CONTINUES OVER ...

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS are headlining their own tour, as the direct result of their success in the support spot on Iggy Pop's recent concerts. Catch them this week at Port Talbot (Thursday), Wolverhampton (Friday) and Cromer (Saturday).

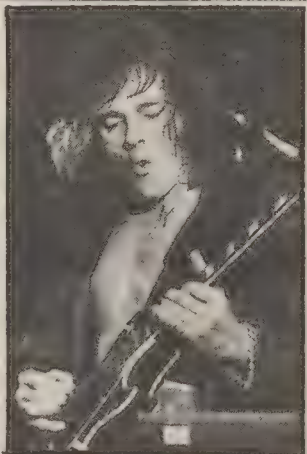


GIG GUIDE —continued

London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Little Roosters**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **The Vapors**
 London Marquee Club: **The Cure**
 London Mill Hill School Centre: **Bystanders/Pressure Point**
 London Paddington The Chippenham: **Embryo**
 London Plumstead Green Man: **Night Shift**
 London Rainbow Theatre: **Rainbow**
 London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Yorkshire Relish**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Oliver Jackson Trio**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
 London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **The Knack**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Skin Tight**
 London Victoria The Venue: **No Dice/Wildlife**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Cross/Poison Girls**
 London W.1 Portman Hotel: **Don Harper-Denny Wright Quartet**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Gillan/The Broughtons**
 Manchester Russell Club: **Jimmy Lindsay & Rasuli**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **The Scaffold Jets/The Freshies**
 Marchmont Hall: **Ricky McKnight Jazz Trio**
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
 Newport Harper Adams College: **Girlschool**
 Norwich Eagles Club: **The Recovers**
 Norwich Whites: **The Running Dogs**
 Nottingham Casanova: **Neman The Deman**
 Nottingham University: **The Photos**
 Parbold Community Centre: **A Design For Living**
 Plymouth Polytechnic: **The Selector/The Bodysnatchers / Swinging Cats**
 Reading Bulmershe College: **The Mighty Strypes/The Downbeats**
 Retford Porterhouse: **The Movies**
 Sheffield University: **Whirlwind**
 Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Peter Gabriel**
 Southampton The Griffin: **The Crooks**
 Southport Theatre: **Fiddler's Dram**
 St. Albans City Hall: **Force**
 St. Albans Horn of Plenty: **CO2**
 St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Slade**
 Stockton The Teessider: **Carl Green & The Scene**
 Sunderland Polytechnic: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Lambrettas**
 Tynypandy Naval Club: **Vardis**
 Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

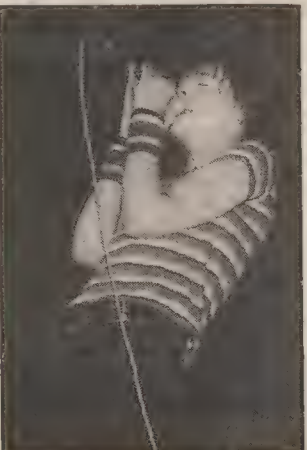
Birmingham Odeon: **Gillan / The Broughtons**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
 Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
 Birmingham Top Rank: **Toyah**
 Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Tracks**
 Blackpool Keep Rock Club: **The Step**
 Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **Stiff Little Fingers / Another Pretty Face**
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Shadowfax**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Judas Priest / Iron Maiden**
 Bristol Locarno: **The Selector / The Bodysnatchers / Swinging Cats**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Burnley Bank Hall Club (lunchtime): **Side Effect**
 Chichester Festival Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
 Cornforth United Club: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
 Duns Black Bull Hotel: **Ricky McKnight Jazz Trio**
 East Grinstead Adeline Genee Theatre: **Dutch Swing College Band**
 Edinburgh's Harvey's: **The Mafia / The Recognitions**
 Edinburgh Odeon: **Nazareth / Samson**
 Edinburgh Valentino's: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
 Fife St. Andrew's University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Rednite**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **Die Laughing**
 Halifax Civic Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / Clive Langer & The Boxes**
 Huddersfield Coach House: **The Touch**
 Ilford The Cranbrook: **Bastille**
 Leeds Fan Club: **The Cramps / The Fall**
 Leeds Fford Green Hotel: **The Movies**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
 Leeds Staging Post: **The City Limits**
 Leicester Polytechnic: **The Photos**
 Liverpool The Masonic: **Headquarters**
 London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
 London Bethnal Green The Green Gate: **Spider**
 London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Rocket 88**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Q-Tips**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Furniture / The Directions / The Famous Players**
 London Finchley Torrington: **The Blues Band**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Dolly Mixtures / The Upset**
 London Fulham The Cock: **Aura**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Squeeze / Wreckless Eric**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **9 Below Zero**
 London Isle of Dogs Watermans Arms: **Radical Sheiks**



JUDAS PRIEST, fresh from the traumas of having their new album tapes held to ransom in America, begin their major British concert series at Bristol on Sunday — followed by Manchester (Monday) and Sheffield (Tuesday and Wednesday). Support act is Iron Maiden. Our picture shows Judas stalwart Glenn Tipton.



TOYAH have, from all accounts, been doing incredible business during their recent nationwide outing. So in response to demand, they've slotted in another mini-tour this month, starting at Bath (Friday), Leicester (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday) and Manchester (Tuesday). The lady herself, Ms. Toyah Willcox, is pictured above.



EDDIE & THE HOT RODS are back on the road at last, and this week they're working non-stop at Liverpool (Thursday), Manchester (Friday), Sunderland (Saturday), Fife (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday), Durham (Tuesday) and Hull (Wednesday). As ever, they're fronted by the irrepresible Barrie Masters (above).



NAZARETH are undertaking one of their rare British tours, and initially can be seen in action at Dunstable (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday) and Wolverhampton (Wednesday). Seen above is the band's Dan McCafferty, and the support act through-out is heavy metal group Samson.

London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Protex**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **Akrylykz / The Act**
 London Marquee Club: **The Passions / The Au Pairs**

London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt**
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Bunch**
 London Victoria The Venue: **The Strawbs**
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Ron Russell Band**
 Maidstone The Royal Albion (lunchtime): **S.P.G.**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **April Wine / Angel Witch / Sledgehammer**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **John Peel Roadshow**
 Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Prince Far 1 / Creation Rebel**
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
 Northampton Nene College: **The Planets**
 Norwich Theatre Royal: **Chris Barber Band / Otilie Patterson**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
 Poole Turngate Theatre: **Gerard Kenny**
 Reading Cherry's Bar: **Whittaker's Patent Remedy**
 Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Inmates**
 Rotherham East Dene Club: **Strange Days**
 Torrington The Plough: **Squire**
 Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

Ashbourne Dog & Grapes: **Spad Hunters**
 Birmingham Romeo & Juliet: **Dedringer**
 Boston Folk Club: **Hamish Imlach**
 Bournemouth Capones: **The Russians-/The Clinic / Trevor Etc & The Rumanian Boys**
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Oral Sax**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers / Another Pretty Face**
 Chelmsford Witham Public Hall: **The Modettes**
 Coventry Warwick University: **The VIPs**
 Doncaster Rotters disco: **The Touch**
 Dundee Maryat Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
 Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Kelso Tait Hall: **Ricky McKnight Jazz Trio**
 Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Pete Galpin's Blues Express**
 London Camden Brecknock: **Embryo**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Lickmalolly / Snacks At The Bar / Friction**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Wasted Youth**
 London Clapham 101 Club: **The Adventures**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Nips / The 45s**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
 London Holborn Princess Louise: **Helicopters**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lee Kosmin**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **God's Toys / Swinging Cats**
 London Marquee Club: **The Planets**
 London N4 The Stapleton: **The OK Band**
 London Oxford St 100 Club: **Elton Dean Sextet**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Alistair Anderson**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
 London Rainbow Theatre: **Gillan / The Broughtons**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blast Furnace's Revenge / Scissor Fits**
 London W14 The Kensington: **Sad Among Strangers**
 Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Judas Priest / Iron Maiden**
 Matlock Pavilion: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / Clive Langer & The Boxes**
 Newcastle City Hall: **April Wine / Angel Witch / Sledgehammer**
 Nottingham Boat Club: **The Cramps**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
 Nottingham Theatre Royal: **The Strawbs**
 Oxford Polytechnic: **Johnny G**
 Reading Cherry's Bar: **Between Pictures**
 Sheffield Top Rank: **Squeeze / Wreckless Eric**
 Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Gerard Kenny**
 Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Dutch Swing College Band**
 Southend Focus Centre: **Sinix / Squats**
 Stockton Fiesta Club: **Slade**
 Sutton Red Lion: **The Bunch**
 Swansea Circles: **The Lambrettas**
 Walsend Co-op Hall: **The Tygers Of Pan Tang**
 Westcliff Queen's Club: **Mary Wilson (for five days)**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark/The Freeze**
 Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brjuo**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
 Birkenhead Gallery Club: **Asylum**
 Birmingham Town Hall: **Shakin' Stevens / Never Never Band**
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Wolfbane**
 Bournemouth Stateside Centre: **The Inmates**
 Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Vex**
 Brighton Alhambra: **The Funboy Five**
 Bury The Derby Hall: **Whitefire/Graff Spee**
 Cheadle Kings Hotel: **Spad Hunters**
 Cardiff Top Rank: **Magnum**
 Croydon Crawdad Club: **The Bunch**
 Derby The Old Bell: **Firefly**
 Dereham Sunshine Rooms: **The Running Dogs**
 Durham University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 Exeter University: **The Selector/The Bodysnatchers / Swinging Cats**
 Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Pete & Chris Coe**
 Glasgow Doune Castle: **Newspeak**
 Gravesend Red Lion: **The Orange Cardigan**

Grimsby Community Hall: **The Fall**
 Heywood White Lion: **Local Heroes**
 Leicester University: **Stiff Little Fingers / Another Pretty Face**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Attack**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **Perfect Strangers/80 Pop**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins-/Mutiny**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Valentines**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Tins/The Moonwalkers**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Peter Gabriel**
 London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Adventures**
 London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Martian Dance**
 London Kensington The Nashville: **Portraits/The Expressos**
 London Marquee Club: **Slade**
 London N.4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
 London Putney White Lion: **The Little Roosters**
 London Richmond St. Mathias Church: **The Fad/Spectre**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey / Jimmy Forrest/Brian Lemon Trio**
 London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Scoop**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The V.I.P.'s/The Directions**
 London W.1 Country Cousin: **Agony Bag**
 Manchester Band on the Wall: **Richard Digance**
 Manchester Polytechnic: **Toyah**
 Norwich Cromwell's: **Little Bo Bitch**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **The Photos**
 Oxford Corn Dolly: **Force**
 Salisbury Wherehouse: **Kerrie Green's Zero/Heather Lunn & The Overdraught**
 Sheffield Blitz (at the George IV): **I'm So Hollow**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Judas Priest/Iron Maiden**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **The Cramps**
 Shrewsbury Tiffany's: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions/Clive Langer & The Boxes**
 Wakefield Unity Hall: **Squeeze/Wreckless Eric**
 Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Atherton The Briarfield: **Rivington Spyke**
 Barnstaple Chequers: **The Inmates**
 Bath Moles: **Bill Taylor Quartet**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brjuo**
 Birmingham Bournemouth Hotel: **The Close Rivals**
 Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Night-work**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
 Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
 Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Newtown Neurotics**
 Brighton Top Rank: **Stiff Little Fingers/Another Pretty Face**
 Bristol Tiffany's: **Magnum**
 Cardiff Top Rank: **The Selector / The Bodysnatchers / Swinging Cats**
 Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
 Croydon Crawdad Club: **The Mice**
 Denton Prince of Wales: **Blitz**
 Glasgow College of Technology: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark/The Freeze**
 Hull College: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
 Leeds University: **Richard Digance**
 London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Act/The Competition**
 London Chelsea College Bar: **The Branstons/3 Piece Sweet**
 London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bauhaus/In Camera**
 London E2 Earl of Aberdeen: **Paul Rutherford**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Insiders**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Carpettes/Gino & The Sharks**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Peter Gabriel**
 London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Flatbackers**
 London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Barracudas**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
 London Marquee Club: **The Photos**
 London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
 London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Furniture/T.P.D.**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey / Jimmy Forrest / Brian Lemon Trio**
 London Victoria The Venue: **Jimmy Lindsay & Rasuli**
 London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Bad Manners/Mobster**
 London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Dance Band**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Dogwatch/Spider**
 London W1 (Dean St) Billy's: **A Certain Ratio/Sector 25**
 London W14 The Kensington: **Johnny Mars' 7th Sun**
 Maidstone Mid-Kent College: **The Original Mirrors**
 Malvern Festival Theatre: **Dutch Swing College Band**
 Manchester Portman Bar: **The Cheaters**
 Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Moulin Rouge**
 Milton Keynes Woughton - on - the - Green Swan: **Spud & The Fabs**
 Norwich Scamps: **The Running Dogs**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
 Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
 Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Gerard Kenny**
 Poole Arts Centre: **Buddy Rich Band**
 Sheffield Brincliffe Oaks Hotel: **Gary Boyle Band**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Judas Priest/Iron Maiden**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Trend**
 Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Nazareth/Samson**
 Worthing The Montague: **The Chefs/The Objekts**

NEWS EXTRA ON THE ROAD

THE GOOD MISSIONARIES and **The Androids Of Mu** appear in the first of a new Friday-night rock series to be staged at The Elgin in London's Ladbroke Grove — it's tomorrow at 8 pm. Set for March 14 are Nik Turner's Inner City Unit, and among upcoming acts are Johnny G, Scritti Politti, Splodgenessabounds and The Door & The Window. The events, organised by the Street Level Musicians Co-op, will also feature local bands — anyone interested in playing should contact Corina at (01) 969 3475.

THE ERIC BELL BAND have dates at Sunderland Mecca (March 14), Newbridge Memorial Hall (16), Birmingham Bogards (19), Halifax Good Mood (22), Liverpool Polytechnic (27), Mid-Glamorgan College (28), Birkenhead Gallery (April 4), North Gwent College (5), Barry Wales Polytechnic (10), Lampeter St. David's University (11), Norwich Cromwells (15), Manchester Polytechnic (17), Nottingham Boat Club (19), Leeds Fford Green (20), Bradford Princeville (24) and Blackpool Norbreck Castle (25).

NO DICE will include a one-off performance of their work 'Murder In The Rain' in their set, when they play London Victoria The Venue this Saturday (8). Penned by bassist Gary Strange, it deals with mental disturbance, and their record company considers it too controversial to release on disc or tape.

WILKO JOHNSON, whose new single 'Down By The Waterside' is issued by Rockburgh Records this weekend, climaxes his current European tour with a one-off London show at Victoria's The Venue on Friday, March 14. With Johnson on guitar and vocals, his current band features Alex Bines (drums) and Russell Strutter (bass).

MITCH RYDER & The Detroit Wheels fly into London on April 2 for an appearance at Camden Dingwalls — their only British date in a European tour. Ryder scored several chart hits circa 1966, though the band's line-up has changed completely since then.

GENESIS are now confirmed to play another, and positively final, London show at the Lyceum Ballroom on May 7. This follows their other extra gigs at Drury Lane Theatre Royal (5) and the Lyceum (6), both of which are sold out. But tickets for the May 7 concert won't go on sale until Sunday, May 4 — full details to follow.



THE LITTLE ROOSTERS are back in action with a new drummer, ex-Cock Sparrer member Steve Bruce. And they have London gigs in March at Islington Hope & Anchor (this Saturday and 22), Putney White Lion (11), Regents Park Bedford College (14), Fulham Greyhound (15), Kensington Nashville (20), Kensington Royal College of Art (28) and Canning Town Bridge House (30) — plus Derby Blue Note on March 13. Their second single 'That's How Strong My Love Is' comes out on March 28 on the new AMI label.

SHOWADDYWADDY play Poole Wessex Hall (March 14 and 15), Croydon Fairfield Hall (16 and 17), Brighton Centre (18), Middlesbrough Town Hall (29), Aberdeen Capitol (30), Edinburgh Usher Hall (31), Glasgow Apollo (April 1), Gloucester Leisure Centre (24), Southport Theatre (25), Blackpool Opera House (26), Blackburn King George's Hall (27), Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre (May 8), Swansea Leisure Centre (9) and Bridgend Leisure Centre (10). They also have a major London concert at the Dominion, Tottenham-Court Road, on April 20 — with the prospect of a second night being added.

RICHARD STRANGE performs his upcoming concept album at Kingston Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), London Kensington Nashville (March 13) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (19), backed only by a Revox. The LP is titled 'The Phenomenal Rise Of Richard Strange', and it's a political fantasy about a future European Federation. A single from the album 'International Language' has just been released.

THE CROOKS have added London Fulham Greyhound on March 21 to their 'Jailbait Tour', reported two weeks ago. And their show at London Victoria The Venue is put back by one day to March 29. After a week's delay, their new Blueprint Records single 'All The Time In The World' is now available in the shops.

THE NUMBERS are a new five-piece band fronted by girl singer Ouida. And they set off on the road in style, with gigs at two of London's circuit venues — Kensington Nashville (March 17 and 31) with The Soul Boys, and Camden Dingwalls (21 and 22) with the Billy Karloff Band.

THE SEARCHERS return to the live arena with London dates at Kensington Nashville (this Thursday and Friday) and Victoria The Venue (March 21) — and further London dates, plus a nationwide college tour, are currently being finalised. This activity ties in with the re-launch this weekend of their self-titled Sire Records album, originally issued in the autumn. A single 'It's Too Late' is also out this week.

FLEETWOOD MAC have now sold out all £7.50 tickets for their three Wembley dates (June 20-22). £6.50 and £5.50 tickets are still available from Mac Promotions, P.O. Box 282, London W1A 2BZ.



HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 5th March THE INSIDERS 75p	Sunday 9th March PROTEX 75p
Thursday 6th March THE Q-TIPS 75p	Monday 10th March LEE KOSMIN 75p
Friday 7th March BLAST FURNACE'S REVENGE £1	Tuesday 11th March MARTIAN DANCE 75p
Saturday 8th March LITTLE ROOSTERS £1	Wednesday 12th March BARRACUDAS 75p

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

TOYAH

SECTION 25 *the vipers*

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE: CAMDEN TOWN)
FRIDAY 14th MARCH at 7-30

TICKETS £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 485 9006
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 1371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
Saturday 8th March, 8 pm

CLIMAX BLUES BAND

+ **FORCE**

Sat 22nd Pat Travers + Preying Mantis

QUEENSWAY HALL, DUNSTABLE
Thursday 6th March, 8 pm

NAZARETH

+ **SAMSON**

Tickets £3.50 (15p booking charge) from Box Office, Tel: 603326, P.O. Moore, Luton and Dunstable, Record Room, St Albans, 'Old Town' Records, 11 Hemstead, Diamond Stylus Harpenden

THE GREYHOUND

Fulham Palace Road

Thu. 6th March MONEY + Ptarmigan 50p
Fri. 7th March MEALTICKET Benefit Gig £1.50
Sat. 8th March CAROL GRIMES + The Rave £1
Sun. 9th March DOLLY MIXTURES + The Upset £1
Mon. 10th March JOHNNY MARS 7th SUN 50p
Tue. 11th March THE INSIDERS 75p
Wed. 12th March TINS + The Moonwalkers 50p
GINO & THE SHARKS / JOHNNY G

E.P. NOW AVAILABLE ON A&M RECORDS

CATCH 'EM AT

ROCK GARDEN 14th Mar
HOPE & ANCHOR 15th Mar
THE GREYHOUND 20th Mar
MUSIC MACHINE 21st Mar

FREE BADGES SEND S.A.E. 71 Smyrke Road, London SE17

CAROLINE

Roadshow

Friday 7th March TALK OF THE EAST SOUTH PIER, LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK	Saturday 8th March CORN EXCHANGE MAIDSTONE, KENT
Friday 14th March THE INSTITUTE BRAINTREE, ESSEX	Saturday 15th March CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE OF ART & TECHNOLOGY MILL ROAD, CAMBRIDGE
Friday 21st March CHANCELLOR HALL MARKET ROAD, CHELMSFORD	Friday 28th March TOWN HALL CHATHAM, KENT

Doors open 8pm. D.J.'s Robb Eden, Robbie Day & Brian Martin.
We are Britain's most outrageous, Heavy Metal Roadshow. Adm £2.
To book the Caroline Roadshow Phone 0621-783-229

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AVAILABLE FOR ALL LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MARCH

6/7 Tom Petty
7 Doll By Doll
8 April Wine
8 Rainbow
8 The Knack
9 Squeeze
10 Ian Gillan
11/12/13 Peter Gabriel
14/15 Judas Priest
14 Orchestral Manoeuvres
15 Toyah
16 Nazareth
16 Eddie And The Hot Rods
17 Selector
21 Wreckless Eric
21 The Ruts
22 Selector
22/23 Andrea Crouch
23 Stiff Little Fingers
23 David Soul
26 Pat Travers
27/28 Siouxsie And Banshees
28/29 Blood, Sweat & Tears + War
29 Keith Jarrett
30/31 Billy Joel

APRIL

1 Sad Cafe
2/3 Rose Royce
4/7 Country Music Festival
5/6 B.B. King
10/11 Jethro Tull
14 Gerry Rafferty
19/20 Sammy Hagar
21 Secret Affair
30 Dr Hook

Please phone before setting out, check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE BOOKS
THU. MAR. 6 • Very electronic & any other sound

GANGSTERS

FRI. 7 • Remember 'Woolly Bully' by Sam the Sham, well this mob has covered it, turned it on its butt and come up with a 45 to beat the ska ballad of Robin Hood. Like 'em or else!

Q-TIPS

SAT. 8 • Styx/Volt outfit so it's soul food for breakfast not toast!

FURNITURE + DIRECTIONS

SUN. MAR. 9 • FAMOUS PLAYERS

THE MICE

MON. 10 • Invented furniture.

MARGO RANDOM

TUE. 11 • WITH THE SPACE VISIONS

BAUHAUS

WED. 12 • THU. 13 • Positively weird but talented outfit. IN CAMERA support on the 12th. MODERN ENGLISH the 13th. Recommended to both.

The Doors open 8.45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7.30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails right thru. Our restaurant is open 7.30 till last orders at 11.45pm Monday thru Saturday. We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100m from tube station).
PHONE: 240-3961

THE Venue

160 VICTORIA ST. SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1
Postal Applications (P.O.'s only) from The Venue

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing
7pm-3am.

Weds 5th Mar	JAPAN	£4.00
Thurs 6th Mar	The Best in New Wave Dance	£3.00
Fri 7th Mar	SPONOOCH	£3.00
Sat 8th Mar	UB40 + Headline	£3.00
Sun 9th Mar	NO DICE + Wildlife	£3.00
Tues 11th Mar	STRAWBS	£3.00
Weds 12th Mar	PROTEX + Venigmas	£3.00
Thurs 13th Mar	JIMMY LINDSAY	£4.00
Fri 14th Mar	LINDA LEWIS + Special Guests SOX	£3.00
Sat 15th Mar	WILKO JOHNSON + Support	£3.00
Sun 16th Mar	SUPERCHARGE + Straight 8	£3.00
Mon 17th Mar	A Sense of Ireland	£3.00
Tues 18th - Weds 19th March	THE TEARJERKERS + Moondogs + Guests	£3.00
Thurs 20th Mar	St Patrick's Night British Debut THE ATTRIX + O. C. NIEN + Guests	£3.00
Thurs 20th Mar	THE INMATES + Carpettes	£3.00
Thurs 20th Mar	THE PLANETS	£3.00

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane,
West Hampstead, N.W.6

Thursday 6th March	EXPRESSOS + Phones	£1
Friday 7th March	CRASS + Poison Girls	£1
Saturday 8th March	Adv tickets from Small Wonder, Rough Trade & Moonlight Club	£1
Monday 10th March	BLAST FURNACE'S REVENGE + Scissor Fits	£1
Tuesday 11th March	THE V.I.P.s + The Directions	£1.25
Wednesday 12th March	BAD MANNERS + Mobster	£1.25

Resident DJs Joe Lung and Joe Hallam

Y STUDIOS
YMCA Building
112 Great Russell St
London WC1
Tel 01-636 7289

Tickets: Virgin, L.T.B., Premier, Stereo Electronics, 326 Kentish Town Road NW5.
Postal applications from Y Studios.

Fri 14 March 8 pm	£2.50
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ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK

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ORIOR + GUESTS

Doors open 7.30pm
Wednesday March 12th

Collegiate Theatre, Gordon Street, WC1
Goode Street or Euston Square Tube

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Doors open 7.30pm

CRAWDADDY CLUB
CRAWDADDY ON THE ROAD

Thursday 6th March
Wooden Bridge, Guildford

THE MICE

+ Spiders

Friday 7th March
Paddington College, Paddington Green

THE MICE

+ The Holidays

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On the roundabout, Hammersmith

Thursday March 13th
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RAINCOATS

+ Delta 5

Tkts Rough Trade £1.30
At Door £1.80

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NOTRE DAME HALL
LEICESTER SQUARE

This week

EVAN PARKER, BARRY GUY
JOHN RUSSELL, RICHARD GOLDMAN

8 pm. Admission £2

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CRAWDADDY ON THE ROAD

Thursday 6th March
Wooden Bridge, Guildford

THE MICE

+ Spiders

Friday 7th March
Paddington College, Paddington Green

THE MICE

+ The Holidays

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THE GREYHOUND, FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thurs March 6th

THE TARGET, READING

Friday March 7th

JUMPERS TAVERN, CHRISTCHURCH

Saturday March 15th

THE BRECKNOCK, CAMDEN

Monday March 17th

LIVE PAGE

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS

NINE BELOW ZERO

LYCEUM
SUNDAY 16th MARCH at 7.30

TICKETS £3.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE TEL: 435 3715
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

Manicured Noise

A Certain Ratio

The Teardrop Explodes

Echo & The Bunny Men

Psychedelic Furs

LYCEUM
SUNDAY 23rd MARCH at 6.30pm

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OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

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THE STEP

Tuesday 11th March
THE BRIDGE HOUSE
CANNING TOWN E.16

Wednesday 12th March
101 CLUB,
CLAPHAM

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AND THE LAST RESORT

DUKE OF LANCASTER, NEW BARNET
SATURDAY, 8th MARCH, 1980(!!) 9.00

KENNEDY STREET PRESENTS

SAD CAFE

IN CONCERT WITH SUPPORT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

Box Office 01-748 4081
TUESDAY 1st APRIL at 8 pm
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00

THE MOVIES

MUSIC MACHINE

7th MARCH

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday 6th March
LICK MALOLLY

Friday 7th March
CO2

Saturday 8th March
LAST RESORT

Sunday 9th March
THE STEP

Tuesday 11th March
STEPPING OUT

CRAWDADDY CLUB

The Star, London Road,
West Croydon

Sat 8th March **SLOW TRAIN** + Nero £1

Sunday 9th March **THE HEYDAY PLAYERS** + Idiot Dancers £1

Mon 10th March **THE ACT** + Back Door Man 50p

Tues 11th March **THE BUNCH** + The Tearjerkers 50p

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Saturday 8th March **THE PLANETS** + Gaskin £2

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Crown Inn, Eastleigh, Southampton, March 13
Creset Centre, Peterborough, March 14
Agency: Bron Management: Brighton Beat RB06 YAP.

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BAUHAUS

PLAIN CHARACTERS

PLUS GUESTS

7.30 THURS, 20TH MARCH
ELECTRIC BALLROOM
(84 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1)

BOOTED AND SUITED TOUR (CONT'D)

NINE BELOW ZERO

8th MARCH UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK
9th M. HALF MOON — HERNE HILL
12th M. BRADFORD UNIVERSITY
13th M. KENSINGTON — RUSSELL GARDENS
14th M. ROCK GARDEN — COVENT GARDEN
15th MAR HOPE & ANCHOR — N.1.
16th MAR LYCEUM — STRAND
20th MAR THE GREYHOUND — W.6.
21st MARCH THE MUSIC MACHINE
TO BE CONT'D NEXT WEEK

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

All The Who's 45s

HOW many British singles have The Who had? Could you also list the relevant catalogue numbers?

MARK TOVEY, Gravesend.

● If we skip solo items — which I most certainly am going to do — the list pans out something like this — 'I'm The Face'/'Zoot Suit', as by The High Numbers (Fontana TF480-1964), 'I Can't Explain'/'Bald Headed Woman' (Brunswick 05926-1964), 'Anyway, Anyway, Anywhere'/'Daddy Rolling Stone' (Brunswick 05935-1965), 'My Generation'/'Shout And Shimmy' (Brunswick 05944-1965), 'The Kids Are Alright'/'The Ox' (Brunswick 05956-1966), 'A Legal Matter'/'Instant Party' (Brunswick 05965-1966), 'Substitute'/'Circles' (Reaction 591001-1966), 'Substitute'/'Waltz For A Pig' (also numbered Reaction 591001-1966), the 'B' side by 'The Who Orchestra', 'I'm A Boy'/'In The City' (Reaction 592001-1966), 'Happy Jack'/'I've Been Away' (Reaction 591010-1966), 'Picture Of Lily'/'Doctor, Doctor' (Track 604002-1967), 'The Last Time'/'Under My Thumb' (Track 604006-1967), 'I Can See For Miles'/'Someone's Coming' (Track 604011-1967), 'Call Me Lightning'/'Dogs' (Track 604023-1968), 'Magic Bus'/'Dr Jekyll And Mr Hyde' (Track 604024-1968), 'Pinball Wizard'/'Dogs Part Two' (Track 604027-1969), 'The Seeker'/'Here For More' (Track 604036-1970), 'Summertime Blues'/'Heaven And Hell' (Track 2094002-1970), 'See Me Feel Me'/'Overture From Tommy' (Track 2094004-1970), 'Won't Get Fooled Again'/'Don't Know Myself' (Track 2094009-1971), 'Let's See Action'/'When I Was A Boy' (Track 2094012-1971), 'Join Together'/'Baby Don't You Do It' (Track 2094102-1972), 'Relay'/'Wasp Man' (Track 2094106-1973), '5.15'/'Water' (Track 2094115-1973), 'Overture From Tommy'/'Listening To You'/'See Me Feel Me' (Polydor 2001561-1975), 'Squeeze Box'/'Success Story' (Polydor 2121275, also available on 12"), 'Substitute'/'I'm A Boy'/'Picture Of Lily' (Polydor 2058803-1976), 'Who Are You'/'Had Enough' (Polydor WHO 1-1978), 'Long Live Rock'/'I'm The Face'/'My Wife' (Polydor WHO 2-1979) and 'I'm One'/'5.15' (Polydor WHO 3-1979).

What else? Well I suppose I can mention the 'Ready, Steady Go' EP, even though it doesn't strictly fit in a singles discography. Released on Reaction 592001 (1966), it contained 'Disguises'/'Circles'/'Batman'/'Barbara Ann' and is generally considered to be the rarest Who item. I'll also provide the info that the first 1,000 copies of 'Anywhere, Anyway, Anywhere' (1965), were issued in pop art sleeves, while my copy of *Smashed*, *Blocked* reveals that the Who Orchestra item (1966) was actually performed

by The Graham Bond Organisation. And that's about it — except for the news that 'I'm The Face'/'Zoot Suit' is about to be reissued by Phonogram. Which brings us right back to where we came in!

HAS Tony McPhee's Terraplane disbanded? If so, what is Tony doing now? Also, can you tell me if Terraplane actually recorded the album they were said to be working on?

DAVID PATTERSON, Birmingham.

● Main thing on the McPhee mind right now is the problem of selling his Suffolk abode so that he can afford to move back to London. However, he did find enough time to impart the info that Terraplane never did complete any album and have recently been replaced by an as yet unnamed outfit that T.S. has formed with ex-Groundhog drummer Clive Brooks and one-time Neon Hearts bassist Paul Raven. Recently, McPhee worked with Wilgur Campbell (drums) and Alan Fish (bass) to provide some excellent backings on Billy Boy Arnold's 'Checkin' It Out' (Red Lightnin') album, while sometime back he appeared on Mike Batt's 'Tarot Suite' (Epic).

I HAVE enclosed a copy of 'The Internationale', one of our biggest hits for the past 30 years; which I dedicate to your reader A. Graham of Kelvinbridge, Glasgow, whose letter I read in *Info City* (5/1/80). Sorry it isn't the Red Army version but this one is the only recording of the song we can get in this country. Unfortunately we can only get this type of song, so I wondered if any of your readers could help me with other tastes — especially hard rock, punk and other good sounds. You should know that people who try to trade English records in this country are often jailed and persecuted. It is difficult to buy foreign records here too — they are about five or six more times expensive than Czech ones. Would any of you like to pay £25 or £30 for an album? Please help us by supplying any unwanted demo records, juke box discs, forgotten elpees or singles. I'll certainly send you another thousand or two of the enclosed single if you wish. Then you can paper your walls with them before the red power snatches at you. Let's spend the night together, you bloody capitalists!

JOSEF, Czechoslovakia

● I haven't listed Josef's full address for obvious reasons but I'm going to ship him a box of assorted goodies very shortly and if anybody out there (punters or record companies) wants to donate any discs, mags or merely good wishes, then just forward them to me at *NME* and I'll pass 'em on to our Czech mate, lumbering IPC with the bill in best prole fashion!

LIVE!

Elvis Costello And The Attractions

West Runton

BETTER put it all in present tenses . . .

From neurology in some pharmacy to 'Get Happy!!' on a seaside holiday (!!)

The attraction is in an adventurously limited trail for the provinces, where a lot of people live and buy records and don't get gigs. West Runton Pavilion is the first of those definitely smaller, probably more deserving gigs; is practically Norfolk's only hot hop, and — unsympathetic local forces? — is soon to be shut, finitely.

Mr Costello opens like a chum. Observing the imminent closure, he shapes a dedication relevant to future fates. For if but one night is given us, we might surely take from it, yet snappy!!

The human touch — no pessimism — from the 'new' Elvis? Whether you knew or accepted any other one in the past, whether he alone was ever *that* responsible for its construction — these considerations are pushed aside for now.

He's got a grin, it could take you by surprise. And did you see him fly on *TOTPI!!*?

The mythical, taciturn powdered, scowling author is dissolved in a 20 track LP, a snappy seltzer fizz dominated not by this or that Elvis Costello so much as by a playful, gleeful pop language; the peak of *parole* (meaning: one person's use of some wider language available to them).

The Costello rewrite of past pop books (some '60s soul) isn't a copyist's cheat, pulp, but a transformational pact — not a million styles from what Bowie did with some '70s soul on 'Young Americans'.

In my pop childhood I was mostly sold on soul, so I'm happy (!!) I stopped listening to someone else's Elvis Costello and started to hear simple subjectivity. No one ever accused Smokey Robinson of being obsessive, did they? Don't be silly.

In the immediacy of a solipsism's aspersion are hidden doubt, debt, weak

defences, dead emotion: 'Insecurity' isn't so much a dirty word as a line of worn connotations — after all, even clichés get insecure.

A secure pop language is a protective language: it never renders, never rends, but shuts you up and keeps you in, limits ideas and vocabulary, represses who and what you might identify with. It's a world where everyone is obediently psychological, economic, sexual — framed in a keyhole and always naked, each figure fashioned from cellophane-see-through.

A romance, as Billie Holliday once sang, "With no quarrels, with no insults, and all morals."

Undesirable ideologies — you know, the things the Left is always lapel-badging against — are born and bred in daily language, in triviality, in casual acquaintances with culture . . .

"Those disco synthesizers / Those daily tranquilisers / . . . Those bedroom alibis."

Elvis Costello and The Attractions bespeak a less padded, more aesthetically radical case for thorough narrative, a better bitterness in an instrumental introduction without off-putting echoes of stock rock rigmarole — the obstinate inherited manners, rusty riffs in smiling files. It's a music which will inevitably draw to it unsufferable adjectives, like: nervous (but it's not inhibited) or aggressive (but it's not inhibiting — maybe it was, but no longer). It's not straightforward.

At West Runton they played confident but agitated, spiked but not arrogant pop music, with someone sympathetic over the mixing desk dials. Perhaps they were too cramped at times, but with the concentration of words as it is, especially in the 'Get Happy!!' songs, it's definitely apt and probably inevitable that an odd beat be left hanging on the phoneme.

The difference between this show — pun music, jump music — and the other once I saw them live (year and a half ago) was between being left numb, and have succumbed. A sensual change — you're kept under an impression, not



A happy man can fly. Elvis pic Pennie Smith.

ego'd underband, allowed to follow apace.

The three Attractions are still rhythmically centrifugal and suitably anonymous. An ideal engine now able to

exploit the terribly meticulous tension they're capable of producing, even if it still isn't overwhelmingly reflected in their own aesthetic presence. EC is still the totem. His

aesthetic I reckon to be about the equal opposite (kick me if this get too screwed-up hippie astronomer-ish) to the pin-up doubt, Sting. Elvis is cluttered cool, melancholy's violence, a sweaty statue. Smaller venues suit them, I suppose.

'Get Happy!!' and 'This Year's Model' were sources for the majority of selections, so when things drag — as anything does — I at least had home-from-home fun with favourites, lines ("I wanted to seize you / But I'm no good with machinery") and tunes (including the sneak-spaced 'Get Happy!!' love story trilogy: 'Temptation' — 'Opportunity' — 'Possession').

'Watching The Detectives' got the big de-dub dig, simply interrogated into incompatible parts, quietly battered. The only other real elder was 'Less Than Zero', which wasn't so severely dealt with. Something I didn't recognise led with an introductory bar or so of 'Tears Of A Clown', done most slowly, surreptitiously: what a wounded stare you wear.

Other titles are easily guessed. The definitely terrace-chant and probably chart-top 'I Can't Stand Up' announced the encores; EC lectured persons unknown about their spit — "Pardon me while I contain myself" — and everybody seemed happy at the end.

They could have done Smokey Robinson & The Miracles 'When The Words From Your Heart Get Caught Up In Your Throat' — but that's just me wishing overboard, as usual. "I think I'd better write a note . . ."

One such: I'd missed Clive Langer & The Boxes, because

it took me even longer than usual to get to the gig. What with highwaymen and highwaywomen and . . .

Ian Penman

Jackson Band

Hammersmith Palais

I WONDER what drives Joe Jackson these days.

It used to be an obsessive desire for an audience. Now he's got one, he's trapped; he's lost his main point of contact. He doesn't need to win their confidence anymore.

Joe Jackson hates to think of himself as part of the system. He is, of course, thought not a part of its conceit, its vanity or tedious predictability.

He hates to consider himself one of its typical products. Perversely, of course, he's that as well.

You use just the same channels to set yourself up as a non-star with no politics, no sex appeal, no glamour, in fact nothing faintly enviable at all, bar the dubious pleasures of recognition. You make the record, polka-dot the lapel, you mime the song on TV along with the ranks of the less self-conscious, and — with luck — you become the anti-hero, the king of cult, the superstar of starlessness. That's the game, and Joe plays it pretty well.

But I wonder if his sardonic side *provokes* any more, or if that's become another passive game that we can all play too. Sure, he ridicules *himself* at times, but that's just an integral part of the machine that's elevated him to the enviable position of being able to ridicule others.

What's in it for his audience? Are they immune, or don't they listen any more?

Tonight, songs pile upon songs ranting about the hideousness of discos, the inane stupidity of fashions and trends, the pathetic nature of category, the sad repercussions of relationships that corrode and turn in on themselves. And in between them, endless barbs about the bigoted slant of the music press and the moronic factions of their (supposed) readership — "sociology students, week-end jazz musicians, headbangers, Gary Numan fans".

Too much preaching to the converted becomes an orgy of mutual self-congratulation; to the rest it probably just seems patronising. Where's the happy medium?

For some strange reason, Joe feels a need to carry on being so fiercely defensive, knocking down the surround just to stake his own claim. If it's taken him this long to win his audience's confidence, you'd think he'd have more confidence in them.

His new songs — lyrically — are just so much paraffin on the embers of the old. 'Pretty Things', "for all those who watch *Top Of The Pops*" (his entire audience, I should imagine) is a snide sidelong glance at those popsters blessed with image and sex appeal (which could only have been written by someone whose claim to have neither has since synthesised both), and "for all the mods" (none) 'Out Of Style', which is another 'I'm The Man' rehash about the insanely fast turn-over of trends.

Still, despite a power failure at the end, for sheer class and pure streamlined scathing delivery, the Jackson Band can scarce be beat. This is a great gig, and with entry restricted to 2,500, it's a sell-out but there's still plenty of space left to breathe, move, get drinks, dance; these things *matter*!

Much of the set is re-arranged with a couple of

Continues page 55

Fly me I'm Elvis!



But old misery-guts Jackson can't. Pic Anton Corbijn.

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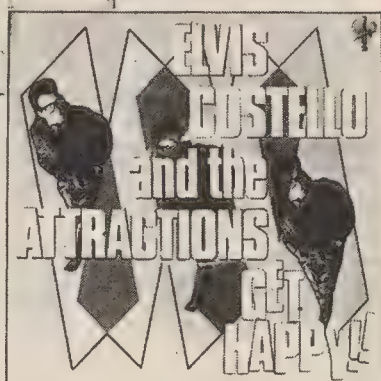
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PRETENDERS



MADNESS



ONE STEP BEYOND...

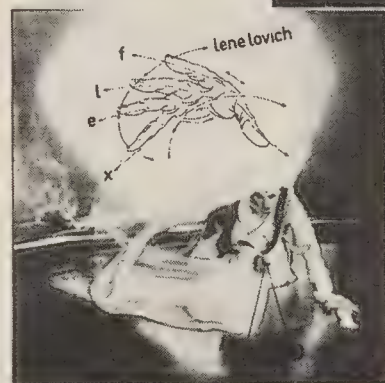
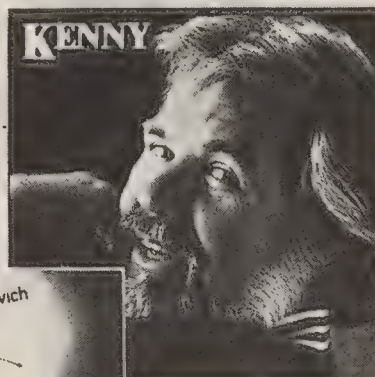
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Joe Ely

Venue

THEY bop, they hop, they bounce like rampaging 'roos. They sing songs bearing titles as profound as 'She's My Baby, She's My Girl' and 'Do I Love You Baby, Do I?'. They come from Manchester, they're known as The Trend and tonight is their big night — showcase at the Branson Palais. So they try hard to impress.

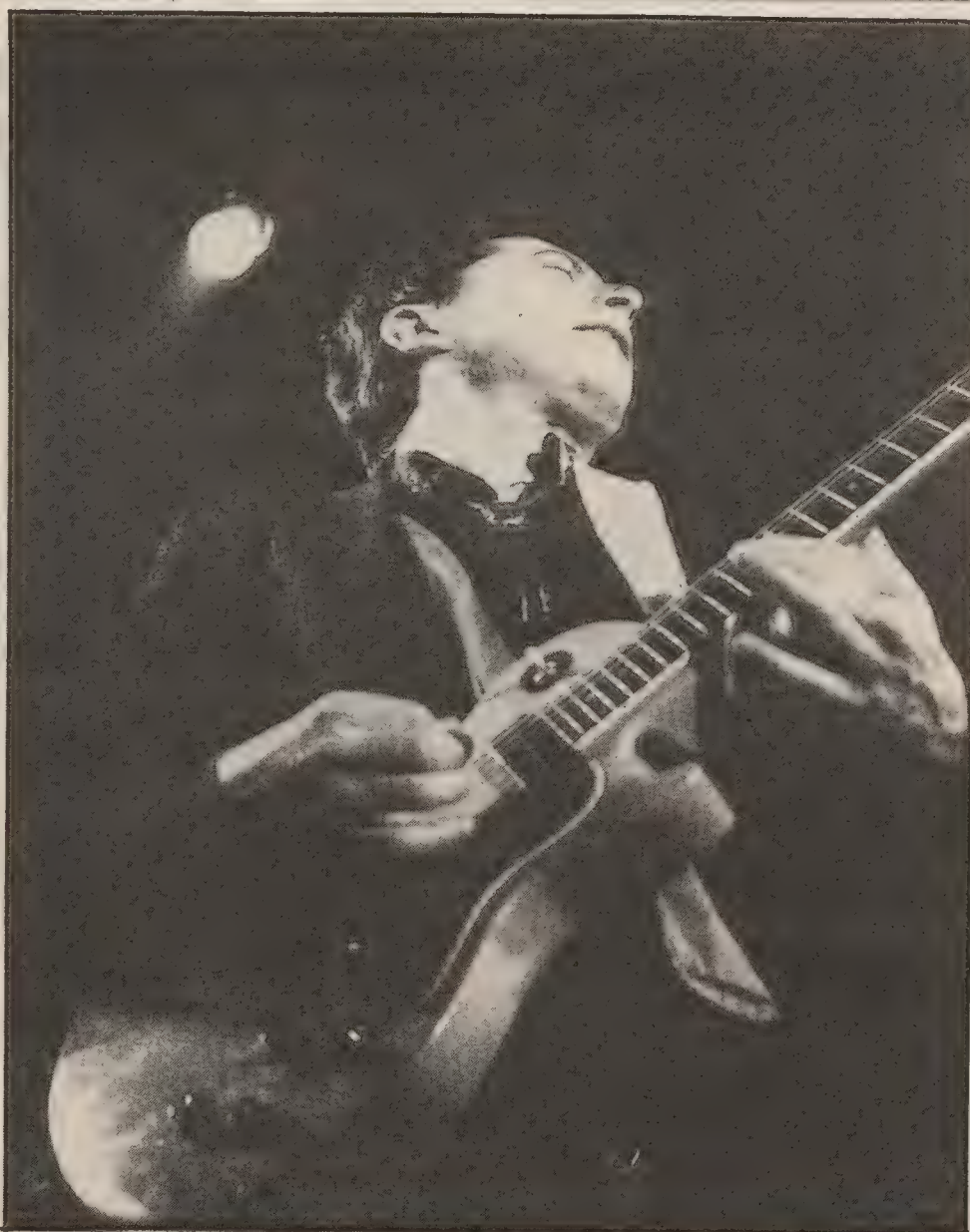
Hop, bop, bounce, baby, baby. No-one is visibly offended.

Next — Ely. Or rather the Ely Band, warming on a riff. They kick instantly — one opening Perkins-like guitar lick, a Chenier'd reply from Ponty Bone's accordion and we're off down the honky tonk highway. Real instant. Like shazam!

The senses already reeling, Ely moves onstage. He bar-blats 'Standin' At The Big Hotel' and the punters — as if bought and paid for by MCA — wah-hoo to a man. Front of stage it's now Austin Opry time, real dancin' and the smell of beer. Ely's in his stride. Ripping into hit after hit. Not chart hits but real hits — 'She Never Spoke Spanish to Me'; the eerie moan at his 'Boxcars'; the sheer joy we know as 'Dallas' — Joe's hits, my hits, the out-front punters' hits.

Anthems, every one, and Ely's singing is grit-and-guts great — even though it wouldn't matter if he operated on a lower power output. For the band, bless their rock an' roll hearts, play all the aces.

Guitarist Jesse Taylor, black-shirted and looking greasy, comes on like a refugee from Sun Studios; King Squeeze Box Ponty Bone looks like everybody's favourite French master and proves he has an education in cajun chicanery. Then there's Lloyd Maines, the unperturbable Mr Businessman, sedate behind



Ely does the SW1 Waltz. Pic Santo Basone.

Honky Tonk Highwayman

his pedal-steel, adept at slight of hand and offering up the most incredible succession of sounds ever to be coaxed from that ungainly instrument.

Everyone's a hero, baby. And the crowd attests to the fact, noisily and often.

Singer-songwriter Butch Hancock then moves in to swap local choruses with Ely on 'West Texas Waltz,' which now comes re-modelled with a killer, almost ska-like ride-out. Minutes later, Hancock elects for a solo spot as the band head for the bar. Just imagine — a guy in a yellow Gene Autry shirt, with an acoustic guitar and harness harp, singing a songbook straight out of the Guthrie/Ochs/pre-historic Dylan era and following one of the most sensational rock acts that stomped this way for many a fortnight. Could he be a success? In a word — no!

In fact, Hancock merely showed why the big Zim opted for electricity back in '66. But when you're acoustic, nobody can pull the plug on you. So Butch stays. A couple of Texas waltzes and a talking blues later the Ely Band returns, building slowly this time. 'Fools Fall In Love', 'I Had My Hopes Up High'... we begin to sing along again. Next, a blues — a kinda matchbox that ends in succession of coyote call choruses — and Ely has got 'em eating out of his hand again.

Suddenly, it's 'Honky Tonk Masquerade' and — gasp — Carlene Carter appears. Gasp again — for Carlene's in a mini-skirt and suits it fine. But down, boy, down; Maines has jumped a gear once more and everybody's rockin' to 'Lipstick Powder and Paint', Carlene and Ely cavorting in appreciation before moving on to an utterly joyous 'Honky Tonkin' and a final rip 'em apart 'Suckin' On A Big Bottle of Gin'.

The lights dim. Applause, applause. Stamp, stamp,

stamp. Ely returns with a "Here's one that was written by another guy from our home town". We all mouth "If you knew Peggy Sue, then you know why I feel blue" and hiccup together.

Next day I still felt good.

Fred Dellar

Psychedelic Furs

Hammersmith Palais

THE FURS come to the end of their short Iggy run, and smugly pause. Not just after the Iggy dates, but following a quiet, off-centre but effective build up of reputation as new contenders. Their time is soon, it seems.

Their reputation does them too much credit.

The Psychedelic Furs are one of those groups masquerading as evasive new leaders who are actually leading us backwards, and no one's noticing or caring to admit it. They're smart, but for all their confidence, lack true vitriol and vitality and the ability to add explosive, unconventional substance to the basic clichéd framework of exertion and terseness. They've researched and rehearsed the right hip musical and visual moves, but behind the wild relentless facade they're as invigorating as London tap water.

A two guitar, bass, drum, sax, flat-voice unit, they suggest nothing of the panoramic, irregular possibilities of that arrangement. They just assault bluntly, blankly — a safe sort of fashionable commotion. Butler Rep, their singer — mock-nasty, half wearing raincoat and sneer — introduces no excitement. Attempting to dominate the stage like all the faces of the last decade you can remember he sings with old fashioned contained hatefulness and is the final Furs turn off.

Do we really need these exhibitionists?

Paul Morley

THE
CROOKS
JUST
RELEASED

Debut Album

Produced by
Simon Boswell

blueprint
BLUP 5002



Bad Manners

Music Machine

THERE'S a dancing competition before Bad Manners come onstage, and the judge is one Lee Thompson, saxophonist in Madness, aided and abetted by fellow Madman Mark 'Bedders' Bedford.

The dance floor is crowded with skinhead moonstompers, braces, boots and blad barnets bobbing determinedly, some in the more traditional rolling skank, some in the trendier 2-Tone style. The winners are Chalkie and Lindsey, both Madness roadies and faithful buddies, for dancing the most like Chas and Suggs — and the irony of it is that nobody seems to mind.

Suddenly a burst of music and Bad Manners ride into the heroic anthem of 'The Magnificent Seven', two sax and one trumpet putting the set into high velocity from the start. They are rudely halted by 17 stone vocalist Buster Bloodvessel stomping onstage and bellowing "Shut Up" in his best foghorn imitation.

And, for just less than a minute, there isn't a sound in the Music Machine.

Then straight into 'Woolly Bully', Buster throwing his deadweight, bulging, heaving gut that's hanging out of his trousers and riding up his T-shirt around the stage, his long tongue flapping obscenely round the words to the songs. This is much more of a straight skinhead than ska band — hard, biting aggression and plenty of action, the music marching and charging round the venue, Buster crudely cheering on his rowdy, ecstatic audience.

Bad Manners obviously have a strong local following and like Madness, they're very much a London band with 'street credibility'. They are part of their skinhead audience and because of this there is a very close, almost guarded intimacy between band and audience.

The atmosphere between the two is warm, exhilarating and thoroughly enjoyable, but for those outside that little clique it is difficult to share, and therefore difficult to imagine Bad Manners being anything other than a popular local band, with an exclusive cult following.

They are no more than a raucous, beer-drinking pub band; but they are a dance band too, and also a comedy band in which Buster is the star.

He sings a paean to fatties called 'Lip Up Fatty', tells them this is the year of the fatty and probably makes any of his followers with the least of a beergut feel proud to be that much closer to Buster. Bad Manners inspire loyalty, but only amongst those who can identify with them.

They sing their ridiculous, nonsensical single, 'Na Na Ne Ne Noo Noo' twice (to the punters delight) and Buster sings a love song, a surprise when announced, but typical when he explains that it's about his love, his desire, his wonder, for Special Brew beer: "I love you, yes I do/Gonna spend all my money on you."

Which he undoubtedly does, and always will — so it's just as well that Bad Manners will probably never make it big, 'cos then Buster Bloodvessel would never find a pair of trousers to fit him.

Deanne Pearson

Delta 5 Liggers

Moonlight Club
AN EVENING OF

disappointments.

The first was that the Liggers were not the northern Liggers, as featured in the excellent fanzine *Brass Lip*, but an obscure Aylesbury

group who have drastically OD'd on early Stones records. In their favour, they had youth and enthusiasm: against them, the fact they were dreadful — a noisy, thrashy assault on blues-rock and R&B, with 'Little Queenie' and 'Around And Around' the severest casualties.

Aside from their lack of technique or feeling, there was a total dearth of originality. The whole set was an exercise in derivation — every guitar cliché in the book and a singer whose Jaggeresque nasal whine and rampant 'rock star' posturing was both ludicrous and embarrassing. Looking barely a minute over 12, he was much too young for his attempts at leering sexual bravado to be at all credible.

Such mindless apeing of traditional forms and attitudes

merely trashes the music and gives support bands a bad name.

Delta 5 were a further disappointment, albeit of a minor and possibly passing nature.

They're tighter and sharper now, but at the expense of a swaying mesmeric buoyancy that, for me, constituted much of their charm. The change is most noticeable in the guitar sound, abrasive and choppy, nodding toward Andy Gill discords and in the frantic onstage demeanour of vocalist Julz, who leaps about while singing 'I Want To Be Alone' as if undertaking a crash course in callisthenics.

Essentially, it's a feeling that the rhythm now cuts straight ahead instead of hovering from side to side — gallops rather than scoots — and that Delta 5 have sacrificed some

of their old suppleness and spring for a more direct attack.

The songs for which this is least true — 'Mind Your Own Business', 'Now That You've Gone' and the slightly too shrill 'You' — are the ones I enjoy the most. Otherwise, the tough 'Make Up' and a brief, clattery rendition of The Mekons' 'Where Were You' are the only undiluted pleasures of the night.

Remaining songs have had their rhythmic textures stripped away, only to expose some occasionally humdrum vocals, a lack of strong tunes, and rather inconsequential lyrics that assert vague notions of individualism.

Speedy drums and a lot of chanting can't disguise the deficiencies. Much of their set was simply dull.

Maybe it was just a bad night, but I can't help

wondering if they're going in the right direction, and if they haven't already used up their best songs on the first single.

I hope I'm wrong, but just at the moment, I'd need a lot of convincing.

Graham Lock

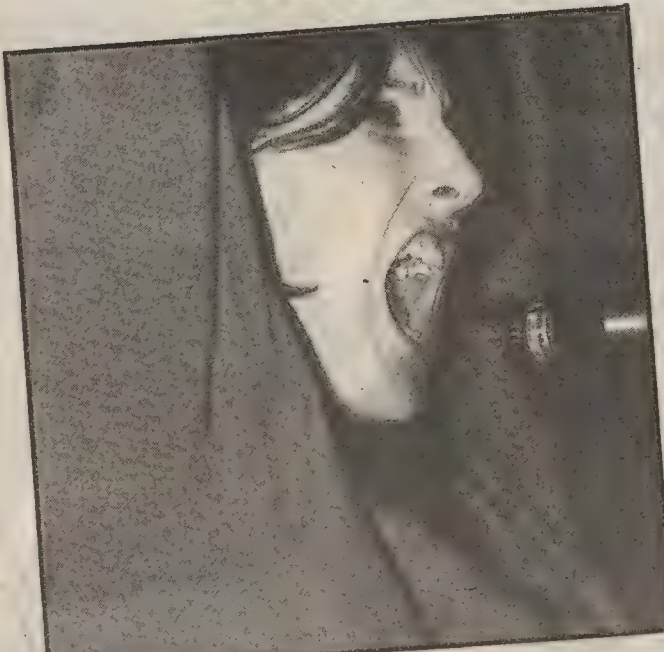
Ellen Foley

Venue

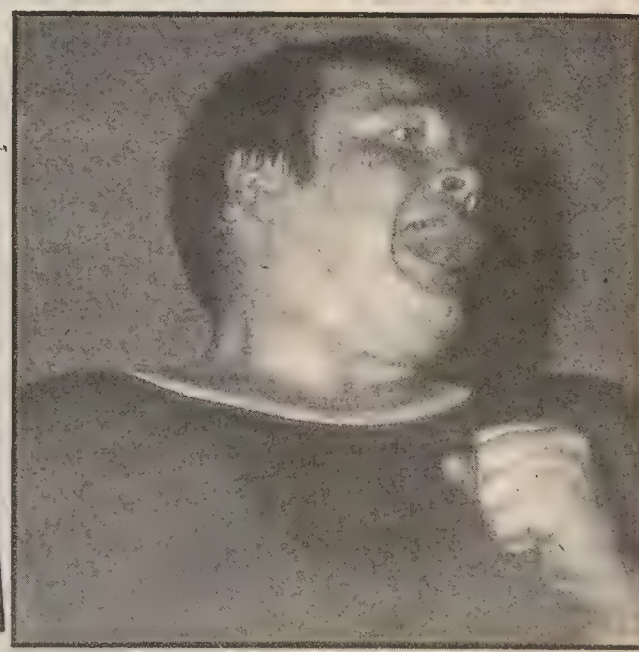
MAYBE she was trying too hard through first night nerves in a strange country. Or maybe she's normally arrogantly vulgar, so much so that she doesn't realise what a fool she's making of herself. But her performance at the Venue was embarrassingly contrived and forced.

She flounced onstage as if she were Lyndsey De Paul on *Celebrity Squares*, all blonde, teased hair and full, pouting

Bad manners maketh



Delta Lady



Buster Gut. Pix Peter Anderson



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the person



Rock Foley. Pic David Corio.

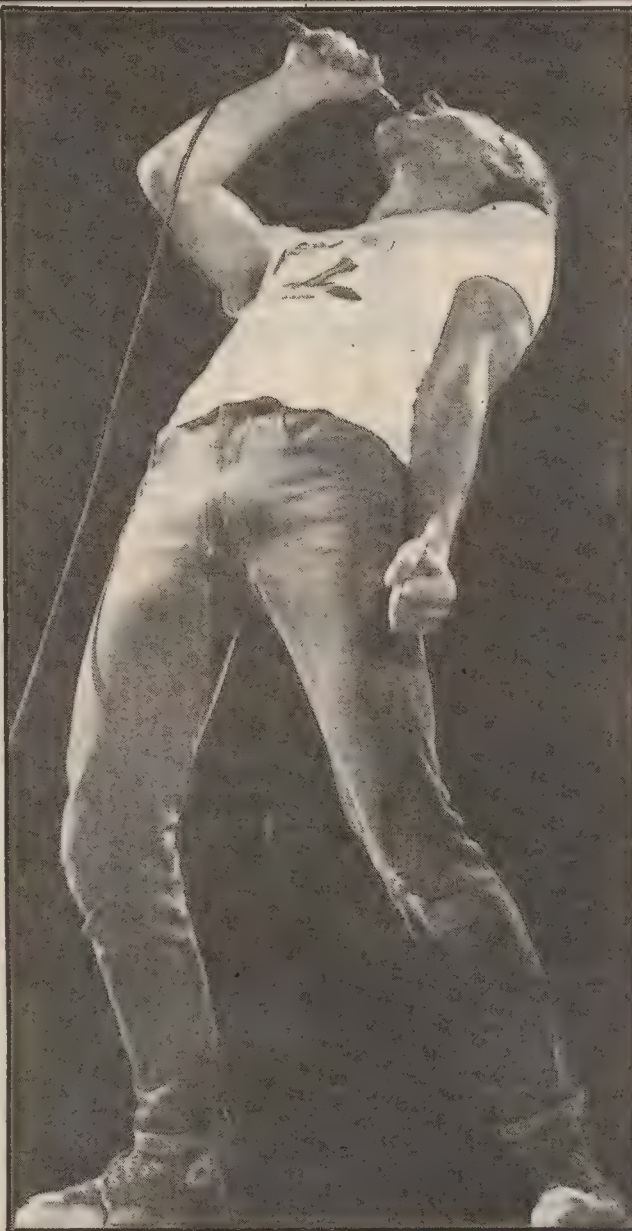
red lips; and the sweaty young men at the tables welcomed her ecstatically. Of course she loved it, playing up to the lights and audience, strutting and posing for the photographers, not even noticing that more were laughing at her after only a few numbers.

Before each song there was a little scene-setting narrative in husky vocals — "There were these two kids who lived in the suburbs, a boy and a girl, and they worked all day in a factory, but at night... at night... they came into the city... and they danced, oh how they danced... because they were free". It prepared the way for 'We Belong To The Night', 'Night Out' and other glamour-romance tales: and that's what most of Ms Foley's songs are all about — lost, elusive loves; possessive

boyfriends; and inevitably her own sexuality.

There were little stage props too — a hand mirror with which she spanked her leather-clad thighs as she swanked across the stage, whipping the microphone lead around her; the toy cap-gun (which failed to go off properly); the black leather glove. But everyone likes to see someone making a fool of themselves and the audience cheered her on.

Her group — which included George Myers on keyboards and Martin Brierly on bass, both from the Ian Hunter Band (wow!) — provided a tight, flawless back-up that lacked any enthusiasm or real feel. It was as if they were just going through the motions, knowing their part off by heart, and leaving the stage clear for Ms



Inna... Malcolm Owen. Pic George Bodnar.

Star Sex Symbol herself — probably all according to instructions. But matters can't have been helped by Foley fawning on each in turn as they concentrated blindly on their playing.

For Costello's 'Mystery

Dance' she wore a mauve dressing-gown and was joined by some tarted-up male mannequin type to sing and wriggle with. But by the time the next prop for 'Don't Wanna Be Lonely No More' was brought on — a large

The Ruts

Reading

A YEAR has passed since The Ruts rode the crest of the RAR movement, since when they've fostered a hefty grass-roots following, but have stayed firmly entrenched in the shop-floor league.

They still provide the same brand of raw, aggressive commotion that characterised music at the time of their formation in '77 and which still incites a nihilistic response amongst their disciples. Down in the arena, the scenario is familiar and tedious: ugly sado-masochistic rituals of body-bouncing, gobbing (the worst I've ever seen — guitarist Paul Fox almost wept at the ordeal), getting manhandled by municipal gorillas in earmuffs... you know, *letting off steam*.

Relentless in their aim, sloppy in their technique, and volume-bound to boot, The Ruts hammer out grim, monolithic slabs of rent-a-riff punkrock, which is in turn rendered unintelligible by the appalling acoustics. They seem so keen to present an image of anarchy and belligerence, that the music takes a back seat and the songs disintegrate into rough, raucous noise.

Only when they plugged into the dub-dryer, eased up, and did 'Jah Wars' did any signs of cohesion and control appear. It was the one song that improved in the transition from record to live performance. But the respite was short-lived, as further incursions into reggaeville ended up as cosmetic nightmares.

If The Ruts could write eight more songs like 'Jah Wars', then the world might remember their names.

But on the whole, their current repertoire of militant chants — 'Babylon's Burning', 'Dope For Guns', 'SUS', 'Out Of Order' — rapidly starts to sound like repetitive sloganeering, becoming increasingly monotonous as the night grinds on. Musically, they're up a proverbial creek in a barbed-wire canoe without paddle.

The confusion focuses on frontman and fathead Malcolm Owen, whose ungainly hollering, cussing and butch muscle-flexing turns the monotony into fatigue. Embodying the role of Everyvictim, he launches vociferous, garbled tirades against the uglier elements of society — like the Southall cops and the National Front (represented here by a clique of tragically misguided miniature Sieg Heilers), or just generally being stuck in a rut; as indeed he appears to be.

The stance of The Ruts is by no means unworthy in view of the epidemic indifference to the issues they touch upon, and I've no doubt about their sincerity. But stretched over 90 minutes of bad rock'n'roll, it merely rams home the message that life's a terminal disease. Maybe it is.

Rick Joseph

black radio that blacks and hip American kids walk down the street swinging and clicking their fingers to — the audience had had enough and someone yelled out "Turn on John Peel! He'll be more interesting than you!"

The lady was only slightly perturbed and still threw out red and white carnations to the crowd at the end of the set

although a full strip show would have been more appropriate by this time.

Ellen Foley has a strong, well-trained voice, but what good is that when it's channelled into cabaret material backed up by cheap, clumsy theatrics? She is no more than a third rate Shirley Bassey, Petula Clark or Lulu.

Deanne Pearson

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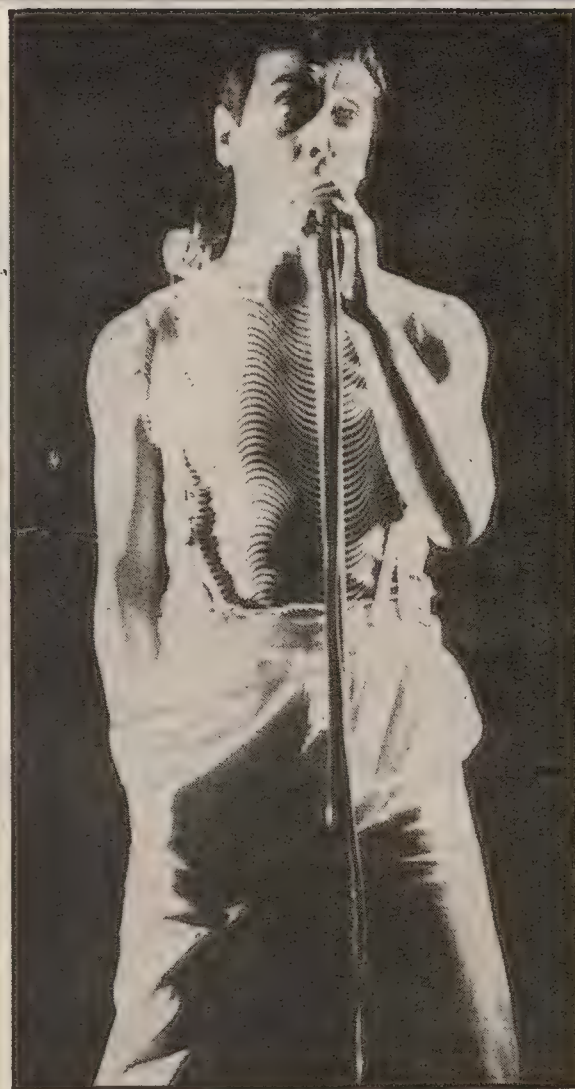
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Solo group singer Freddie King. Pic Harry Papadopoulos.

The Solos

Glasgow

SINCE October most of Glasgow's best gigs have been at the new College of Technology Union Building (if you can get in). For sub-Apollo touring bands and gig-starved Scottish groups it is an invaluable venue, all thanks to the visionary booking policy of social sec Paddy O'Neill.

Suffering from snow-blindness in heavy coats we arrive to see most of Root 2's interminable performance. They play AWB restrained funk with occasional acknowledgements to reggae, Elvis Costello, Dire Straits and similar quantum leaps in 20th Century musical theory development. Root 2 dissolve in the corner.

The Solos' media blitz starts here. There's a single called 'Talking Pictures' due with extensive advertising planned, and they were support on The Tourists' tour. So commercial interests are going to ensure that you have trouble avoiding them.

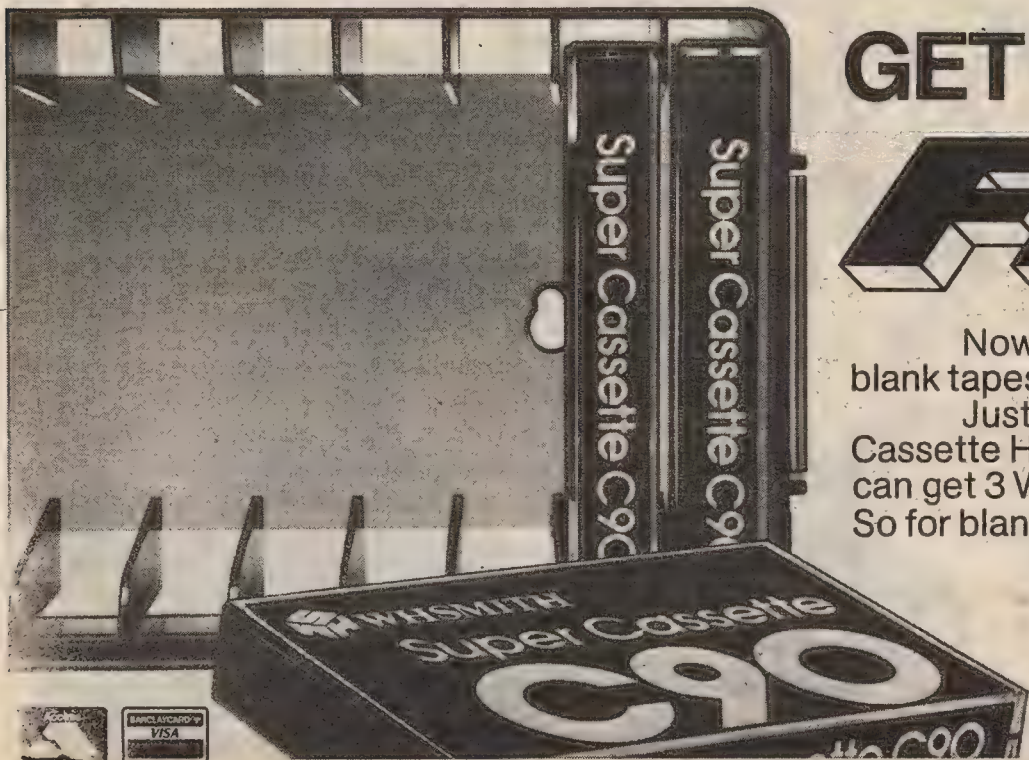
The Solos play bright, bouncy, harmless, Radio 1 playlist bongo beat a-go-go. There's sharp, attractive guitar from Dave Buchanan, distinctive bass by Winston Oddoye (beatific in a beret) and lyrics for little more reason than giving vocalist Freddie King something to do.

For the whole of 'Atmospherics' and on other frequent occasions, he and guitarist/backing vocalist Jaimie Watson resort to gibberish, gargling and other gimmicky scat singing as a change from Freddie's eye-rolling mock-theatrics and overacted vocals, all of which will probably delight anyone along to check them out after some future appearance on *Tiswas*.

The songs are of fairly consistent quality: fairly interesting classy pop, reminiscent of XTC sand-blasted smooth or early-'60s pop, with enough attention to detail to hold your interest. The better ones sound like turntable hits, and will probably seem diluted and even safer on television.

If you go along on the strength of a *TOTP* appearance, Freddie King's cockney barrow boy personality will be a surprise bonus, and you'll be able to goggle along with something 'daring' and 'saucy' like 'Pissing on the Patio'. I left whistling 'Spanish Bombs' instead.

Glenn Gibson



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Squeeze

Coventry

I ARRIVE in time to witness the rather wretched spectacle of Wreckless Eric being filmed for *Whistle Test*.

"Ere, you'll like this," he cries unconvincedly as he drops damp squibs into a small crowd who are half-heartedly hamming it up for the cameras. Should be a great show.

On stage Squeeze are naturally likeable and always at ease. John Bentley is small, dark and self-effacing. Gilson Lavis is large, bluff and hearty. Side-stage, peering over his electric piano wearing round shades and an oversized bow tie, Jools Holland looks a little like an infant prodigy playing strikingly skilful keyboards that range from the icy echoes on 'Cool For Cats' to full-bodied, pub-piano boogie.

And Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford are perfect foils as frontmen: Tilbrook wears a sharp suit, plays sensitive lead and has an utterly amiable demeanour (he gives a slight self-deprecating smile as he changes guitar just once during the set); Difford, dressed in clothes that suggest he's about to service the Cortina on a Saturday morning, exudes a solid, gentle menace; eyes swivelling suggestively, he sings in a coolly laconic dead-pan growl that is the exact antithesis of Tilbrook's sweetly soaring vocals.

Squeeze no longer sound entirely at ease with the beery, leering unpleasantness of songs like 'It's So Dirty' and 'Cool For Cats', or the image that was acceptable only because



Squeeze. Pic Pennie Smith.

behind the blustering facade of callow wide-boys out on a binge, there was an old-fashioned morality that betrayed a touching belief in Romance, True Love, Marriage and Responsibility. And although they retain some of the stained social realism and kitchen-sink kitsch that characterised the 'Cool For Cats' album, Squeeze are now tinkering with textures and tentatively exploring rhythm.

The result often contains fairly resonant echoes of other people's pasts: 'I Think I'm Go Go' slides into a slow, limpid steamy surrealism that's not a million miles from 'Magical Mystery Tour'.

Many of the new songs have nagging reminders of old numbers and the same almost-epic melodies that aren't quite so strong enough to be effortlessly memorable.

This mixture of homely sentiment and more adventurous music sometimes pays off: 'If I Didn't Love You' combines a warm, almost embarrassing attention to personal detail with discordant, off-beat billows of eerie organ that cut through the cloying domesticity of the lyrics and cloud the atmosphere with something more sinister.

But Squeeze lack either the confidence, desire or breadth of vision to break cleanly with the small minutiae of their subject matter and their crisply confining musical format; therein lies their dilemma.

Their music is too sensitive and not tough enough for real rock; it's too artful, knowing and crafty for "pure" pop; it's too competent, individual and has too much integrity to be shunted into the yawning vacuum of commercial, crossover fun and thrill s noise. But although it's too good to fit clearly into any one category, it's not striking enough not to need one.

There are encouraging signs: the band's good-natured, unpretentious optimism rouses an audience whose first reactions ranged from luke-warm anticipation through indifference and mild antagonism to a genuine enthusiasm that had them clamouring for encores. And if Squeeze can come to terms with and effectively utilise a natural desire for progression, they may yet surprise us.

At present they seem stuck in an uncertain transitory stage. I'd like to think they've got the spirit and skill to see it through.

Lynn Hanna

From page 49

surprises thrown in — an elegant light-weight bluebeat cover of Jimmy Cliff's 'The Harder They Come' and a version of The Ramones' 'I Can't Give You Anything' that sounds just like you'd imagine Joe Jackson playing The Ramones.

For the rest, the sound's stripped down even more, the bass steadier, Sanford's guitar weaving around the high-register discords and the vocal harmonies reworked to compensate. The band trace cool professional patterns across the stage, ruthlessly rehearsed but still retaining every ounce of the freshness, flair and unnerving energy that they first let loose on the pub circuit a year back.

Some things they should never change.

Blast Furnace supports. I wonder what drives him too.

His backing band play semi-tough R&B bar-room boogie, the songs often as defensive as Joe's but sometimes too self-conscious and apologetic to get across.

They overflow with cross-reference, the lyrics (in name) to The Ramones, the Rats, Clash, De Niro, and (in sentiment) to Linton Johnson and mid-'60s rock romanticism, the music to Graham Parker, Van Morrison (oh yes!), Wilko and the Feelgoods, and the mannerisms to Parker again.

Is Furnace trying to prove something (and if so, what?). Who is this masked man?

Mark Ellen

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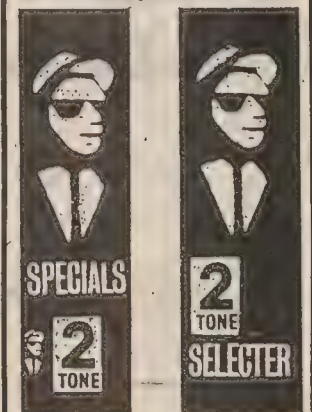
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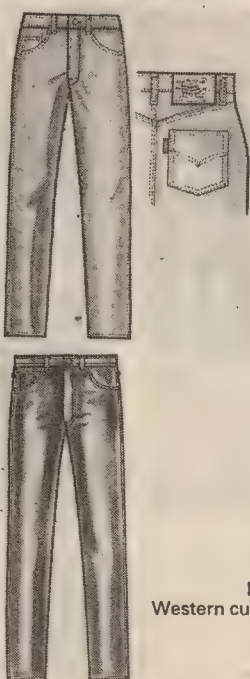
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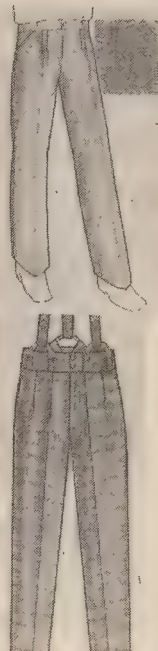
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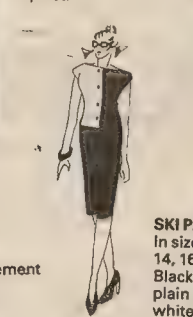
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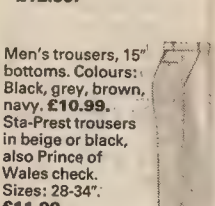
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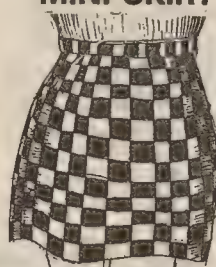
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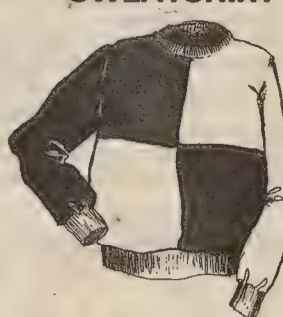
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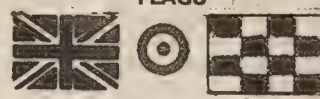
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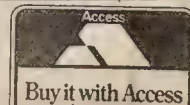


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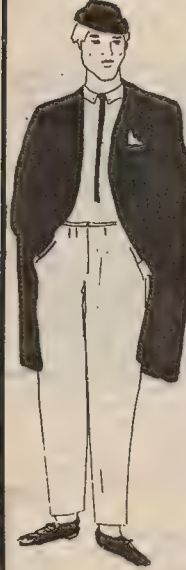
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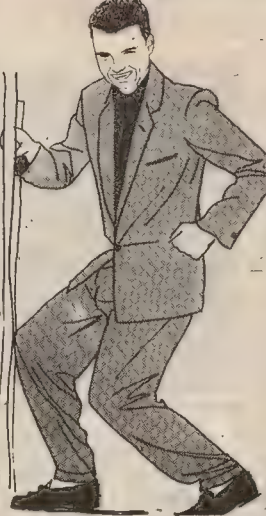
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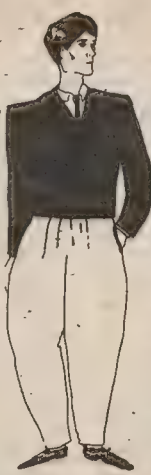
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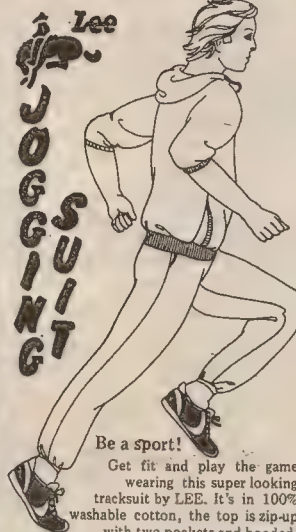
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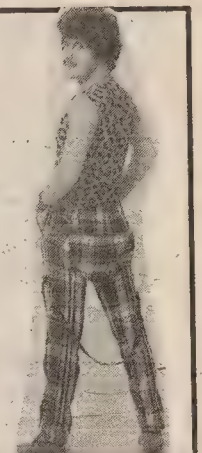
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BEAT REPEAT

■ From page 7

refutes the charge.

"It was supposed to be more of a comment on the way that boys deal with each other when dealing with girls. In the song, there are three different guys and they're all saying 'Hands Off... She's Mine' about the same girl in the space of three minutes.

"It's the sort of thing that boys get into between each other. It's meant to be a send-up of that dumb male ritual, although sometimes you'll find yourself saying things like that without realising it.

"I'm sure most people would admit that they've said stupid things like that. I know I have. But I think it's better to see irrational things like that for what they are, rather than writing songs with titles like 'I Wish I Didn't Behave Like This'. That seems much more repressive."

But isn't there a danger of the song being taken the wrong way?

"That's why we put Roger's toasting in: to take the piss out of men saying all these ridiculous things. On the longer version (released last week as a Go-Feet 12-inch single complete with dub) it also takes the piss out of the fashionable lip service some men pay to feminism. There are all these things that men, fashionable, are supposed to see in women today.

"I mean, there's a line which goes 'I wanna wash the dishes / I wanna mop the floor / Close the kitchen door and make you ball out for me'. It's a send-up of the way fashionable men are meant to go around admiring women. As a send-up, it's so far over the top that no-one could take it seriously, surely?"

You'd be surprised. While it would be ludicrous to label The Beat sexist, it must be said that the way they articulate their distaste of all things macho does leave them open to be misunderstood and misconstrued.

Other songs in The Beat's set deal less ambiguously with 'heavy' subject matter. 'Mirror In The Bathroom' condemns vanity and obsessive narcissism, 'Two Swords' dwells on the futility of violence, while 'Click Click' is about a personality problem which ends in a suicide. Not exactly the light-hearted, fun-filled stuff one might have expected from their TOTP appearances. I ask Dave, who writes most of the lyrics, if he is a particularly depressive person.

"No... well, yeah, sort of! I mean, I do see that there are a lot of terrible things going on, but I don't see that as a reason to get really fraught about it all.

"Just watching the news or even closing your eyes and thinking about the way things are, you realise that there are a lot of pretty frightening things happening. But it seems to me that the best way of getting over them is by going out and having a good dance.

"You can sit at home and worry about your personal and social problems and you'd just go out of your head. But you don't get anywhere like that apart from more and more worried all the time. When I found myself going through a hard time, I found that going out and just dancing and experiencing things did me a lot of good.

"Some of the lyrics reflect that gloomy side. We're living in really strange times, aren't we? I mean, we're not even going to be able to watch the Olympics on the telly 'cause the Government don't think that British athletes ought to be competing 'cause of the terrible Russians.

"There are some really funny things happening but I don't think that getting as angry and as destructive as most governments seem to get is any help. So it's probably better to just keep on dancing.

"Even if you can't work it all out, then even if it is all going

to blow up in four years time, then I'd rather have a good dance while I can."

WITH THE 2-Tone backlash already well underway in some quarters, The Beat could be facing a testing time in the months ahead. But they have the spirit and the soul to survive. There is plenty of variety and sensitivity in their songwriting, plenty of thought and originality behind their fun-loving facade. And, of course, they are still an excellent dance band.

What they need to do is establish a strong individual identity outside the 2-Tone 'thing' and their Go-Feet label could be just the trick: already there are a couple of bands with whom they would like to do singles. The fact that neither of them are ska outfits suggests that The Beat have the suss to steer themselves clear of stereotyping.

As David concludes: "I hate the way that everyone gets stuck into their little bags. Before, we used to get a real mixture of punks, hippies and students at our gigs. We used to play the same gigs in Birmingham as The Au Pairs. But now everyone's stuck The Au Pairs into the radical Gang Of Four bag and we're the ska fun-fun-fun until it comes out of your ears bag, which is equally inaccurate.

"Like, I think The Fall make great pop singles, for instance. And I don't see why you can't like The Fall, The Beat and The Monkees at the same time. It's really boring if you just like one type of music. All the different types of music appeal to the different types of mood you go through."

Could it be that The Beat are already beginning to find the ska bandwagon too much too young in itself? Too much of a tightening noose around their necks?

Whatever, Saxa, who claims he would die onstage for 'his boys' if it were necessary, retains an unflinching belief in The Beat.

A deeply religious man, the veteran musician also reckons that only God has the power to stop The Beat from becoming as big as The Beatles.

So far the Almighty seems to be right on their side.



JERRY LEE

■ From page 8

lifts with friends (appreciate it, Pete, Dave and Tony), and hit the road.

Sheffield Fiesta — tables, waitress service, compere, warm-up comedians — oh God — but wait! Jerry Lee bounds out, looking good, sounding GOOD; sober, enthusiastic and you know that for this one date alone the whole tour is worthwhile. Beautiful country piano licks — 'I Wish I Was Eighteen Again', 'She Even Woke Me Up To Say Goodbye', 'Who Will The Next Fool Be?' — and wild rock 'n' roll — 'What'd I Say', 'Boogie Woogie Country Man'. Standing ovation and though you've got to get to Manchester (via Nottingham) the next day you can't sleep.

The Apollo, Manchester — even better! Rips off the piano lid and throws it across stage. Audience claps and shouts for 'There Must Be More To Love Than This' and this is Britain?! The Killer strolling through Jimmie Rodgers' 'Waitin' For A Train' and then 'Old Black Joe'. Stunning piano.

Next up is a 400-mile round

trip to Newcastle on

Saturday and it's up to Wednesday. White jacket and shoes, red shirt, blue jeans and Jerry Lee is ROCKIN': 'Jenny, Jenny', 'High Heel Sneakers', 'CC Rider' — piano stool flying — audience ecstatic. Middle-age crazy perhaps, but I'll find it where I can.

Down the A&M1 to Slough. And hungry. Interviewed by local press! "You've been to all the shows so far?" he scribbles incredulously: you better believe it, buddy, and TWO more tonight!

The first is half-empty but the Killer goes straight ahead. Surely he can't keep it up — but he can. 'Mama, I Don't Want To Hang Up My Rock'n'Roll Shoes', 'Life Is A Railroad To Heaven'. Second show he walks off in mid-song in a dispute with the lighting engineer but he's soon back so it's 'Roll Over Beethoven', I've got my 'Country Memories'.

In between shows, a meeting with guitarist Kenneth Lovelace — "too nice for the music business", says lifelong Jerry Lee fan Tony.

He's right.

Deeside in Clywd — Arrive in the afternoon — catch the soundcheck (minus Jerry Lee of course) — this is the best band he's ever had on stage. Front row seats. But how does he do it? Two JLL freaks from Sweden request 'I'll Sail My Ship Alone' — the Killer walks all over it.

"I've seen 'em come and go. But meat man is still here! Good to be in Wales. What happened to Tom Jones?" Jerry's having a ball. The new single 'When Two Worlds Collide' and another tremendous show.

By now it's getting weird — too good to be true. But tomorrow it's London — the Rainbow and the one he'll be judged on. Leaning against the railings on Seven Sisters Road, I think to myself: "It's been 24 hard, hard years and still they come to see him — young kids, mid-teens, early and late twenties and those who were there at the start." Nostalgia? Are you getting outta ya mind?

Second row this time. The Kruger Organisation takes the first. Out strolls Jerry Lee with

huge cigar and that half sneer/smile. Huge mirror over the keyboard. But you ain't seen nothin' yet. Neither have I. Straight into 'Rockin' My Life Away' and in magnificent voice. An overwhelmingly beautiful 'Me And Bobby McGhee' — even with the mirror you still can't understand how he does it and makes it look so easy. 'Another Time, Another Place', 'One Has My Name' and it's spiritual. This is it. This is THE show. 'The Old Country Church' — and he makes you believe in hell fire damnation. Then teasing — a classical piano flourish and WHAM! 'Great Balls Of Fire' and an outrageous 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On'. Sitting IN the piano and playing with his boots.

It's impossible to believe the man is 44 and still way up there. I've seen a lot of concerts, but never like this. Wow! Just a fantastic tour, that's all.

Another motorway meal and how am I going to eat next week? I don't care. I've seen something so special. I've seen the gunner.

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TUITION

GASBAG

OH how fickle human nature is — less than 70 days past and already it's forgotten and ignored.

So never mind your 'post-modernist' optimism for the '80s, your nostalgia for the '60s, and the oh-so-interesting look at films of the '50s — what about completing the *NME Consumers Guide to the '70s*? I've been holding my breath since October 29th, 1977 — but hasn't everybody? *Blue-Faced Jon of Chester*. Yes. — A DOCTOR

I live in a dull place in Normandy. It looks like Southern England, it's foggy, rainy, and near Dieppe. But the big difference is that there ain't many concerts here. We've got to be content with Lew Lewis' Reformer and a few French groups once in a while. I shed a tear on the year I spent in London (sob). In the suburbs of Rouen a small, humble ballroom has been built and I wish The Members, The Inmates or any other group could play here. Well maybe you can't do nothing about it, in which case I'm longing for summer holidays to cross the Channel... M.P.A. Valentin, Rouen, France.

Dear Jimmy, could you fix it for me to see a live band in Middlesbrough as I don't think anyone knows where it is? The last band that played here was in 1978, I think.

Be careful though, 'cos if you got someone famous I think everyone in 'Boro' would drop stone dead with sodding surprise. A. Ringpeace, Middlesbrough. These people would be less keen to attend such shindigs if they knew the heartache involved. — AN ENTREPRENEUR

I'm fuming mad. When The Clash tour was announced I went to a great deal of trouble and inconvenience to change my night shift rota and to get a ticket. That all done, I waited eagerly for a night of Rock'n'roll Passion to remember. It was not to be.

It began when I missed the bus to town. I walked. I ran. The cash dispenser refused to spit money at me. (Don't they always?) Missed my connecting bus to Derby. Waited an hour. Got to the Hall late to find my sodding concert cancelled at last minute, due to drummer's wrist hurt — wanking again? Dejected, I made my way to the alehouse. Lost £2 on fruit machine. It took me two hours to get home after missing last bus. The things we do for Rock! G. Holman, St. Ann's, Nottingham. I see what you mean. — A BUS DRIVER (who's never been to a gig in his life)

Having recently zipadeedoodaaed along to the Sheffield Top Rank Suite to see little 'ole Chrissie Hynde's gang of 3½, I was disgusted to find on entry that everyone was asked to show their 'Sunday Dancing Club Membership Card'. (Sounds really official, don't it?) Yet wait! I peered down at my ticket but saw no mention of such a thing, or any sort of exemption clause, yet I was still required to pay an extra 25p into the owner's pocket. This may seem quite a mean amount, but when two or three thousand go through these doors every Sunday night, it soon snowballs.

This point is that when everyone enters into a standard form contract (in other words, buys a ticket), they should be notified either by the cashier or by the ticket itself that extra cash has to be surrendered on entry. The Law of Contract points to this sort of 'carry-on' as being illegal and unless the

management does anything to change it, it is quite possible that they could one day get a rather large bill through their letter box. It seems quite a rip-off and also, with cloakroom rickets at 35p a go, the owner seems to be on quite a cute number.

I don't know if any other clubs, societies, organisations, etc do this, but it seems quite an easy way to earn a little 'dirty' money. Ian Pritchard, Sheffield City Polytechnic. I'll drink to that. — A HATCHCHECK GAL

Quick before it disappears! Anybody else spotted the similarity between the riff on 'Brass In Pocket' and Argent's 'Hold Your Head Up'? One copy of the Morley/Penman dictionary, please. P. Sharpe, Leicester.

After listening to another ego-tripper on Friday night's *Roundtable* I feel completely disillusioned.

How come I like the groups whose members are creeps? A few weeks ago it was Chrissie Hynde who let us know oh-how-sexy she is with her "Ooohs", "Weells" and drawls — she even had an orgasm after listening to Al Green's re-released 'I'm So Tired Of Being Alone' (how adventurous to say that on the air — gosh) adding that quote: "Anyone who doesn't like that is no friend of mine." We'll love it Missy Hynde, honest we will. After listening to her I just feel like smashing all their 'sincere-sounding' singles that I went out and devotedly bought.

I thought it'd be different when Pauline Black was on as she seems such an amiable sort on stage. But no! She came across as a self-opinionated cynical little bint.

So now we know that

Debbie Harry goes on stage merely to shake her bits about. You, Pauline, seemed to be doing pretty much the same on *TOTP* last Thursday. But of course, you shake your bits about for different reasons. Silly me.

I look forward to the next *Roundtable*... A disillusioned nobody, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. Vitriol killed the radio stars. — MRS DALE

Congratulations. Build up black and white Coventry hype. The go colour. Bye bye. Anon

Pauline Black and Neol Davies of The Selector came over as pompous bigots in Charlie's interview. And Paul Rambali quoted me in The Tiller Boys singles review and I have nothing to do with the actual pop group, more of the street branch, mate.

Scot, the nice little trendy who is middle class and has one coloured friend so that he can pat himself on the back for not being racist, deep in the heart of rural Croydon, where no working class person dare tread.

Good old Mr Morley, the aged teenager who can tell the difference between trash and rubbish. The *White Light* TV programme was in no way, fab. The fact that Gary Crowley is an ex-NME telephonist may have coloured your judgment ever so slightly. Why don't you let genuine teenage audiences give their opinions on material which is supposedly for us?

My criticisms of *White Light*

Special post-modernist short letter Bag by M. Smith and Lowry

are as follows:

1. The titles are a glossy ITV rip-off from *Something Else*.
2. The theatre reviews are irrelevant to most outside-London audiences.
3. The cinema reviews are commercially orientated and shallow.
4. The piece on the Vikings exhibition by street-credibility Crowley was very forced and looked like a decision taken by the aged producer.
5. The gig guide is a waste of time unless it is detailed with the times and venues — we can buy the music press for those.
6. The discussion on film censorship was not heated enough to be entertaining and not structured enough to be properly informative.

In all I thought it was a slick yawn, produced to make it look as though Thames TV really cares about teenagers. It is no coincidence that ITV companies are preparing to have their money-making franchises renewed. Whatever you think of *Something Else* at least it looks as though the kids involved have had an active say in the content; at least the bands plug in their guitars and look as though they are actually making music.

Square Eyed Hanwell, London W7.

Yes, but apart from that do you think we're on the right lines or what? — THE PRODUCER

Get it right. I based 'Temptation' on 'Time Is Tight' — not on 'Green Onions'. Got it? Elvis.

Not yet, but I'm working on it. — LINDA RONSTADT

I read the letter from the infamous 'Anon' in your Bag in which he claimed the 'boys in blue' are not living in the real world. Well, that sort of attitude makes me sick — I know there are some rotten coppers, but there are rotten people in all professions (except mine).

So just to set the record straight: my brother is a copper, and he is no more rotten than I am. Mind you, I'm a right bastard. Dave, co-leader of the Sic 'Em Pigs, Chertsey, Surrey.

Thank you for your most informative *T-zet* on the possible Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel re-union. It gave me great joy to find out there is a member of your staff who I can positively dislike.

Your nine lines on this possible re-union was a joy to read. Not only did you manage to spell Art Garfunkel's name wrong, but you also managed to make such a witty pun on his name, "Garf's Uncle", which was perhaps one of your great literary masterpieces.

If Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel got together again it could only do the music industry good — don't forget you wouldn't exist if there wasn't a music industry — apart from bringing back into the limelight one of the music industry's greatest guitarist/songwriter/singers.

What hideous crime have Simon and Garfunkel committed to be worthy of the nine lines you gave them? Have they offended you personally? I doubt it. If you don't like their music don't listen to it and if you don't listen to it, as you obviously haven't, please do not criticise it.

Si, Tunbridge Wells, Kent. Your devotion to one of the Great White Lost Causes is extremely moving. — M.S.

I would like to express my utter bewilderment to other readers at the *NME* and the Bowie Bureau, if I may, concerning the fact that the 1980-floor-show-Bowie-convention-thing is being held in America.

Now, our Mr Bowie, as I've always been led to believe, was born in England, was 'discovered' in England and was (here's the good bit) "thrust to the heights of fame" by English Bowie freaks. So why not hold an alternative convention in England? The majority of BFs obviously reside in England.

Of course, I'm sure hundreds of BFs over here will frantically raise money to go on this fantastic voyage to Chicago but I won't be able to go and neither will many others. Does this make me any less of a Bowie freak? The thought makes me cringe of all those Boston/Meatloaf 'heavies' living in Illinois who heard 'The Laughing Gnome' on the radio once and will be going because there's nothing any good showing at the drive-in on Saturday.

I admit this is all purely sour-grapes, but is it fair? I mean I spend practically seven days a week trying to engage totally uninterested people in Bowie talk and I can't go. (cont. p94).

Mandy, Grays, Essex. Hey, you fans are getting a little silly here. — M.S.

Do you realise that if you speed up The Doors' 'Riders On The Storm' from 33 rpm to 45 rpm, Jim Morrison sounds like Stevie Nicks? This just goes to show that Jim never died but had a sex change. After all, it is difficult to believe that he died of a heart attack in the bath, plus the fact that Stevie Nicks was never actually heard of until Jim was actually supposedly buried and gone forever...

Jimmy Nelson, J.P. and Timbo, Knottingley, West Yorks.

That's better. We need a bit more sensible stuff. — M.S.

Dear Sir, I'm a fish! A. Guppy, Cods Row, Fishbourne.

John Foxx, but it's not known with whom. A rumour-monger, Aberdeen. I've a horrible feeling it's going to be downhill from here. — M.S.

How about 'Underpants' by John Sox? Urban housewife, Bristol.

There is no simple reason why Pauline Murray did not get set upon by the Neanderthal Men on the Northbank of Highbury (T-Zers 1.3.80) — and that's because everyone was asleep! She should come and try her luck at Neasden F.C. Sid and Doris Bonkers. If you print this reprehensible filth I'll sue. — BUFFY COHEN

Dear Mont, OK I failed last time. How about 'As far as I can tell, the only thing the Scots, Irish and English have in common is that none of them is going to have a team in this year's Welsh FA Cup Final'? Now I've got to pray that Chester and Shrewsbury don't go any further. Billy Bell, Penarth.

I thought *NME* was mad to interview Matchbox. And the Buggles interview was a waste of time as well. And as for the rest of your paper... I thought it was great. Mark Lloyd, Harleston, Norfolk. Anyone got a serious one? — M.S.

I am writing this so that any inferior individual who has not been privileged enough to have had a letter printed in *NME* can go up to their friends, show off and say, "Look, I wrote that!" Me.



T-ZERS

GOES TO A PEACEFUL HEAVY METAL GIG

IMMINENT threats of nuclear fission, Hollywood floods, fire, plague, pestilence etc. pale into insignificance before that annual sackful of surprises: The *Daily Mirror* Pop Poll Awards.

Hosted this time around by the incongruous Sue Lawley on day leave from *Nationwide*, and hirsute honcho DLT, major shocks included *Police*, *B.Rats*, *Wings*, *Numan* and *Cliff* picking up plaques, Jacques!

Various of the lucky winners were "dropped in" on via satellite around the world, their less than ecstatic reactions matched only by the gormless questions put to them by Beeb newshounds. *Anne Nightingale* (backstage with various Policemen in a Hong Kong dressing-room): "Well boys, when you were recording 'Regatta De Blanc' did you visualise that you'd be picking up an award in Hong Kong for it?" *Sting*, unmoved: "Yes."

Bob Geldof, graciously accepting an award for the best single ('Monday's'): "The only astounding thing is why didn't we win it last year? Of course people like *McCartney* get used to all this."

DLT to Macca (on receiving the fiercely contested Personality Of The Year): "I must ask you Paul, do you get blase receiving the accolades?" PM (blase as hell): "Yeah." *DLT*: "Wanna give it back?" PM: "OK."

B.A. Robertson (on picking up *Numan's* award for — would you believe? — best male voice): "Well... it's really great to stand up here getting an award for somebody else, I must say"...

PSYCHOLOGISTS among you will be shaken to hear that there's been another outbreak of mindless destruction and wilful self-damage. Luckless *Joe Ely*, no doubt fired by the dubious nature of his set at the Venue, was hit on the fist by a plate-glass window at the following bash. Worse still! After strafing the burghers at the selfsame niterie *Jimmy Vaughan*, guitarist with cult collective *The Fabulous Thunderbirds*, broke a leg while cavorting with other (totally legless) raddled R&B merchants *Lowe*, *Edmunds*, assorted *Feelgoods* and *The Blues Band*. *Vaughan* still intends to play OGWT with the offending limb in plaster. Such trouper, these Texan chaps...

No less resilient is ex-*Heartbreaker*, tetchy *Johnny Thunders*, who was chucked out of a showcase bar in Michigan for allegedly "being too high", thus saving him from the more hideous fate of watching *Destroy All Monsters*...

And while on the subject, *Rolling Stones* guitarist and co-founder of the greeko-pineapple hairstyle *Ron Wood* was arrested in his luxury rented gaff in the island of St. Marten, Dutch West Indies, last Wednesday after allegedly being found in possession of 250 grammes of nose powder. Together with *Jo Howard*, with whom the Stone is double-domiciled, they were whisked from their beach-side retreat to a jailhouse in Philipsburg, but released after police dropped all charges against them...

At last! Indisputable proof that advertising really does pay! *T-Zers* has already placed an order for pink carnations and Pomagne a-plenty to celebrate the upcoming nuptials of a couple who met through the *NME's* Valentine ads. It's a July wedding...



Desperate attempts to emulate the Welsh rugby team were witnessed at *Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow* show at Wembley. So much for the myth of 'peaceful Heavy Metal gigs.' Pic: George Bodnar.

Life's hardly a bouquet of roses for hapless hunk *Billy Idol*, who's been exchanged by his one-time constant companion, *Karen*, for "clean-cut, 6 ft tall, 20-year-old model, *Nick Blue*." *Karen* now threatens to be writing a book about her

doing it with machines soon." Meanwhile, over to the *Tropicana Hotel*, West Hollywood. Joining the hordes of non-swimmers currently sheltering from the floods that have wrecked many a bijou residence in the area are *XTC*, *Lene Lovich*,

of *The Blitz Kids*, conceivably the dodgiest bid for press since *Duffo*. They dance like robots, they dress in crinolines and clown costumes, they listen to *The Yellow Magic Orchestra*, they dub themselves "pyschedelic Regency", they are... "guru"



Boss Skid *Richard Jobson* (right) blows kiss at cameraman *George Bodnar* after *Russell Skid* has been nabbed by ex-Bay City Roller *Erick Faulkner*. All this at the *Tourists' party*. Meanwhile right: *Modest Bob* models new Japanese toy, the 'walkabout', all the rage in Nippon we're told.

experiences in the seamy, scintillating world of punk rock...

She'll be pushed to find tales half as torrid as those confessed to the *Daily Star* by cosmetics salesman *Gary Numan*. Treading — by pure coincidence — the very same path as that of his spiritual mentor *David Bowie*, the plaintive poseur professes he's not just interested in the ladies. "If some bloke made a play for me and I liked it, I wouldn't be crippled with shock," he attests. "Sex in the future will be fascinating," adds the ardent post-modernist, "we might be

Fingerprintz, *Wildman Bruce Woolley*, ska revivalists *Pink Floyd* and toupee modeller *Howard Devoto*...

And not one of them, we'll wager, sparing a thought for the miserably mistreated *Cure*, who after a photo session in Paris were dropped off graciously in the middle of this alien township by the lensman involved, spent an hour huddled in a phone-booth and then decided to plump for the comparative luxury of a night's sleep down the tube station. Very street level...

Be warned, all ye rejoicing in matters sartorial, of the advent



Flying Lizard *David Cunningham* sounds his funky horn

Steve Strange from the combo *Visage* who favours bright red taffeta and ex-*Rich Kid* (*Blitz Kids* — geddit?) *Rusty Egan*. They've started the 'movement' for people

who didn't seem to fit in anywhere". So know you know...

Is this a *T-Zer* or is this a *T-Zer*? *PIL's Jah Wobble*, the razor manufacturer's nightmare, was the cause of a ban imposed by *Virgin Records* on the handout of freebie albums from their press office following a complaint from latent teddyboy *Richard Jobson*. *Jobbo* was somewhat irked when he caught the said *Wobble* unloading a batch of untainted *Skids* albums at a second hand shop...

CURB, the Campaign for the Registration of Bouncers, intends to hold a benefit for the cause on March 14 at *Chats Palace*, 42-44 *Brooksbys Walk*, E9. At a mere £1.50 a ticket and with a bill containing not only *Uncle Mac's Flashers* but *Magritte The Talking Rat* and *The Half-Baked Beans*, no self-respecting punter could afford to be absent...

It's official! *Monty Python's Life Of Brian* will not be screened in Cornwall. A Cornish committee has deemed the said flick 'blasphemous' and suggested the entire *Python* crew be incarcerated for their pains. Remember: Democracy isn't dead, it just smells funny...

In the wake of the poster campaign reported last week in *Thrills*, 'emergency editorial' in the new *New York Rocker* does out a slugging in the direction of *The Specials'* extortionate ticket prices at *Hurrah's*: "Ten bucks? The sucks!", claim the streetwise scribes...

In lieu of further master-tape larceny, this week a 5ft pair of pink plastic spex has been half-inched from the dressing-room of the folksome *Fab Poodles* at the *Birmingham Odeon*, and *Ramona of Mo-dettes* persuasion informs that her very best green suede overcoat took a walk from the *Fulham Greyhound*. Any takers?

Avid *Jam/Clash* aficionados may well have spied that in last week's *Clash* news story, *Paul Weller* should have read *Paul Simonon*. You know us. Like to keep you on the hop...

First the good news: *The Tourists* — who the *Sunday Times'* dismal jazz buffer *Derek Jewell* reckons we haven't made up our minds about — are quitting this unpleasant land for tax exile. Now the better news: they won't be releasing any records "for the foreseeable future"...

£10,000 worth of damage was done to *Wembley Arena* last Friday night when slaver hordes of *Rainbow* fans became a little piqued that the warlords didn't show up for an encore. The rest of the band were apparently willing to git down some more but bassman *Ritchie Blackmore* didn't reckon the crowd reaction deserving enough. What price megalomania? And what price *Neal Kay's* peace-loving *HM* fans of last week's *NME* centre spread feature?...

What price nostalgia, for that matter? *Covent Garden* publican *Brian Brodie* has just parted with £220 for four dollar bills signed by *The Fab Four*, £500 for a paper napkin engraved with the legend "Thank-you, *Elvis Presley*" and £480 for a bundle of *Beatle* letters including a postcard *Ringo* scribbled from the *Hamburg* tour which immortalises his budding journalistic talent: "Arrived here OK *The Club* is great *We are with Little Richard* he is fat *See you Sunday*." Bye!

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Production Editor
Stuart Johnston
Associate Editors
Charles Shaar Murray
Monty Smith
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr

Staff
Tony Stewart
(Live! Editor)
Angus MacKinnon
Paul Rambali
Max Bell
Danny Baker
Paul Morley

Design
Caramel Crunch

Photography
Pennie Smith

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Steve Clarke
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Chris Salewicz
Bob Edmonds
Lester Bangs
John May
Penny Reel
Adrian Thrills
Ian Penman
Andy Gill
Mark Ellen
Paul Du Noyer
Deanne Pearson

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry

Research
Fiona Foulgar

New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.

Ad Director
Percy Dickens
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122
Live Ads
(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Brian Gorman
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
(01) 261 6207

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Editorial Consultant: Andy Gray
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BETTER BADGES

MAIL ORDER TOP TEN

1	(1) Madness — '2 tone'	20p
2	(2) The Specials AKA	20p
3	(3) Madness — Big M	20p
4	(4) The Selecter — '2 tone'	20p
5	(5) The Beat	20p
6	(6) The Police — A&M	20p
7	(7) The Police — Blanc	20p
8	(—) Target	20p
9	(9) Where's Captain Kirk?	20p
10	(—) S.L.F.	20p

20p Body Snatchers, Buzzcocks green/red (not green/blue), Poison Girls, Dangerous Girls, We are all prostitutes, Everyone has their price, Ants Whitesox, Hybrid Kids, Pop Aural, The 90's, Brian Saves, Animal Lib, Otter, Badger, Kangaroo, Elephant, U.K. Decay, The Clash 16 Tons.

Wire 154, Mike Malignant & the Parasites, English Subtitles, A Certain Ratio, Dodgems, Iggy Pop Solder, Spizz Cat Kirk, London PX, Purple Hearts, The Cure, 25p Mother Gong, King Sounds, Black Slate, Killing Joke.

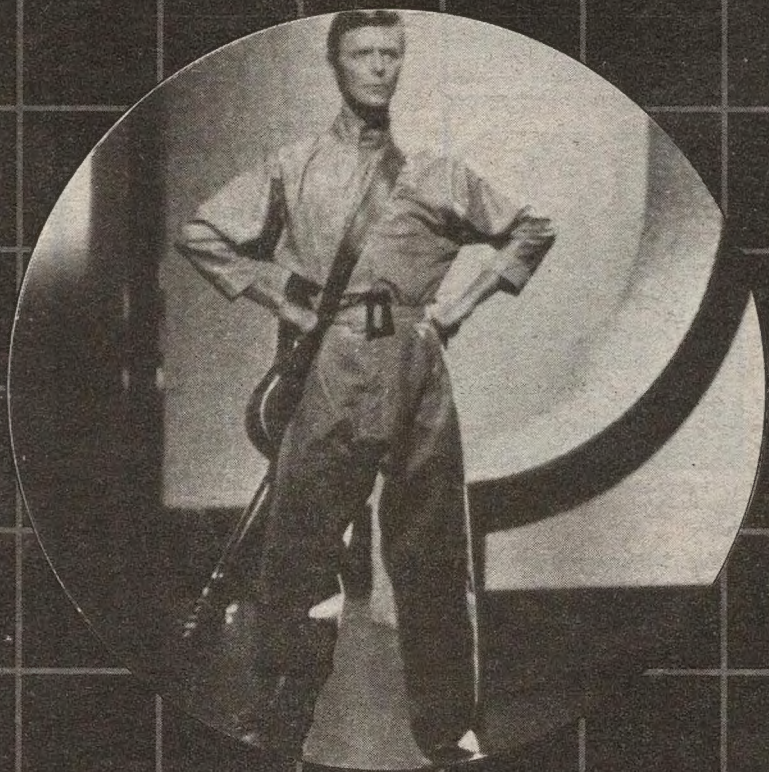
Add 10p P&P Free list

286 PORTOBELLO RD LONDON W10 0K

The *Specials* get in trim for the screening of *Arena's 'Rude Boys Come Back'* on BBC TV, March 12. You have been warned, Pic: Bryan Griffin.



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